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WINE AND WALNUTS.

VOL. II.

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LONDON:
Printed by A. & R. Spottiswoode,
New-Street-Square.

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JUSTIN WINSOR,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

WINE AND WALNUTS;

OR,

After Dinner Chit-Chat.

BY

EPHRAIM HARDCASTLE,
CITIZEN AND DRY-SALTER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR
LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.
1823.

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WINE AND WALNUTS.

CHAPTER I.

WESTMINSTER HALL.

THE little difficulty with which that bustling see-er of sights, OLD MEMORY, forces a passage through the crowd of events of sixty years, is manifest by the ease with which my crazy reminiscence can make its way back to a scene, which is now again preparing for an audience, of at least ninety-nine in a hundred, who witnessed not the last performance — one of no less importance than the coronation of a new sovereign.*

* The most lively account of this interesting ceremony was written by my old friend, Mr. Bon-

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Yet, how long, how many ages has it seemed to us few remaining greybeards, as we have travelled onwards, step by step, from the year seventeen hundred and sixty-one, when our late venerable king, then in the bloom and vigour of youth, and his virtuous consort, yet younger than himself, were seated beneath that Gothic roof, which had witnessed a like awful ceremony with so many sovereigns in the regal chair. Yes! how long, counting all the mighty changes that have intervened since then — and now, when I am dipping my pen in the ink, to tell this "Old Man's Tale."

What trifles seem to burst the lengthened chain of life, and bring again together the links

---

nel Thornton, the last of the essayists of the school of Addison and Steele. He was an ingenious poet, — the translator of Plautus, and celebrated for his papers in the Connoisseur, in which was published this description of the coronation of King George III., which his Majesty read to the Queen, to her Majesty's great amusement. This esteemed writer, moreover, was the father of Dr. Thornton, M. D., author of the splendid work on Botany. Bonnel Thornton died in the year 1768.

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that form each end! The air of a nursery ballad, or the scent of a particular shrub or flower that pleased in youth, will strike the senses unawares, and make the sage, as it were, shake the hoar frost from his pate, and feel another Spring — make him believe himself once more a child, before the dreaded period of his second childishness.

Thus it was with me but a few days since, when, after being imprisoned by the long north-east, the vane kindly pointing to the south, I ventured out to take a peep at what was doing in Westminster Hall. The smell of the new timber, the loud hammering of the busy carpenters, the raised platform, the long galleries — all I heard, all I saw, all I felt, verily appeared but a continuation of the same preparations that I had witnessed, when a young man, in the summer of 1761.

I turned me round, but all were strangers there. The banquet over, and all who graced the royal feast — princes, peers, and noble knights, and ladies fair — all gone! and he, the king, for whom the gorgeous banquetting was made, I have lived to see proceed through every

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stage of life with dignity, and in awe of heaven — even till old age overtook him. That age! mysterious heaven! for which the righteous monarch was reserved, when the dim lamp of life wasted its remaining incense upon the sacred altar, within that living sepulchre! his unconscious self!

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CHAPTER II.

A LITTLE HURLY-BURLY.

It was my great uncle Zachary who took me and his god-son, my brother Zac, to view the grand preparations in this magnificent structure. That year my father thought him old enough to take his leave of school. Youngsters were not so long at their books then, as in these latter days: whether for the better or the worse, the future alone can determine. But may Heaven continue to make all things work together for the good. This epoch of my life I well remember, and could point out on what particular spot each worthy, who now stands before my "*mind's eye*," then stood on the boards of Westminster Hall.

The Court of King's Bench, and that of Common Pleas at the south end, were then removed, as they have been on this occasion. There, upon the raised platform, we stood, and

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there (I cannot but smile at the recollection of these gay souls) I listened to the frolics of some of the club at old Slaughter's, and others — all waggish connoisseurs.

Oram *, Tilley Kettle †, and some others, artists, long almost forgotten, had been employed in touching up their designs for the triumphal arches, under which Squire Dymoke ‡ was to make his grand entry, from the north gate, into the hall. The architecture was well conceived, and the allegories painted with spirit,

---

* Oram was much employed in the decoration of noble houses, at the time when it was customary to paint staircases, halls, and the pannels over chimney-pieces.

† Tilley Kettle, a member of the Academy in St. Martin's Lane, where Hogarth studied the human figure. Kettle was famed for painting Mahomed Ali-Cawn, Nabob of Arcot, and his five sons. He died near Aleppo.

‡ It is a fact, very little known, that the fine horse on which the *Champion of England*, Squire Dymoke, entered this banquetting hall, at the coronation, had been the charger of King George II., which that royal hero rode at the battle of Dettingen.

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and in bold relief. Hogarth and Hayman, with others, accompanied my great uncle. These distinguished painters, together with Monsieur Roquet *, the enamel painter, had been speaking very warmly in praise of the work. Oram, the principal conductor, he who subsequently painted part of the staircase at Buckingham House, was touchy, and rather vain of his talents, and apt to fancy that all were envious but himself. On perceiving this group of clever fellows upon the dais at the other end, he bid the carpenters be quiet, and bawled out, the whole length of the building, "Well, gentlemen! brother brushes! how do you like the effect? Do you think it will tell its own tale?" Roquet, who delighted in a bit of humour, held up his finger, and whispered, "Hist! let us have

* Monsieur Roquet, a facetious friend of Hogarth's, who published a description of his humorous works, in French, originally written for the Marshal Belleisle, when prisoner in England. Roquet wrote upon the state of the arts in England, and on English manners and customs. His literary works are scarce, and his enamel pictures still more so.

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the little dust vif him, and give him von genteel raps of his knuckles, for his too much of vanities. Oh! mon Dieu! it is good for to put him in the passion, and he will valk all the way since the bottom of the halls till the top, to abuse us every one." "Tell its tale!" said Frank Hayman; "yes, it will tell well enough to those who carry a spy-glass. Pray, inform us," bawling, till the hall echoed, "pray tell us what does it mean?" Oram, already entangled in the snare, angrily returned, "It will tell to those who have eyes;" murmuring in a lower voice, "none so blind as those who won't see." Then raising his tone again, he demanded, "What is your opinion, Mister Hogarth? every one knows you are not prejudiced." "Humph!" said Garrick; "he is spouting down your back, Willy." "Send me up your spectacles," vociferated Hogarth, "and I will let you know." "Baugh! baugh!" said Oram, "the fools are mocking me;" and as he proceeded with his work, brushing away with greater despatch, he grumbled loud enough for Frank to discover what he uttered. Frank had quick ears, in allusion to which, Garrick once

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said at the club, "The listening looby can hear the grass grow." "Hark!" said Frank, "he says, that you and I are envious curs, come here to snarl at his reputation!" "God help him!" said Hogarth; and feeling disposed to proceed with the joke, he called out, "Stand aside, Oram; I perceive now — the light is full upon it." "Well," cried Oram, rubbing his hands; "and how does it strike?" "Oh! it is marvellously striking," said the mischievous satirist; "it strikes us all on a heap. Stop!" for Oram was proceeding up the steps again to work, indignant; "stop, Oram; it strikes *me* that the castle is too little for the elephant; and it strikes us *all* that his legs straddle woundedly too wide; and where is his proboscis?" Hogarth, ever ready with his talent at travestie, had converted the columns of the piers into the legs of the huge animal; the arch for the space between, and the frieze with the emblems for the castle and warriors. "And it strikes us," added Hogarth, "that we ought to see his tail." Here the party burst into laughter. "Just as I did foresee me," said Roquet; "here he comes, by Gar! Marbleu! like the royal challenger him-

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self, riding the furies, and the devil may he take up, and run away with the gauntlet."

Oram ascended, puffing with rage, "What elephant — what castle do you mean?" Hayman laughed. "I'll warrant me," said Oram, "if your proboscis (Frank had a right noble nose) was stuck up at the other end, it might be seen without a spy-glass." "Why attack me, man?" said Frank, "it was Hogarth there who looked for the elephant's beak." "He!" said Oram — "every body knows he has got no nose at all." The two painters unconsciously felt their noses. Hogarth certainly had none to spare.

"Why Mistare Orams! Mistare Orams!" said Roquet, "permit me, if you please (bowing very low at the same time) to ask if you have not got no nose yourself?" "Me, sir," said Oram, "what do you mean?" "Why, if you had the nose at all, you might have smelled with your nose the little good-humoured joke of our friendly partee, who have praise your picture to the skies, that shall make you blush, if I tell you all the compliment. But, no! Mistare Orams, you alway are more furious

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as von dindon, vat you call turkey-cocks, and do not know his kind friend from his enemies. Ha! ha! Mistare Orams, I am glad to bring you all this way to ask you how you do, Mistare Orams, and to have the pleasure to tell you, your picture is very pretty, Mistare Orams, very brilliante, and very much admire by all the connoisseur around." Oram cordially shook all their hands, bowed at their approbation, and took the party into an adjoining room, to his friend, the king's cook, where we had refreshments, and among other rarities, a cut of the first sirloin that had been cooked upon a coronation spit. We drank their Majesties' healths in glorious old hock. "Who would desire a better friend," said Davy Garrick, "than the king's master cook?"*

* A friend of mine, who is a great see-er of sights, was gratified by a similar treat recently, in one of the rooms fitted up for Mr. Wilmet, his Majesty's esquire cook. All the spits were new, and this was the first that had been used.

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CHAPTER III.

WIDOW CHILCOTT AND OLD JOHN STAGG.

Poor Peter Toms* and old Gerrard Vandergucht†, how they made my father and my

---

* Peter Toms, one of the earliest of the Royal Academicians, principally employed in painting draperies, for Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Mr. Francis Cotes, the celebrated crayon painter, the works of both of whom derived vast advantage from the skilful pencil of poor Toms, who, in a fit of melancholy, died by his own hands.

† Gerrard Vandergucht, a well-known picture dealer, and founder of the gallery in Lower Brook Street. He was formerly an engraver, and his name is to numberless small book-plates. This gallery contained a fine collection of pictures, the property of poor Benjamin, his son, a portrait painter, who was drowned in crossing the Thames, from the Duke of Devonshire's, at Chiswick, in 1794. Subsequently it was furnished with a large collection of pictures by the ingenious hand of

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great uncle Zachary laugh one evening at the Shades, under Fishmongers' Hall with their joint description of that notorious scold, Mrs. Nanny Chilcott's attack on the Surveyor-General (Mr. Worsley), his friend Sir Robert Taylor, the architect, who built the wings to the south front of the Bank of England, and old John Stagg, in Westminster Hall, just before the last coronation.

I shall relate the story, second hand, as I had it from old Dr. Chauncey, one night, when a party of us went to his house in Austin Friars, to see a portrait of that cunning little puss, the famous Scratching Fanny*, daughter of the

---

Thomas Barker. It was then tenanted by Mr. Tresham, of facetious memory, and for some years, was the exhibition gallery of the painters in water colours.

* The house in Cock Lane, haunted by the scratching and knocking spirits, has long been occupied by plaster figure-makers. This fraud, in the year 1762, terrified all the superstitious, old and young, over a great part of England. Dr. Johnson was almost a dupe to the fraud, and

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clerk of St. Sepulchre's, so well remembered by old people, for being concerned in the Cock Lane ghost. Chauncey* collected, at any price, original portraits of these original characters.

It was then and there I saw a pen-and-ink sketch of this Widow Chilcott, and old John Stagg, which was drawn with much character, by as great an oddity as I had known, namely *smoking* Frank Vandermine†, a Dutchman, who could draw portraits from memory, with great

---

Charles Churchill lampooned him for the weakness. I remember for many years people from Bartholomew fair used to proceed down Cock Lane, to see that wax figure of Scratching Fanny.

* Dr. Chauncey, a well-known connoisseur, an eager collector of black-letter books, and one of the greatest originals of his age; he had a brother of his own humour, who, with Dr. Snaggs, another virtuoso, made a curious triumvirate.

† Frank Vandermine, always painted with a pipe in his mouth: and if those who came to sit for their portraits objected, he would bid them go to some other artist. There is a mezzotinto print of him, from his own painting, inscribed, *The Smoker*.

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exactness; these, however, were sketched from the life.

It was usual with the facetious antiquary, when he exhibited such portraits, to entertain his friends with a recital of some of their eccentricities, and he told his tales with dramatic circumstantiality, and picturesque effect. Chauncey knew every body, east and west, even from the king down to Mr. Tiffin—and from the Duke of Puddledock*, up to his worship, the Lord Mayor.

Formerly there were shops on each side, within Westminster Hall. There the young

---

* This character, so often quoted by wags, is no fiction. He frequented the famous Darkhouse Lane, and was porter to the Gravesend packets: Hogarth drew his portrait, when he, Tothall Thornhill, and others, made their tour down the river.

"But what most pleas'd us was his grace
Of Puddle Dock, a porter grim,
Whose portrait Hogarth in a whim,
Presented him in caricature,
He pasted on the cellar-door."

Poem, by *Rev. W. Gosling, of Canterbury.*

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beaux counsellors, not being overwhelmed with briefs, used to chat with pretty belles, who vended gloves, perfumes, and tooth-pick cases. There, too, they could get (to use the Johnsonian phrase), the flaccidity of their wigs curled into crispness, at Egerton Catchpole's, father of him that lived so long at the old house, the corner of Hosier Lane*, and a party to the aforesaid farce of Scratching Fanny. There in this small shop in the hall, could they get their ponderous wigs repowdered, quarterly, at a small expense, after jumbling, as they were wont of yore, six in a hackney coach, from the Temple, at twopence per cranium for the fare. There, too, lived the termagant widow, Chilcott†, who sold Hogarth's prints, and her op-

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* This curious old-fashioned house was pulled down in 1811. Its overhanging front, together with the three others, its neighbours, that escaped the fire of London, are admirably depicted in the interesting work of Ancient Domestic Architecture, by the faithful hand of Mr. Smith, Librarian at the British Museum.

† Mrs. Chilcott succeeded her father in the little shop on the left side of Westminster Hall.

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posite neighbour, the bookseller, John Stagg*, of the noted wags of Westminster, the wittiest and oldest stager of them all. He, the lively bibliopola, that could do more with the youth of Dean's Yard than all the masters in their great cocked hats, and all their rods to boot; who could toss a pancake better than the college cook: who knew the law as well as half the judges on the bench, and was jocosely dubbed brother Stagg by them, and all the other learned gentlemen who wore the robe.

She wrote verses upon the South Sea bubble, and Mary Tofts, the monstrous rabbit breeder, of Godalmin. Dr. Arbuthnot often chatted with old Nan. Once she asked St. Andre, if he would walk in and take a *Welsh rabbit*. This pleased the wits of the day.

* John Stagg, a publisher of some of Hogarth's early prints, and who assisted the satiric painter in his selection for the strictures upon Wigs. John was nephew of Pope's housekeeper, and apprenticed by that illustrious poet, to Jacob Tonson. He used to relate, and that most comically, Dryden's quarrel with old Jacob, when he asserted the sturdy bookseller had "*two left legs*."

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Stagg was a church-and-king man, staunch; his neighbour, Nan Chilcott, a thorough Jacobite. "She was a clever, shrewd woman though," said Dr. Chauncey, "and the only one who, in the unsophisticated science of native raillery, was ever known to make Master John Stagg draw in his horns." They were, upon the whole, generally on good terms. John had known her father, as his playmate, and she knew John's good qualities. But his waggery (for he loved to hear her mob her betters) some times made him mischievously set her off; "and when her temper is once up, then" said Stagg, "the old Turk is *running a muck*."

There were two special ways of effecting this. She was remarkably nice with her shop, and he gave her the title of *Mistress Tidy Body*. This was worse in her ear than the most opprobrious term; so, being a humane little man, he was accordingly sparing of the epithet—"I keep it in reserve for high days and holidays," said John: but he was too apt to whistle Lillibullero, which, either sung, played, hummed, or whistled, was no small annoyance to all Jaco-

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bites; but to the ears of the widow Chilcott, it was an air that made her rage slip all on one side, and commonly caused the dislocation of her wits.

"I saw her in her tantarums," said Peter Toms, "and never shall forget the sight. She sat, looking no one in the face, but, like Hecate in her cave, her long crutch stick beneath her crumpled chin, held tight by her skinny hands, portending evil. It was one morning, when Mr. Worsley, the surveyor-general, with his friend Sir Robert Taylor, and some officers of the Board of Works, came to make a survey, and to plan the scaffolding for the coronation.

"Have you received orders to quit, widow Chilcott?" said Stagg, as the gentlemen came up the hall, from Old Palace Yard. "Mind your own affairs," said she. "Very good," said Stagg, "I would have helped you to pack up;" then turning round, he maliciously observed, with affected obsequiousness, "you know very well we must all turn out, Mistress Chilcott, and it is our bounden duty to submit respectfully to our superiors." "Superiors!" said she, "humph, I do not know who they

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may be — but I'll not budge a foot but by force." "Mercy on me!" said Old Stagg, "I wish I had half thy noble spirit." "Away with you! sneaking bookbinder," said she. It was just then the surveyor-general took a measuring-rod —when Stagg whistled Lillibullero.

"Now old dame Chilcott, had two great bombs to discharge at once," said Peter Toms; "one at the surveyor-general and another at Mister Lillibullero: she was ready to burst with rage."

The surveyor-general knew the old termagant's politics; her hatred to the government every one knew, and moreover he knew her attachment to the spot. Her father had held a stall there before her: and being kind and considerate in the duties of his office, and not self-important, as many in authority are apt to be, he soothed the old widow, by telling her he "was concerned to disturb her; and, that when the scaffolds he was obliged to erect over her premises were removed, she should be reinstated more commodiously." "Now, there are those," said the lively Peter, "who would have not minced the matter with the sulky old touch,

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but have ordered her off, with—'Away, you old devil—you catamaran—you Jezebel—what! you will not budge! but I'll send you packing in a trice—away, you spit-fire cockatrice, good-for-nothing, crooked old Jacobite!'" But the surveyor-general was no such man.

There are some untoward tempers, however, that no gentleness can conciliate, nor roughness subdue. Old Nan Chilcott's was one of those. "Yes," said she, "my poor father was bamboozled by that smooth-spoken Mister Vanburgh.* He, too, was to have mighty fine things done; but I know it cost him forty pounds to make room for a beggarly set, with their crowns and stars and garters, to eat and drink and carouse, and drive honest people out of doors. I wish I was a man, I'd pick up the glove with a vengeance! and send that swaggering hero, Mister Dymoke, galloping out of the

* Sir John Vanburgh, who wrote ten comedies, admirable for wit; but who was sadly lampooned for his architecture. He was much employed in public works.

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hall, a little faster than he came in! But all manhood's gone over the water with Charley! Old Stagg, from the opposite side of the hall, whistled Lillibullero.

"Well, but my good woman," said the surveyor-general, "you must not speak treason under the royal roof." "Royal roof! royal roof!" said she, "*marry come up*, and a pretty royal roof it is," pointing up with her crutch stick; "are you not ashamed to look upon such a cob-webby*, filthy, spider-warren? Out upon you, who set you up master of the board of works, and a fine board it is; and so called, no doubt, of the wooden heads of which it is composed. Things were done *badly* enough in old VAN'S time, God knows, and now we shall see them WORSLEY done." "Ha, ha," said Sir Robert, "what you are a punster, old Nan." "Punster!" said she; "you are looking out for a place too—eh? Taylors should sit cross-

* The roof of Westminster Hall was then most shamefully encumbered with cobwebs, many of which were of extraordinary dimensions.

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legged at the other board, over at the palace there—the board of Green Cloth." "Egad," said Sir Robert, "we shall be well *dressed* all round."

By this time several gentlemen of the robe had collected before her shop; and old Stagg thrust his head forward among the group: she was lying in wait for him, and he had better have kept aloof. "Why don't you ask the king, as you are a *loyal subject*, to appoint you cob-web-brusher royal, Mistress Tidy-body, you might straddle your besom, like Hogarth's frontispiece† here," pointing to the humorous print of the witch riding her broom up to the moon, which was exposed for sale on her stall.

---

* This whimsical frontispiece, which is a graphic pun, known to curious collectors, once induced old Dr. Snaggs to say, "It was better suited for a tail-piece." Whiston never forgave Hogarth for the contempt this plate poured upon his works. It is curious, that so learned a man should have maintained the fraud of mother Tofts. "I see in her," said he, "the fulfilment of one of the prophecies of Esdras."

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"What then," said she, aiming a blow at his knuckles with her ebony crutch stick, when, missing him, she made amends, by pointing it at him, with a malicious grin, saying, "Go, go home, and bid your own old witch brush the cobwebs off your antlers, Mister Stagg." This happened to be a severe wipe at the bookseller, and there was a general laugh at John's expence. Mr. Sergeant Glynn*, arm in arm with one of the cursitor barons, turned upon old John, and asked significantly, "Have you any further questions to put, brother Stagg?" This would have passed unnoticed; but unfortunately for the baron, he too must have a joke, having for the moment forgotten what the world whispered about his help-mate. "What say you, my old *buck?*" said the wit, "a little *hartshorn* may cure the evil." "Oh! no," retorted Stagg, "he that had horns to hide, invented the lawyer's wig," and bowing respectfully, added —"Have you any further questions to put, brother baron?"

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* The worthy Recorder of London, and Member for Middlesex.

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CHAPTER IV.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE ROYAL SIGHT.

Poor Ned the barber!—how well I remember his important avocations on the night preceding the coronation. My father's house was full. Among other guests were some female relations from Devonshire, and Ned, with an assistant, was there betimes to dress their hair. But what has so particularly brought these trivial matters before my mind is, the memorable circumstance of a wig being provided for my mother; an event so extraordinary, and, considering the party with whom it originated, so out of the common course of the stars that presided over the affairs of our house, that I am tempted to recount the whole matter.

My mother was not only particularly nice in her person, but remarkably plain in her garb—but one remove from a quaker. Silks were

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no scarce articles where so many looms were constantly at work: she always chose the best in quality, but the colour was chaste, as the make was simple and unadorned: no furbelows, no idle trimmings, or what not. Her lace ruffles were older by some years than myself, and her head-dress was not half the height of the fashion of the day. Now, my uncle Zachary, much as my mother respected the good old man, and great as his authority was with her on most occasions, miscalculated his influence on this. He purposed taking her to see the coronation, and in consequence had given secret orders to Ned to provide a fashionable wig, with a cap and lappets surmounting the same. It certainly was a skilful piece of perukiership, but the temptation would not prevail. "No, no," said she to my great-uncle; "it is very kind of you, but," shaking her head, and smiling, "I have long done with these vanities." Such was her saying, though I have heard she was even from her girlhood as free from vanity as the unassuming Moravians themselves. "No, no," said my mother; "it is much too fine for me."

My uncle Zachary held it gingerly, his hand

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supporting the caul. Ned was a little chagrined; for he had reckoned upon mistress going to the sight as fine as the gayest of her neighbours, and had bestowed vast pains upon the handy-work. I have said in a former chapter that Ned was a mighty clever fellow.

"I must prevail upon you to try it on," said my good-natured great uncle. It certainly became my mother, and so all the party agreed, and a glass was held by Ned that she might see herself behind; and here I must remark a superstition of my mother, harmless enough, but very common to people in her class of life sixty years ago. — She could not be persuaded to go up to the old-fashioned mirror that hung slanting opposite the chimney to *gaze* at herself in front, much less could she be brought to *admire* herself behind; and thus the proffered finery was never contemplated on her head, with my good mother's own eyes. I remember, when we were children, she always forbid us to make a *doom show** of ourselves in the glass.

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* *Doom-show.* The young people of the present day would be highly amused by a recital of a few

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Now my aunt Felix Hardcastle, who lived in Barbican, and who made one of the party on this happy night, a worthy woman too, was not, I was going to say, quite so *starched* as my mother; but that epithet would have been injustice to the memory of such unaffected goodness: my aunt Felix, then, sinking comparisons, had no christian or cardinal objection to finery, only that her husband was a grave man, who admired my mother's neatness, and thought her a pattern for his help-mate in all things ghostly and bodily — and she was an accommodating wife. On this occasion, however, he relaxed, and allowed her to bedeck herself according to her own will and pleasure; hence she adopted the artificial head-dress, and looked

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of the manifold superstitions that prevailed in the last age, some of which I will notice in a subsequent chapter. It was held sinful for youth to gaze at themselves in the glass; indeed the consequences were fearful, for it was well attested, that the devil peeped over a young lady's shoulder who was addicted to this vanity, and she swooned on beholding the obtruder's sable visage in her mamma's looking-glass.

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like a duchess. "A coronation is not an every-day sight," said the worthy old wine-cooper; "but one that we may, perchance, never live to see again; we have at last got a king, a Briton born *, and if he rules in righteousness, I hope not to see another." — "Amen!" said all the party.

It was twelve o'clock at night when all the male part of the group who were to accompany our caravan to Palace Yard, were assembled in the back parlour, the largest room in the house. There a long table was spread, with ham and chickens, and pigeon pies, and I know not what provent besides, all cold. Every important event in those days began and ended with this sort of hospitality. Dr. Chauncey had taken me in the afternoon in his chariot to the Windmill in St. John's Street, to meet the Leighton Buzzard coach, that was to bring my

* It was a subject of delight with all but the Jacobites, that the young king was a Briton born. His Majesty's great-grandfather, his grandfather, and his father, who was so much beloved, were Germans. Many old people in 1761 remembered the Dutch king William too.

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uncle Zachary's worthy friend the vicar * of Bow-Brick-Hill to London, to see the coronation; and we were commissioned to look in, as we returned, to the Horse and Groom, behind St. Bartholomew's, in Little Britain, to tell old May Fly †, to be sure the two glass-coaches which had been ordered a month before, might be punctually at our door at twelve o'clock.

When we got back, my poor father was quite out of humour; the dinner had been waiting almost an hour, although it was ordered two hours later on Dr. Bentham's account. I am almost ashamed to record these trivial matters, but one little event calls another to memory;

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* Dr. James Bentham, the antiquary, author of the History of Ely Cathedral, which learned work, perhaps, contains the clearest and best account of the rise and progress of Gothic architecture of any extant.

† Old May-Fly (so called from his vivacity.) The ancient ostler, at the more ancient stable at the back of St. Bartholomew the Great. Paul was in his hundred and fourth year, and had formerly been employed as bellows-blower at the neighbouring church.

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and, I think I may say it with truth, that nothing put an old citizen so completely out of temper, as the waiting for his dinner; nor nothing sooner charmed away this metropolitan spleen, than the sight of it smoking upon his table.

"I beg a thousand pardons," said Dr. Chauncey; "it is all my fault, Mr. Hardcastle, but we fell in with that old chronicler, Paul the *Bellows-blower*, and he entertained the doctor so much with"—"his devilish long-winded stories," interrupted my father" "saving your presence, revered sir," bowing to Dr. Bentham, "that I wonder you got here before midnight." Then turning to me, my father proceeded, "Well, Ephraim, I suppose you have chronicled all the grey-headed old gossip has been lying about, and will send it to be printed in the *Old Woman's Magazine*." *

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* Such a magazine was current in the last century, and certain of my learned friends are of opinion, that a similar work, with the same title, would be worth a publisher's notice now-a-days. Indeed I long had a notion of setting such a work a-going myself: no doubt I should have found a world of contributions from all quarters.

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This excited a laugh, and my father's anger vanished like a summer's cloud. Little did he foresee, with all his forecasting, that his son should live so many years after, to commit this idle family chit-chat to the press.

About nine o'clock came Mr. and Mrs. Hogarth, with Allan Ramsay; Frank Hayman, Charles Catton*, and Roquet, had arrived just before. Tilly Kettle was after ten, and paid forfeit. "O! Tilly, Tilly!" said Roquet, who was everlastingly drolling in his broken English, "O, Tilly, Tally, shilly-shally! for why, my young friend, do you let that old *dogge* Time alway drag along the *Kettle* at his tail?" "Who is that whimsical foreigner?" whispered the vicar of Bow-Brick-Hill. "I thought you

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* Charles Catton, R. A. one of the worthies of the old academy in St. Martin's Lane, and the prince of coach-painters. He was master of the company of painter-stainers in the year 1784, and had the honour to present Sir Joshua Reynolds with the freedom of that society, in their Hall in Trinity Lane, where he dined with them, on their grand anniversary of St. Luke in that year.

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knew him," said Hogarth; "it is the lively Monsieur Roquet." "Well!" said he, lifting up his hands and laughing, "I have heard much of his humour — he is an original indeed."

"Halloo! halloo!" vociferated my father, knocking loudly with his gold-headed cane at the bottom of the stairs, "What, ho! ladies! are you not harnessed yet?" "We shall be down directly," answered my mother. — "There's old Impatience," said my aunt — she did not care a button for my father — he heard her, and laughed — she was a great favourite.

"Ods bobs!" said my father, "we shall never set off: what are all these band-boxes for, Ned?" "For the ladies, sir." "God help us! why what a camp is here!" "It is not *the flying* camp," said Monsieur Roquet, shrugging his shoulders. "They are for the ladies' coaches," said Ned. "Aye," said Hogarth, "the *baggage*-waggons are always the last on a march." My aunt unluckily overheard this, and boxed Master Hogarth's ears with her fan, and away went all the party in high spirits.

Dr. Chauncey took my mother and Mrs. Hogarth in his chariot; Hogarth accommodated

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my aunt Felix and my father in his; the two glass coaches were filled, one by uncle Felix, the wine-cooper, Dr. Bentham, Mrs. Trecothick (mother of the alderman), and Chauncey's niece. Charles Catton, our country cousins and their beaux, filled the other. Frank Hayman rode on the coach-box. My great uncle Zachary, Allan Ramsay, Roquet, and I, walked by preference. The hired coaches and the chariots drove a foot's pace, that our party might get to our station opposite the Abbey all at the same time. Thus our line of march (morally speaking) was most wisely planned, and we had settled upon arriving at our post by two o'clock; but the Fates, who, according to their humour, stay great armies, or swallow them up in the mighty waves, or overwhelm them in mountains of sand, had determined, this night, that our little caravan should be out in its reckoning; and we did not reach Old Palace Yard till five.

Our route was over London Bridge (Blackfriars was then building), along Blackman Street, through St. George's Fields, over the

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new bridge at Westminster. In St. George's Fields, however, a disastrous event happened, which as it was the cause of our delay, I will make the subject of another chapter.

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CHAPTER V.

OLD MARTIN BUMGARDEN, THE INDIGO-MERCHANT.

FOOTE, as all of the old school know full well, could transform himself into almost every remarkable character, from the court end of the town to Whitechapel. I mean those characters who were distinguished by some *super-eminent* qualities that fitted them for his cariacatura, in that age of humorists. His imitation of French broken-English, as I have heard my uncle Zachary say, was very lively, not equal to Jemmy Spiller's, but as good as Ned Shuter's upon the whole, being rather more polite. But his Anglo-German was inimitable. It is true he was apt to abuse this original faculty, and sought, as his temper or his interest suited, to play off his ridicule at the expense of friend and foe alike.

Hogarth, at the Bedford one night, soon

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after the coronation, related the tale of old Martin; and Foote caught readily at the circumstances as they were simply told by the amusing painter. "This old cit and his daughters would work up well into a farce," said Foote; "I will do it;" and he kept his word; at least, so the story went.

Frank Hayman* heard of this. Frank was one whom the satirist afforded as much respect as his wicked faculty could spare for any body. He went to Foote to expostulate the matter: "Sam," said he, "this is too bad! Bumgarden is my particular friend, and, moreover, a worthy man: he has two pretty daughters too." "Oh!" said Foote, "then you are come in the *barber's basin.*" I should explain this: Frank, the best-hearted fellow of all the knot of worthies, was a sort of knight-errant; that is to say, he was the defender of his absent friends; and when the

* Hayman was twice married. His second wife was the widow of Fleetwood. By this lady, he had a daughter, to whom he bequeathed 300*l.* a year. She became the wife of Captain Broughton, and died within a year after her marriage.

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wags were going beyond the mark, namely, when they were slanderous and uncharitable, Frank would take up the cudgels against all comers, and manfully set them to rights. It was on one of these occasions that Hogarth said, "Now Frank has put on the barber's basin," and this was quoted long after poor Hogarth's death.

"Nobody will find out it's intended for him," said Foote, "and if they do, what then?" "Why he may be apt to *bommel* your *bate*, said Frank; old Martin is a sturdy wight. Foote swore he would run the risk; he was most audacious on these occasions. "Surely not, Sam," said Hayman, "when I repeat that he is a worthy, generous soul, and my particular friend. — Are there not rogues and scoundrels enough in this great town? Level your shafts at them, Sam, and let honest people alone."

Hayman heard it whispered some months after, that Foote had really completed his farce, and that the indigo-merchant made a figure therein as old *Luther Blue-bottle*, of Billiter Square. "Will he dare to expose that family," said Frank, "after what I have said? No; Sam has more wit."

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A few nights had elapsed when Frank met Foote at the Turk's head, when the satirist took occasion to try his ground. "A-propos, my gay fellow," said he, "I'll tell you a secret, Frank," speaking in a half whisper, and holding his finger beside his nose; "if you look in at the little theatre next week, you may, perchance, recognize an old acquaintance, and his pretty missess." "Humph! perhaps not," said Frank. "You need not look so *blue* upon it," said Foote, with his usual impudence. 'Pon my soul, Frank, it is too good a subject to let slip through one's fingers in these cursed stupid times." "Very well," said Frank, "do as you please; but *if* you do, though you were Aristophanes himself, you and I should have a falling out; so — good night, Sam." Frank, for all his good nature and rattling, was a spirit with whom a man might not presume to trifle. Foote pondered upon the subject, no doubt; for old Bumgarden was not brought upon the stage.

It was a whimsical adventure to be sure, and one that Foote could have tricked off with great humor no doubt. But, as all the parties are long since gone to their rest, no one can be

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hurt, if a smile be now excited at the tale of Master Martin, as it was related by that famous story-teller, Dr. Chauncey, one night, several years after the disaster, when, turning over his portfolio, he happened to fix upon a portrait of the worthy old German. "There," said the facetious doctor, forgetting that I had been a witness of the adventure, "there is the broad physiognomy of as upright an old trader as any I can name, touching my long, long acquaintance with this smoky place. What an *os frontis* — a right German *cranium* — how like, to be sure, — poor old honest Martin! I have taken more of his wine than he ever swallowed of my physic; but that's of little account to him — so to my story," said the doctor.

"As we were driving slowly along that dark, dismal road, which I remember being improved, as they called it, from the top of Blackman Street through St. George's Fields, my chariot, and Hogarth's, and the others, all stopping at the same time just as we got opposite the old Dog and Duck, we were all thrown into consternation by the shrieking of women. A coach drove upon one of those masses of road-mud

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that are left to dry beside the highway, like a line of village graves, specimens of the cockney picturesque, unsightly nuisances by day, and dangerous stumbling-blocks by night; yes, the ladies shrieked, and — over went the carriage with a fearful crash. More broken limbs, God preserve us! said I to myself; this is a party of pleasure! Well, sir, Frank Hayman, his wits always about him, jumped off the coach-box on which he was sitting, (faith, I believe he was driving, for Frank was a bit of a whip,) and ran and seized the horses' heads, old Zachary Hardcastle, (your uncle, master Ephraim, looking under his spectacles, and turning to me at the same time,) Allan Ramsay, and noisy Roquet being on foot, assisted to liberate the passengers." 'I was of the party, doctor,' said I. The old doctor, still holding the port-folio, turned his head, again surveying me from head to foot, (it was his way,) "Right, so you were; and, by the same token, looking as pale as a clout." This I got, *en passant*, for the interruption. "They lifted the mamma and daughters through the window-frame, the glasses being down: how they got the old lady through, I have not been

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able to make out to this day" said, he, "for she was almost as large as *Bright* of Malden. That mad-cap, Roquet, I remember, whispered, '*Aftare this, perhaps, the bottle conjuror be no joke at all.*"

"When this was accomplished, the father, unwigged, who had quietly lain at the bottom, coolly thrust his head up, and very sagaciously observed, '*Had you not pedder oben de goach toor, gendlemens; you midght as vell addembt to bull a sack of sandt trough an hour-glass.*'

"They had scarcely levered him up, and placed him on the raised path, and were grappling among the straw for his wig, when another shriek caught our attention, and the old gentleman was in a furious rage. One of the pretty daughters, very short-sighted, in her agitation, stepped off the narrow path into the ditch. The father, a remarkably bulky man, sprang in after her and pulled her out. She was not so much dirtied, happening to fall in a bush; but he was more than knee deep in mud.

"By this time he was surrounded by most of our party, who were anxious to afford assistance. '*Zee,*' said he, in his German-English, ex-

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tending his arms, his hands as muddy as his feet, '*Zee, mine Godt! whad id is to have undoodyful taughders, and an obstrobolus vife! O fye! Misdress Bum!* (a diminutive of Bumgarden) *fye! Mistress Bum! By goles, dis is evry morsel your fauldts.*'

"Frank, who had quitted the horses, now came round, and, clapping the indigo-merchant upon the shoulder, exclaimed, 'What, my old reformer! is it you?' '*Handts off, if you bleaze; you mide be a liddle more bolide, medinks; and who de tdevil are you mid your reformer?*' seizing a lantern from a watchman, and thrusting it in the stranger's face, when the severity of his muscles relaxed, and he exclaimed in his turn, '*Godt pless my soul! vat, is it you, Mister Frank Haymans? O! look upon me, Mister Frank; am nod I a very unhabby man?*' '*O!* my good sir,' said Frank, 'it might have been worse.' '*Vorse!*' said he, raising his voice, '*vorse! I ask you, Mr. Frank Haymans, am nod I a very unhabby man? is nod thadt blain English? My goachman, as trunk as a big; my vife, as obstrobolus as a big; I galled, Stob! stob! as loudt as my lungs could bawl; but ven vonce*

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gallavanting geds into a voman's hedt, the tdevil geds into their heels. Here am I all mudt, and my taughder all mudt, as plag az too kennel ragers; my goach proge all to bieces, and I know nod vere I am, Godt forgive me, a miseraple sinner, no more dan de man in the moon! I ask you,' (looking most ruefully, between a sigh and a groan,) *'I ask you, Misder Frank Haymans, am I nod a very unhabby man?'* 'What, what, my worthy friend,' said Hayman, 'don't you remember what Swift once said on a similar unfortunate occasion?' (now Martin Bumgarden was a great admirer of the dean of St. Patrick's adages;) *'Nod I,'* said he; *'Vell, Frank, vad tid he zay?'* 'Why, when farmer Pocklington tumbled neck and heels off his horse into the slough of Killigollyla, the dean cried out, Hallo! what, Master Pocklington! shake yourself, child; the more dirt the less hurt.' *'Ha! ha! ha! ha!'* laughed old Martin, holding his sides with his muddy hands, *'Ha! ha! ha! ha! you vil pe de deadth of me, Mister Frank Haymans. O Lordt! O Lordt! vad a troll tog vas dat gomical tean of St. Patrick. By goles, I gan never forgid dis as long as I live! Vell, my tear Misdress*

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Bum, Heaven be braized, there is no pones progen! Never mind it, never mind it, my tear ghildren!' So he kissed his pretty daughters, and all his anger was at an end.

"Hogarth went over to the Dog and Duck, knowing the landlord; a lantern was sent, the party all went thither; old Martin Bumgarden was relieved of his mud, borrowed a pair of worsted stockings, and sat there smoking a segar and joking, until Chauncey's coachman returned, who was dispatched for a recruit of dress for the indigo-merchant and his daughter; when, all things being put in *statu quo*, we proceeded to our station, saw the coronation procession, and made a happy day of it."

There is a peculiar character of dry humour in the manner of a thorough German of a certain age, that is indescribably pleasant—that sort of drolling which is the more amusing, as it is generally masked under a grave countenance. Old Bumgarden had a superabundance of this humour, and made observations on what he saw with true German originality.

"It was whimsical enough," said Dr. Chauncey, "that, about the same time that

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Foote had meditated to bring old Martin on his stage, Martin himself had written a song for poor Dick Stoppelear*, which he gave him, with this humorous preface:—'*Here, Dig, you rogue, here is zomething for you to zing, when your master, Mister Tavy, shares you a slice of the penefid loaf.*' An altered copy from this curious manuscript, improving the English of the author, I have lately found in looking among my uncle Zachary's scrap-book, and I am tempted to print it: Stoppelear used to sing it at convivial clubs, as his own. The speaking parts were partly introduced by Stoppelear, who, I believe, was the first who made extempore dialogues to the chorus of humorous songs:—

"Hark ye, neighbours! ye ne'er could have guess'd
What we've seen just in crossing the town,
Pouring in from the east to the west,
By the Mint, Tooley Street, Horsleydown;

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* Dick Stoppelear, brother of the painter of that name, performed the Grave-digger in Hamlet; Ben Budge in the Beggars' Opera; and other low characters, with great originality, at old Drury Lane. He was a crony of Ned Shuter's, and famed at the convivial clubs for his humorous songs.

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Such a mobbing from Jew Bevis-Mark;
All along London Wall to the 'Change;
Pell-mell trooping on in the dark,
I never saw *nothing* so strange.

"Bless me! that's old Master *Hyde*, the phthisicy tanner of Barnaby Street*; you may know him by his *bark*, the whole length of *Long Lane*. What! neighbour Duckenfield —is it you? and all your family too! How d'ye do, Miss Betty and Miss Tetty, Master Tommy and Dick, Bobby and Nic; upon my word —

'A very notable sight
All in the dead o' the night,
Singing here diddle, there diddle, fiddle-te-dee,
Gad merrily on to the crowning.

"All the world must have left their warm beds,
Never saw in my life such a throng;
One might walk all a-top of their heads
As they jumble and justle along.
"You rude fellow, you've push'd off my hat!
Did you ever behold such a thing?"
"Peace, old codger? what would you be at?
Who'd be cover'd when going to the king?—

* Barnaby (Bermondsey) Street and Long Lane have been famed for tan-yards for many centuries.

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"But I humbly ask pardon, Sir, and shall be happy to take care of the ladies: name's O'Killumall,—or give you any other sort of satisfaction." "Thank you, Mister O'Killum; that would be —

"A very notable sight
All in the dead o' the night,
Singing here diddle, there diddle, fiddle-te-dee,
Gad merrily on to the crowning.
"Never travell'd so darksome a road;
Mother! Tetty has lost her silk shoe;
Father! Nic's splash'd me over with mud:"
"'Twas not I, Miss, I'm sure it was you."
"Booby, run over, fetch us a light;
Tell the watch I will give him a crown;
Stop him, watchman! I'm dying with fright!
Lud! the coachman had near run him down!"

"Don't be alarmed, worthy lady; — I've known this road, man and boy, these eighty years. That's Lambeth *Mash*, and that's Curtis's Halfpenny-hatch.* I'll carry my

* Curtis's Halfpenny-hatch was a passage across St. George's Fields from Narrow Wall opposite Somerset House. It was a halfpenny toll-way through extensive nursery grounds.

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lantern before you; I can make shift to stump along. O yes! the family of the Duckenfields creeping after Old TIME, *would* be —

" A very notable sight,
All in the dead o' the night;
Singing here diddle, there diddle, fiddle-te-dee,
Gad merrily on to the crowning.

" Girls, step over, Miss, tuck up your frock,
Boys, stand still, we have all lost our way!
Oh! there's a house — 'tis the old Dog and Duck,
I have known it for many a day.
Look up — there's the twinkling of stars;
It will be a fine morn, I declare;
Tom, that's *Venus*, and Tetty, that's *Mars*,
And that's old *Humphrey-Major* the bear.

" Upon my word, you're a pretty astrologer, Miss; I wish you were my own Virgo." " You might keep a civil tongue in your head, Mister Busy-body; I'd have you to know my daughter's no *virago*." " Hush, Mistress Duckenfield, the gentleman meant the *old* lady, which is not uncommon in these altered times, and —

" A very notable sight,
All in the dead o' the night;
Singing here diddle, there diddle, fiddle-te-dee,
Gad merrily on to the crowning.

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"Oh, mamma! they are beating the drums!
And that is the trumpeter, hark!!
Lord, papa! do you think the great guns
Will be all fir'd off in the park?"
"Hold your peace! 'tis beginning to rain,
See the clouds how they fly o'er our heads;
We had better all turn back again,
Mistress Duckenfield — into our beds."

"You may return, if you please, Mister Duckenfield; you have been as cross as two sticks ever since you turned the corner of Crooked Lane. The children are neither sugar nor salt! Go home, indeed, no wiser than we came! That would be —

"A very notable sight,
All in the dead o' the night;
Singing here diddle, there diddle, fiddle-te-dee,
Gad merrily on to the crowning."

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CHAPTER VI.

NED SHUTER AND MONSIEUR ROQUET.

ANOTHER of Dr. Chauncey's stories I recollect, which he used to tell with uncommon pleasantry. It related to a wager-dinner, about an election song, written by Roquet. My uncle Zachary had the manuscript, which I have looked for among his papers, but in vain. It was a venison dinner, given to a pretty large party, at the Mitre, in Fenchurch Street, the landlord being a countryman of the loser, and a fine, hearty host; he was a native of Ireland.

Ned Shuter had projected a little olio; "I am but a poor stick with my pen," said he, "so I am paupérising, or paper-rising, if you like it better, among my friends, with my *owl-box* at my back, collecting here a scrap, and there a scrap; and I mean to dub it 'The Patch-work Quilt; or, My Winter Cover-lid.' Poor Churchill had promised to write me a song some years ago: 'Fair play's a jewel, my Charley,' said I;

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'Wilkes for ever!' said he. 'With all my heart,' said I; but you liberty-boys are apt to split the question, and stick both halves on your own side. Beau Astley has contributed half-a-dozen phizes *, which he tells me, he painted for *fun*; the better luck; so much for being a 'squire. 'The devil the barrel a better herring!' when painting was no *joke* † to the don! Poor Bonnell Thornton has given me 'A Touch at the Times,' and he will never hear it sung.‡

"Gostling § has sent me a *Canterbury* tale;

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* Shuter had projected to introduce a sort of lecture on heads in his olio, similar to an exhibition that had been made in Bow Street, several years before.

† Beau Astley, who occupied part of the house built for the duke of Schomberg, in Pall Mall, was a portrait painter; but, marrying a lady of large fortune, subsequently exercised his pencil for mere amusement. His talent was not likely to have raised him to fame or affluence.

‡ Poor Bonnell Thornton, died in the year so memorable for Wilkes's election for Brentford.

§ William Gostling, M.A., the facetious friend of all the worthies at Old Slaughter's, and author of that truly original work, "Walks in and about

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Forrest * a *brief* story; and now I am only minus a song. 'Come, my old boy,' clapping Monsieur Roquet on the shoulder, 'try your hand at a lyric; you are a set of deadly-lively fellows at catching of *grigs*. † What say you, my evergreen? (old Langford ‡, the auctioneer;) you are

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Canterbury." Gostling's father was one of the favourites of King Charles II., and remarkable for a fine voice. In allusion to which, the merry monarch once said, "Talk of your nightingales! I have a Gostling who excels them all." His Majesty presented him with a silver egg, filled with guineas, saying, "*I have heard that eggs are good for the voice*."

* Forrest, a lawyer, wit, poet, and amateur artist; member of the old club, with Hogarth and others, in St. Martin's Lane.

† The wharf, held by Mr. Kitchener, was much frequented, in these days, by parties who were fond of the eel-net, or grigging. The water-bailiff, however, put an end to this sport, as the meshes of the nets were smaller than the established standard.

‡ Langford, a celebrated auctioneer, and known to all the virtuosi. His rooms were in the Piazza, Covent Garden. He had a curious collection of Hogarth's prints.

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no stick in the pulpit; descend for once, and tip us a psalm, or a hymn, or a carnal song.' Langford shook his head: 'Roquet will make a better thing of it,' said he; 'he has a *catalogue* of wit about him, and *lots* of fun. Come, Roquet, try your hand for Ned.' 'Mine God!' said Roquet, "I navare write ten lines in vearse; I can build the castle in the air, but all the tools of my poor sconce must be sharpened, Mister Ned, before I can build the lofty rhyme.'

"This was a comical affair," said the doctor. "These, and a few other worthies, as they were accustomed of a fine summer evening, were sitting with their pipes, a lantern before them, with cold ham, French bread, and bottled stout, at the head of one of Justice Kitchener's *

* Mr. Kitchener was one of the *trading* justices, of whom so much has been said in the magazines for their mal-practices, before the act of parliament was formed, which fixed the salaries of the London and Middlesex magistrates. Of old Kitchener there are some humorous stories, none of which, however, in the least degree, reflect discredit on his character.

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lighters, at the coal wharf, at the bottom of Fountain Court, in the Strand. These were members of the Eel-pie Club. The group, on this occasion, consisted, besides the aforementioned, of John Collett *, Hieronimo Grimm †, (a countryman of Roquet's;) Burch ‡, the sur-

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* John Collett, an amateur painter of subjects in Hogarth's style, from which Sayer, in Fleet Street, and other printsellers, published prints, chiefly engraved by Goldar. There is also a drawing-book, (a melange,) in which are academy figures, for the instruction of youth, engraved by Goldar. Collett also painted landscapes, he having been the pupil of George Lambert.

† Hieronimo Grimm, another original, who was employed by the society of Antiquaries. The large print, engraved by Basire, of the departure of Henry the Eighth for Boulogne, was from his drawing, from the picture in Windsor Castle. He was engaged, too, by many members of that learned body, to make topographical drawings to illustrate their county histories. Grimm lived in Covent Garden.

† Mr. Burch, of Essex Street, in the Strand, a great collector of scarce prints, and member of the club at Old Slaughter's. His son, a solicitor, called Fiddling Burch, was a friend of Sir Joshua Reynolds's,

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geon; Tatlock *, the laceman; and Blarney Thomson †, the *Moderator*. Mortimer and Forrest, in the next barge, were plying the nets, catching grigs. The landlady at the Coal-hole ‡ was famous for making eel-pies.

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and had a fine taste for colouring, although he could not draw. He made an exquisite coloured plate of the window at Oxford, as a pattern for the colourers; going to Sir Joshua's, in Leicester Square, not unfrequently three or four times a day during the progress of this work, and carrying the recollection of the tints in his memory.

* Tatlock, the laceman, a great crony of the artists, and an intelligent man.

† William Thomson, nick-named *Blarney*, a portrait painter, but whose occupations were multifarious. He was a native of Ireland, a man of some education, and, when he pleased, of engaging manners, and fine address. He married *two* fortunes, but being addicted to pleasure, like Steele and Fielding, was commonly in pecuniary difficulties. Among other speculations, he established a school of oratory, and sat in the chair, under the designation of MODERATOR. This Athenian academy for debate was held at Madame Corneilles.

‡ The Coal-hole, in Fountain Court, Strand, a well-known site for midnight gossiping. Here

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" ' Well, what say you, boy,' said Shuter to Roquet, — ' will you try your hand?' ' He make rhymes!' said Thomson. ' And why not?' said Grimm; ' he does evaré sins well; the devil is with it if he cannot make the song.' ' What one says, t'other will swear to,' said Thomson, who was a rattling fellow; ' by the powers! I'd bet any gentleman present a venison and claret dinner for twice the party, that he cannot string ten lines together, with each a rhyme at its tail.' ' Done!' said Ned. ' Not tie them together with common sense,' said Thomson.' ' Done!' said Ned. ' Not such as you would commit your own self upon before the public in your olio.' ' Done!' said Ned, keeping him up to the mark; ' why, I would

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the most celebrated comedians have long entertained their private convivial friends, after they have delighted the town. Here, too, certain painters, poets, sculptors, musicians, and other ingenious wights, who prefer late hours, a smoky room, and hilarity, to the sober comforts of *domestic home*, waste the night in glorious independence, fearless of the curtain lecture that appals the uxorious wight, who sometimes trespasses against the orders of the house.

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sing them at dowager Corneille's.'* 'Mother Corneille, nor father Corneille, has nothing at all to do with the matter,' said Thomson, with some warmth. 'Where will you show me a Frenchman, man-alive, with an ear for English music? the music of verse; you take me.' 'Plenty of them,' said Ned. 'Did you ever hear him read Creech?' 'Not I.' 'Nor Pope?' 'Not I.' 'Nor Dryden?' 'I never heard him read nor write either,' said Thomson; 'but this I know, I'd bet the bell-

* Dowager Corneille, an adventurer from abroad, who established a series of amusements, masquerades, balls, concerts, &c., at the great house in Soho Square, formerly the Earl of Carlisle's. The scenes of dissipation that drew together both sexes of the highest rank to her splendid rooms, half a century ago, furnished the table-talk of this great town. Madame Corneille, after many vicissitudes, at length established the concern for vending asses' milk at Knightsbridge; and there fitted up breakfast-rooms, which, for a time, were frequented: but this speculation failing, the Empress of Taste, as she designated herself, was confined in the Fleet prison, where, overwhelmed with debts, she died of grief.

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man's verses against all he ever did or ever will write.' 'What, you are backing out,' said Ned; 'we were betting a dinner and wine.' 'Not at all,' said Thomson. 'If he will write a song in decent English, such as any two competent umpires shall judge'—'*Is as good as the common run of stage songs*,' said Ned, interrupting him. 'Very fair, man alive,' said Thomson; 'then I take you at your word; I defy him to do it.'

"'Pray, sair, how long will you vouchsafe to allow me,' said Rouquet, piqued by this low estimate of his literary abilities. 'How long; let me see; an hour for every twelve lines.' 'That's an hour for every *chaldron* of verses, I suppose,' said the coal-merchant. All the party laughed; when, emboldened by this success, old Kitchiner added, 'All *Pool* measure.' 'Yes,' said Roquet, adroitly, 'and in good *meter* too.' 'Tis a bet, then,' said Ned. 'O! yes, upon my conscience; agreed before all these gentlemen; and who will hold stakes?' 'Who but our worthy justice of the peace here,' said Ned, 'for is he not a *Cole*-man?'

"The next night Roquet and Shuter met, by

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appointment, at the Bedford. 'Bat*,' said Shuter to the waiter, let us have a room up stairs; we have a private affair to settle, and wish not to be disturbed. It is a chill air, I think, and let us have a bit of fire.' 'There is one all ready lighted,' said Bat, 'for Mr. Beard† and two or three friends, but I will provide him another room.' 'O! Beard is a good fellow,' said Ned; 'I am not afraid of him; who are his party?' 'Why, sir, let me see; there's Mr. Dibdin, Mr. Mattocks, and,'

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* Bat, an old waiter at the Bedford, who had been a famous cricketer in his time, hence called Bat. He had a remarkably deep voice, and through his waiting upon the actors, occasionally (by the indulgence of his master) sang in the choruses at both theatres. He piqued himself, as well he might, on descending with his voice, clearly, three notes below the great bell of St. Paul's, and used to entertain the vocal performers by a most musical imitation of that bell tolling for the death of George II.

† Mr. Beard, celebrated for his vocal talents, being one of the most popular singers that had appeared on the British stage. He was son-in-law of Mr. Rich, manager of Covent Garden theatre, and for some years, joint proprietor and acting manager with that gentleman.

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putting his finger to his nose, 'its a cock and hen meeting, to settle about the new piece, so Miss Hallam, and Miss Poitier.' —— 'O Lord!' said Ned; 'and Dunstall, and Fawcett, and the Lord knows who. Faith, I was to have been of the party, but I hate business; don't you drop a word about the pig! I'll join them by and by. Swear your mistress has had the chimney-sweepers, and the room smells of soot; or that she is taken suddenly in labour; or that it is stuffed full of fusty country cousins; or any other nuisance; only, not a word about the pig!' 'I understand you, sir,' said Bat; "when you want me, knock with the poker on the hearth, for Mr. Beard knows the sound of the bell; his ear is so keen, he can tell the note of every tingle in the house; *I am up-stairs waiter for the night.*' 'Very good,' said Ned; 'but, remember! not a word about the pig!"

"As soon as Bat was gone, Ned gave the fire a poke; then raising the poker slowly in his hand, as if he would knock his friend on the head, he said, laughing all the while, 'Roquet, you rogue, you must get me out of this scrape; for, if I lose, Mister Moderator, and his mo-

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derate comrogues, will mop up an *immoderate* wine bill, and my treasury is rather low, and my credit much upon a par; God help us!' Roquet shrugged his shoulders, saying, 'O *misérícorde!* then I may whistle for the promised pounche.' 'O! never fear; we are not quite out at the elbows yet; you shall have *pounche* enow,' said Ned, 'and a short pipe if you choose, and then you may punch the enemy on one side, and smoke him on t'other, and put Mister Moderator in a fume.'

"'What is your theme?' said Roquet, his pen, ink, and paper, all arranged on the table. 'Let me think,' said Ned; 'what are you in the best cue for?' 'Pounche, at present,' answered the lively Roquet; 'Here, waiter.'— 'No,' said Ned, recollecting himself, 'here, *poker*,' knocking at the same time on the hearth. 'Did you knock, sir?' said the waiter. 'I did, sir; here, Bat, let us have a five-shilling bowl; and let it be *hot as Mary Palmer**; devil's in it if your maiden muse be

* *Hot as Mary Palmer.*—This saying was as common, up to this period, as the Red Lion at

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not worth a crown; if not, she's a dirty draggle-tailed trumpery.' 'Hold,' said Roquet; 'do not you speak ill of the younge *ladie* behind *his* backe; I question me, Mistare Ned, if you nevare saw one of the Muse in all your life, nor never will.' 'That's like enough, God help me!' said Ned.

"'What think you of a city feast for a subject?' said Shuter. 'O! my friend, name it not to me; it make my mouse alway run with the water.' 'Or an election?—that's the mark! whig and tory, stuffing and gorging, ranting and roaring, swearing and tearing, bowing and scraping, squabbling and fighting—tantararara, rogues all—there's a subject for you, you old sinner: if you were an Englishman, you'd be all on fire. Were you ever at an election, my hearty?' 'Mine God! how can you ask me that question?' said Roquet. 'Have you, then, so soon forgot our poore friend * * * * *? Have

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Brentford. Its origin was derived from a witty circumstance during the commonwealth, and it was used by cavaliers to the annoyance of the puritans.

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not he, and you, and I myself, go to that Brandforde all in the *chatter-box**, when evry bodie is mad wis Mistare Wilkes and libertee? what! have you forgot the wash-house at the back side of the Red Lion, too, when the brochet bite so sharp the fingers of Doctare Snackes (Snags)?' 'Phoo! to be sure I do remember,' said Ned; 'though I recollect * * * * * and I were a little boozey. Well, let's have a touch at Brentford, in a sort of Hudibrastic.' 'Mistare Ned, I will have nothing to do with the Hudibrastique, nor the doggerels; I will write all as my five-shillings' muse whisper in my ear.' 'That's brave,' said Shuter, 'give us an original.'

"'Ha, ha, ha, ha!"—'For vhat is it you laugh so loud, my friend?' 'Oh! cry your mercy for the interruption,' said Ned; 'ha, ha, ha, ha! O Lord! I shall split.' 'How

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* Chatter-box; a name given to a post-chaise by the wags of the last century. For certain, these vehicles, in my remembrance, were uneasy carriages; being usually obsolete, four-wheeled rattling, crazy concerns.

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is it possible I shall ever make the song," said Roquet, "If you will not forbear this scandalous noise?" "'Tis too bad," said Shuter; "but, ha, ha, haugh! I think I see old Snags capering and swearing about the wash-house, his skinny fingers tingling with sharper snags than his own. It is so delectable to see such a wily old fox caught in his own snare*—snapped up at once as he was by mister pike. I'll warrant me the old shaver took special good care the next time he undertook to hum the natives, that there were no hippopottomi, crocodillos, krakens, or damned little basking sharks lurking in the water-tub."

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* This alludes to the doctor, who was a great joker, endeavouring to impose upon a party of his friends the old trick of King Charles the Second and the fish. "Now," said the doctor, holding in his hand a tench over the brimful tub, "now hold it thus," looking round at the same time; when an old jack, which had been placed in this temporary reservoir, and forgotten in the bustle of the election, came to the surface, and in snapping at the fish, which was on the alert, missed his mark, and caught hold of poor Doctor Snags's fingers.

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"Ned! have you taken leave of all your senses?" "Ha, ha, ha, haugh!" continued Shuter.—"*Sacre! ventre bleu!* burn my old shoe! if I write the one lines more, if you be not, all at once, quiet as the mouse." "Well," said Ned; "I will *try* and be quiet as the mouse; it is not fair, Roquet; 'pon my soul 'tis not; and if you were not a good-tempered fellow, you would break my head; but before you go to work again, let us drink to Dr. Snags*, for he is a worthy old gossip." "Here is doctare Snackes, with all my hearts," said Roquet, who was all good nature; "and now, if I am to finish my business wis the young ladie, my five-shilling smuse, sit still, if you can, that is, if you please, Mistare Ned Shuter, and smoke your tobacco-peepe."

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* Dr. Snags was a particular friend of Hogarth's, who caricatured him and the two Chaunceys at a picture sale. This picture, which I never saw, has been described to me as possessing great humour. Snags is eagerly bidding for a lot, and Chauncey is looking on, ear-wigged by his brother, in the act of ridiculing Snags for his folly.

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"Puff, puff, puff." Ned could not sit still for the soul of him, but kept up a trio with his puff, puff, puff; tattooing with his foot on the fire-shovel, which he had coaxed to a nice equilibrium on the fender; and, with the tobacco-stopper screwed to his thumb, tapping *moderato*, six in a bar, upon his own end of the table. Presently his foot ceased, for the shovel shifted its fulcrum; then he laid down his pipe, softly, in expiation of the clattering of the tongs and poker, which, with their usual sympathies, fell in concert; and, lastly, after folding his arms, with his native smile, *he* fell also into a quiet nap. Poor Shuter! he who could entertain the whole town, or keep the dullest table in a roar by his extraordinary humour, was but hum-drum sort of society to himself.

"How goes the enemy?" said Ned, as he started from his long sleep, awakened by the noise of his broken pipe, which he swept off the table. "Half-past eleven," said Roquet, stretching himself and gaping as he held his watch at arm's length. "And how far have you got?" added Ned. "Almost to the bottom of the bowl," said the lively Roquet. "Wheugh!" whistled

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the actor; "why, thou art a greater spiller of punch than Jemmy Spiller's own child! hast been taking a lesson of that punchinello Sock* ?" Then tilting the bowl, "Not a drop, as I hope to be saved! no, not enough to moisten the snout of a fly." He then began knocking for Bat with the poker; "Patience! patience, Mistare Ned, had we not bettare finish the one at the time?" then going to the side-board, he brought the bowl which he had hidden, having substituted an empty one in its place.

Shuter laughed at the trick. He was a careless, liberal soul, like most of his profession in those days of jollity: "Not that ten shillings

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* Sock was head-waiter at Old Slaughter's, and a great favourite of Fielding's, who gave him that nick-name. He was a natural son of James Spiller, and inherited his father's drollery, being a great mimic and an original wit. He was *too* fond of punch like his unfortunate father, and was apt to taste of a bowl in his way from the bar to the club-room; on one occasion, when he was detected, he said he had spilled it. Hence they called him Punch Spiller.

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worth is ill bestowed upon you," said he, singing —

"If in the courts your suit depend,
Or cause you'd fain do hurt in;
Be sure you make the judge your friend,
By a fee behind the curtain.
Sing tol de rol, sing tol de roll.' *

"Well, has your muse been frolicsome, Monsieur?" You shall know, for I have got but two line more to write. Now, then, 'liste! O liste! while I the tale shall unfold!" "Let me see it," said Shuter. No; I shall read it myself, if you please." Shuter rubbed his hands as he proceeded; "Capital! capital! it will do; give me your manus: it will do, and that most famously. Why, how the devil is it you speak so ill, and write so well?" "My dear friend, that is notte very polites for you. I speke the Englisse so vary velle, that he tell me on the continent I am the foreignare, for I am vrai John Bulles." "Never mind, my cock; I am no flatterer; you have a heart that is wor-

* Song in Midas.

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thy of John Bull; and I am sincerely obliged by your kindness." Ned read the song over and over; hummed a tune for it; whistled it; sol-fa'd it; and then, flourishing the manuscript, exclaimed, "Well! Now Mister Moderator, what will you think of us, with your Bell-man's verses; I'll warrant me you'll eat sour sauce with your venison. I'm sorry for the fellow too; but then it will teach him to be more civil to foreigners. A pretty *Moderator* forsooth!

"Pray (Paddy) please to *moderate*
The rancour of your tongue,
Why flash those sparks of fury from your ey-i-i-i-es?
(with such a comical flourish.)
Remember when the judgment's weak
The prejudice is stro-o-o-o-ng,
A stranger why will yo-o-o-u despi-i-i-se?"*

Ned had a happy faculty, when he was in high spirits, of adapting his own songs, or other people's, to his conversation; it was then he was ten times more droll than on the stage. "Well; I am not a little proud, Mistare Ned, that I

* Song in Midas.

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have please you with my poor muse; but do not crowe too much of poor Thomson; I forgive him of all my hearte." "Aye, who doubts you; you are a better fellow than your neighbours. Forgive the tatterdemallion! pray who opened the ball?

"Fine times! when each little
Pimping-upstart court lick-spittle,
— Worth disgrac'd dares hack and whittle,
Shafts of malice throwing."*

"I care not the value of a tobacco-pipe for the dinner; I'd as soon lose as win with a good fellow; but Mister Moderator is one of your too-forward cocks, and I like to see such get a comb-cutting."

"See the game-cock's crest with mud upon't,
Straight the dunghill-breed grows proud upon't,
Each bare beak
It's spleen will wreak
All clapping wings and crow-o-o-o-ing."*

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* Songs in Midas.

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At this moment, Beard, Baker, Fawcett, and the ladies burst in: "Very moral, Master Ned; so you teach that Mister *Bat* to tell a lie with a pretty puritanical countenance!" "Come, come," said Shuter, "he's a good *Bat*, and so don't you *bowl* him out. Give me the fellow that can keep a secret." "So say I," said Beard; "and what pranks are you upon now?" "You shall hear," said Ned; "this is for my olio." Roquet endeavoured to snatch it; Ned kept him off with his elbow; "Let me read it," said Ned. "No!" said Roquet. "Well, will you?" "No Ned;" bowing to the group; "I have ravare be excuse." "Will you let me *sing* it then, my worthy?" "Do, pray do, Mr. Roquet," said the ladies. "Oh!" said the polite foreigner, spreading his hands, raising his shoulders and smiling, "that is a command; yes, sing it, Mistare Ned."

Now I would give my tortoise-shell snuff-box, at this moment, could I, by such a bribe be directed by the genii of oblivion where to pounce upon my great uncle Zachary's copy of this unique; one single verse, I think, I can partly remember, because I have seen it of late stuck

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in an illustrated Camden, at the article Lincoln; and that is all the existing record, I fear, of poor Roquet's lyric muse

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"The devil, at Lincoln, climb'd up on the steeple,
As Wilkes did at Brentford, to *squint* at the people;
But who would have e'er bow'd
To such an apostle?
Or stood in the bare crowd
To swallow his gospel?
Had they not swallow'd too
What I will let you know,
Pudding, and beef, and ale,
To send them — '*How come you so?*'
Staggering home, home in perplexity;
Breaking of heads, for Wilkes and liberty!"

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CHAPTER VII.

OLD LONDON BRIDGE; WITH PORTRAITS OF SOME OF ITS INHABITANTS.

HAVING incidentally mentioned, in a former chapter, the old book-shop on London Bridge, I will endeavour to call to recollection some of the scenes that occurred on that ancient passage over the more ancient Thames, as I have heard them related by old Dr. Monsey and others. First, I well remember the darkness and narrowness of the street, excepting at the openings, being only twenty feet wide, with the houses projecting story above story, affording a tolerable specimen of the appearance of old London*,

* "Sure your ancestors contrived your narrow streets in the *days of wheel-barrows*, before those greater engines *carts* were invented," says an old author. "Is your climate so *hot*, that, as you walk, you need *umbrellas* of tiles to intercept the sun?

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before the great fire of 1666. Yet, what a spacious carriage-way this, to what it must have been, when Master Hans Holbein, principal painter to Henry the Eighth, took up his residence there, being convenient to his royal patron's palace at the Tower. For on None-such House *, in which it is not improbable this in-

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or, are your shambles so empty, that you are afraid to take in *fresh air, lest it should sharpen your stomachs?* Oh, the goodly landscape of OLD FISH STREET! which, had it not the ill-luck to be crooked, was narrow enough to have been your founder's perspective; and where the garrets are so made, that opposite neighbours may shake hands without stirring from home. * * * * * Here stands one (house) that aims to be a palace, and next it another that professes to be a hovel; here a giant, and there a dwarf; here slender, and there broad; all most admirably different in their faces, as well as in their height and bulk. I defy a Londoner to show me one house like another." Such was the narrowness of many of the streets right and left of Fleet Street, Cheapside, and Cornhill, that a passenger could only see the sky by crossing to look up from the middle of the road.

* None-such House was framed entirely of wood in Holland, and when placed on the bridge was

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genious artist studied, was an inscription, notifying, over an arch looking to the north, — "Anno MDCLXXXV ET PRIMO JACOBI SECUND. R. THIS STREET WAS OPENED AND ENLARGED FROM XII — to *the* WIDTH of XX FOOT. *Sir* JAMES SMITH, KNT. LD. MAYOR." — Above which were the arms of the queen, (Elizabeth,) and on the south side of this building, also over the arch, the arms of England and France, quarterly,

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completed without the use of a single nail. The old street on the bridge was about twenty feet wide, clear of the houses, which projected partly over the Thames, nearly hiding the small Gothic arches beneath. These houses were twenty-seven feet from the front to the back, on each side, making the whole street about seventy-four feet. There was an ancient chapel towards the centre, richly ornamented with Gothic, and another building, upon an arch equally rich; these were Gothic buildings. Hollar has left us correct views of these, and of the whole of that highly picturesque structure. London Bridge escaped the great conflagration of 1666. Scott made a very interesting picture of this ancient bridge, from which there is a print, a short time before the houses were pulled down, and the arches widened as they appear at present. These alterations commenced in 1756.

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supported by the lion and dragon, as a centre piece to the shield and cross of St. George; and the arms of the city of London, carved in stone in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. There were also two sun-dials on this curious building, on one of which was the motto — TIME and TIDE STAY for NO MAN. There were two other arches, south and north of None-such, that next Southwark had a strong portcullis; and so late as the reign of George II., its roof was a complete Golgotha, exhibiting the dreadful spectacle of twenty-one human heads on iron pikes, with their gory locks streaming with every wind.

On this bridge resided certain worthies, who have made some figure in history, men renowned for their ingenious works, and others whose sphere of notoriety was circumscribed to the gossiping smokers at the Gun, or Darkhouse Lane, or the Shades beneath Fishmongers' Hall. First, Holbein *, who, under the aus-

* Lord Orford mentions in his Anecdotes of Painting, that the father of the Lord Treasurer Oxford, passing over London Bridge, took shelter from a shower of rain in a silversmith's shop; when,

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pices of King Henry VIII., may be said to have given birth to the art of painting in this country. And here the imagination may draw the ancient triumvirate, the painter and his illustrious friends, Erasmus * and Sir Thomas

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in conversation with the shop-keeper, he discovered a picture of Holbein, his wife and family, painted by that illustrious man, who resided in that house. He bargained for the picture, and was to have it for a hundred pounds. The silversmith begged to retain it for a short time to show to some friends; but, unfortunately, the great fire happened immediately after, and, in the general confusion, the picture was destroyed.

* It was at the instance of Erasmus that Hans Holbein first came to try his fortune in England, and congeniality of disposition maintained a lasting friendship between the humorists. It was some time before the painter was honoured by the notice of King Henry. He was introduced by Erasmus to Sir Thomas, and lived in his house at Chelsea, where he was treated as one of the family, by the enlightened and facetious lord chancellor. It was there he first obtained the royal notice, as the king frequently paid Sir Thomas a visit at Chelsea. "Who painted those fine likenesses of your family," said the king, looking at the pictures in the hall. "One Hans Holbein," said Sir Thomas; "and he

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More*, drinking their sack, and indulging in wit and merriment, of a fine evening, with the lattice

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is in the house, your highness." "Let me see him," said the king. From this time he became a a favourite, and at once was on the road to fortune and to fame. Surely no wits in latter times were more original or more playful than these. Erasmus, during the eventful period of the Reformation, gave not into the unchristian asperities of either party, but maintained his cheerfulness, amidst his piety, and served the holy cause against Rome more than many of its most zealous advocates.

* The invincible wit and humour of Sir Thomas More, to which Crispin alludes in his rhymes, accompanied the ill-fated chancellor to the block. When he was first committed to the Tower, the gentleman-porter demanded his fee. "What is it?" said the illustrious prisoner. "Your upper garment, Sir Thomas." "Very well, friend; here, take it," giving his cap. "My fee is the cloak, sir." "Is not the cap the upper garment, man? Well, well," he added, "let us compound the matter," offering him a handful of angels, (golden coin.) A knight present kindly observed, he was glad to see him so well provided. "Yes," replied Sir Thomas, "I love to have my *best friends*, the *angels*, about me," After being close prisoner for some time, he was deprived of his books; he met

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open, enjoying the air from the Thames. It was here, too, resided the gallant youth, who founded the noble family, of whom the kind Duke of Leeds was prone to boast. "I had the honour of dining with one peer," said the facetious Dr. Monsey, "who was not ashamed of his origin, who indulged not in that common weakness, which sets up blood above desert. 'My family' said the duke, 'deduces its origin from Jack Osborn, the shop-boy of a pin-maker on London Bridge, in the reign of one of the Henries. The only daughter of his master fell from a window into the Thames; the lad saw her situation, and rescued her. Some years after, the young lady had many noble suitors; but, 'Jack won her,' said the old citizen, 'and he shall wear her.'"

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this evil with his usual humour, and closed all his windows. "Why do you thus?" quoth the warder. "Is it not time to shut up shop," said he, "when all the wares are gone?". On the point of his decapitation, the executioner prayed his forgiveness. "Forgive thee, man! why, thou hast done me no injury! but, as for my neck, it is so short, that you will have no credit in cutting it off."

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Master John Bunyan, one of your heaven-born geniuses, some time resided on London Bridge. This puritanical tinker was a *truly worthy wight*, first mending his own morals, he became a zealous mender of the manners of his age. John was a soldier for Cromwell, and being numbered for a sentinel, one of the saints offered to take his guard. "This was a Christian act," said John; "for it was in a moment of peril. The poor fellow was shot by a musket bullet. Had Providence drilled such a hole in my carnal kettle, it had been past my mending."

Master Abel, the great importer of wines, was another of the marvels of old London Bridge: he set up a sign, "Thank God, I am Abel," quoth the wag, and had, in front of his house, the sign of a bell.

Monamy, the marine painter, some of whose pictures were scarcely inferior to Vandevelde's, served his apprenticeship on London Bridge, and exhibited his works in the window of his shop, to the delight of the sons of Neptune, men and boys, who were seen in crowds gazing at his

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wondrous art. Dominic Serres *, another painter, distinguished for his talent in the same department, also resided on this memorable bridge. These have left a name.

One, whose fame was noised for a time, is now forgotten, but even he must be saved from utter oblivion by a notice in my strange book, poor lively Crispin Tucker; surely he that had roused the anger of Pope, by his waggery, and excited the approving smile of Swift by his unlettered wit, is not beneath the record of my pen.

Crispin had the half of a shop, on the east

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* Dominic Serres, a native of Holland, came here a prisoner of war: he was a sailor. His Majesty, George II., allowed him his parole, and patronised his talents. Serres resided in St. George's Row, on the Uxbridge Road, near Tyburn. Grateful for this royal munificence, the worthy painter hoisted the English flag when he knew the king was passing the Knightsbridge Road, to or from Windsor. His late Majesty used to look out for the flag, and frequently observed, "There is honest Dominic's signal flying." Serres became a royal academician at Somerset House, was elected librarian of that institution, and had the honour of being appointed marine painter to King George III.

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side under the southern gate; it was partitioned off, and there he held conclave, and was an oracle of politics and literature. He was not only a humble merchant in books, but a writer for hire, and drove on a thriving trade.

His talents were multifarious; he composed sermons, epithalamiums, epitaphs, and sonnets, puffing paragraphs for tradesmen, letters for those who could not write, and was general corrector for many of those who could, or who tried their hands at least, having an itching for that delectable art. But Crispin, over and above these useful callings, had another faculty, not quite so moral, in which he sometimes indulged, namely, scribbling in the style of his betters, and setting their names to his lucubrations. At this roguery some were prone to laugh, whilst some looked grave upon the frolic, and relished not the joke. It has been said that Bolingbroke* and Pope never condescended to laugh. This, like many general assertions,

* It is asserted by many contemporaries of these great men, that Bolingbroke and Pope never laughed. The dean of St. Patrick was to these

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was only generally true. My Lord might have never departed from this frumpishness, but the great bard of Twickenham certainly once was seen to elevate the corners of his lips above a smile, and that at Crispin Tucker's muse.

"So that mad-cap on London Bridge has been making free with your name again," said Dr. Arbuthnot to Pope, one morning at Button's Coffee-house, as he held a small folio paper, with three engraved heads thereon, in a style bad enough to be sure, with accompanying verses much upon a par with the prints. "Here,

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sober-sided gentlemen, what Foote was once to Dr. Johnson, superior to such unbending pomposity. Swift once, on his way to town, not far distant, (speaking from recollection,) when Lord Bolingbroke seeing him, stopped his carriage and spoke to the dean, who had his head out of the window of the coach in which he travelled. Swift bent upon his game, took no notice of his lordship, which certainly was very rude, "I shall win now," said he. The wager was, on which side of the road were the greatest number of old women and cats. Lord Bolingbroke, highly offended, expressed his displeasure with becoming resentment, and desired his coachman to proceed.

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Pope," said the facetious doctor, "I have just picked up *this* coming over the bridge. Here are three portraits of your particular friends, at sixpence a piece; — and first (reading aloud) is John Milton, born in BREAD *Street*; secondly, Sir Thomas More, born in MILK *Street*; and, thirdly, Abraham Cowley, born in FLEET *Street*: — ah! three such boys as we may not meet again, the Lord knows when, or the Lord knows where!" "Pish!" said Pope, pushing the paper away with his elbow, for he was reading a pamphlet, as the Doctor endeavoured to obtrude it upon his notice. "Oh, Sandy, Sandy!" said Arbuthnot, shaking his head and laughing, "thou art growing a sour cheild." "You know, Doctor, I abhor caricatura," said Pope, not deigning to turn his head. "Faith, man!" said Arbuthnot, "you may pish, but these are no caricatures; they are portraits, and not badly stamped. What think you, friend Richardson?* see! — they are quite as good as some

* Jonathan Richardson, the portrait painter, who not only wrote on the art, but also an elaborate treatise on the *Paradise Lost*. He was always

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I have seen at Twickenham." "Why, Doctor," said Richardson with great formality, "that of Mister Abraham Cowley is like, judging from the picture which I remember to have seen at my Lord Clarendon's. Mister Milton —ah, I ought to know something of him — let me think; in my notes there is a mention of a bust that was made when he was at Paris with Hugo Grotius; I recollect the sculptor saying, that by the structure of his eye, he would not be blessed with the use of that wonderful organ, if God should spare" —— "Fiddlestick with his eye," said Arbuthnot*, "is it not very like?"

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talking of this latter work, and his extraordinary child; and it was on this occasion Hogarth struck out that ludicrous caricature of Old Jonathan peeping through his son, with a telescope, at the ancient classics: "*I know that my eye is no eye at all; I must apply to my telescope; my son is my telescope*, (said the fond old man,) *'tis by his help I read the learned languages.*" Richardson was a pious, mild, formal man.

* The worthy Doctor Arbuthnot was so great a wit, and so addicted to drolling, that Pope thought him superior in humour even to Swift. His Mar-

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looking significantly, and wishing to put an end to his prosing. "Oh! certainly, certainly, by all means," said the mild Richardson; "a comely likeness enough, bating that it has not that serene brow, so symbolic of lofty inspiration, and supernatural" —— "Fiddle-faddle," said Arbuthnot. "Fiddle-faddle! Doctor," said Richardson, "I cannot look upon even this base imitation of his indescribably sublime" —— "Nonsense," said old Arbuthnot, impatient of his dulness, in not joining the joke intended against Pope; "well, is this like?" passing over the sublime bard, for fear of another apostrophizing; "is not that the very spit of old More?" nudging him to be quick in his decision. "Oh! that is the great Sir Thomas — yes," pulling a piece of shamoy leather from his pocket to wipe his spectacles; "aye — yes, yes, Doctor, aye; his is one of those faces whose lineaments are so intensely etched by the hand Divine" —— "That any fool may copy it," interrupted again

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tinus Scriblerus may be adduced as an instance of his playful talent; his poem, *Know Thyself*, of his exalted sentiments and piety.

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the impatient Doctor. "No! God forbid," said Richardson: "I am almost shocked to hear so unguarded a sentiment from a gentleman deeply skilled in the lofty science of phisiology, and one in the habit of contemplating Nature in her inmost" —— "Crincum-crancums," said the Doctor. "Zounds, Jonathan, you have no more perception than a sleepy old nurse. Here, Bentley*, what do you say of it?" "Faith, they are no bad resemblances, I should think; as for old Sir Thomas, in his square cap, that rogue Hogarth, I am told, will give him identity with half a dozen scratches of his pen." "Hogarth!"† said Pope; "his resemblances are finished by the disturbed imagi-

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* Dr. Richard Bentley, the learned commentator of Milton, and one of the best critics in that great epoch of literary talent. Pope, to his own shame, subsequently gave him a niche in the Dunciad.

† Hogarth had introduced Pope, in his caricature of the South Sea Bubble. He who had used the satiric scourge so unmercifully, was not very forgiving when a similar weapon was even shaken at himself. Possibly Swift secretly enjoyed this cut

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nations of his admirers. They are sorry connoisseurs who can admire an ape as the image of man. I have no patience with such mummery," never casting his eyes from off the pamphlet; "I have an abhorrence of these prostitutions of talent; I abominate personal caricatura." "The devil you do," said Swift, who sat in a neighbouring box, when getting up, turning the flaps of his coat over his arms, and

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at Pope. That he held Hogarth in estimation, is evident, from the following lines which he wrote: —

"How I want thee, humorous *Hogart !**
Thou, I hear, a pleasant rogue art !
Were but you and I acquainted,
Every monster should be painted;
You should try your graving tools,
On this odious group of fools;
Draw the beasts as I describe them;
From their features, while I gibe them;
Draw them like, for I assure ye,
You will need no *caricatura.*
Draw them so, that we may trace
All the soul in every face."

* *Hogart was his real name.*

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straddling with his back to the fire, where he mumbled, nodding his head to the measure, and loud enough for Pope to hear —

"Close to those walls where folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monroe would take her down;
Where, o'er the gates by his *famed father's* hand,
Great Cibber's brazen brainless brothers stand."

Pope smiled, and turning to Bentley, said, "I do not think this at all out of character." Swift proceeded —

"How with less reading than make felons 'scape,
Less human genius than God gives an *ape*,

* * * * *

And lo! her bird (a monster of a fowl,
Something betwixt an *Heideggre** and owl.)"

"Well," added Pope, who paid attention to

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* *Heideggre*, master of the revels to King George the Second, was proverbial for the ugliness of his visage. Pope's burlesque comparison, thus applied to Cibber, was grateful to the children of Thespis among many others. Cibber's vanity and arrogance drew the vengeance of the wits upon his laurelled head.

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this last quotation, "that is not a caricatura. I would appeal to any one who knows the party." "Perhaps not the upstart blockhead," said Swift. This acquiescence was received with obvious complacency by Pope. "But let me have a sight of this curious print of your's, doctor," said the dean; "though I am no judge of art, I can tell if a thing be like or not, and so make one in the controversy. Oh! I love controversy!" when, casting his eye upon the heads, holding the paper before him at arms' length, and assuming a very grave connoisseur-like sort of air, "Humph! I have seen worse caricatures than these; yes, worse by far, begrim'd and bedevil'd by a pupil more illustrious than his master; aye! what say you, my worthy namesake?" (addressing himself to *Jonathan* Richardson.) "Bless me! is that possible!" said the artless painter; you surely cannot be in earnest Mister Dean; one never knows how to take you." "I'faith, I am serious," said Swift. "And who might the parties be, if I may be so bold?" said Richardson. Swift, looking archly over his shoulder, at a particular person, answered in a loud whisper, "*Ask*

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*Pope ! !"** No one dared to make so free with the illustrious poet as the Dean.

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* Pope occasionally amused himself with painting, and received instruction from his friend Jervas, the fashionable painter of the day. Of all departments of this delightful art, portrait painting, perhaps, is the most difficult; for here the effort is directly compared with the prototype. Pope laboured, and made but sorry work of it. He, however, was not blind to his defects; and, in a letter to his friend Gay, thus speaks of his progress:—"I have thrown away three Dr. Swifts, *each of which was once my vanity*, two Lady Bridgewaters, a Duchess of Montague, besides half-a-dozen Earls, and one Knight of the Garter. I have crucified Christ over again in effigy, and made a Madonna as old as her mother, St. Anne. Nay, what is more miraculous, I have rivalled St. Luke himself in painting, and, as 'tis said, an angel came and finished his piece, so you would swear the devil put a last hand to mine, 'tis so begrimmed and smutted. However, I comfort myself with a Christian reflection, *that* I have not broken the commandment, for my pictures are not the likenesses of any thing in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth. Neither will any body adore or worship them, except the Indians should get a sight of them, who,

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Swift still held the paper which contained the three portraits, under each of which was a descriptive verse, written by this whimsical rhymer of London Bridge. Swift conned them over, smiling as he proceeded, until he could not suppress a downright laugh. "The comical old fellow! I will pay you a visit as sure as I live, though I *have* said I will have no more to do with new acquaintance. It would be a burning shame to leave London and not know you. Do — do read them, Pope." "Pshaw! nonsense!" said the bard; "I wish you would let me run through this;" he appeared eager to finish the pamphlet. But nothing could withhold the Dean when he was pursuing his favourite game — humour. "I verily believe it is your work, but you will not own it. Come, then, I will read it for the edification of us all," looking round upon the company. "Attention!" said Swift. 'Now, my beloved, this is the true effigy of John Milton, born in BREAD-Street, anno Domini, alias in the year of our

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they tell us, worship certain idols purely for their ugliness.

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Lord,' bowing at the word, 'one thousand six hundred and twenty-six.'

'What else was destined for his laurell'd head,
Milton was never doomed to ask for bread.
Then let Apollo's children know that hence!
BREAD is a poet's right by inheritance.'—

"Not so bad — faith, Master Crispin," said Pope, much amused; "quite epigrammatic." — "*Not so bad!*" said Swift; "fie upon you!"

'View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;'
'Damn with faint praise!'——

"Fie — fie — fie!" Well, silence, gentlemen, friends and neighbours; let us hear what he says of Old Sir Thomas: —

'And though to th' block, one cruel age before,
Bluff Harry Tudor doom'd Sir Thomas More;
Sweet milk flowed to him on his natal day,
And honeyed wit was mingled with his clay.'

"What think you of this, my illustrious friend? — Is not this original? Yes, I must

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go and pick acquaintance with this old shaver. Now for Master Cowley: —

'Cowley degraded by that murky street,
Where smooth-tongued traders one another cheat;
(His wit more FLEET than their's — than even *Thought*,)
Distanc'd dull trade — and bright-winged *Genius* caught!'

"That is true enough. — Faith, London may boast indeed of such rare birds as these. — But hold, let Crispin speak on this subject." When reading to himself, he laughed again outright. "Come, come," said Pope, "do pray let us hear the rest of this." "Patience, man! It is but now that you were going to cudgel Arbuthnot, and I know not who besides, for the presumption of mentioning the name of this city bard; and now you are on the tenterhooks of eagerness to catch his thoughts. But I am not surprised; the world has spoiled you, child. Now for it then: — But, first, a word with you — you *must* promise to go and see this wicked wit." "Not I," said Pope; "I have no curi-

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osity." "I thought as much," said Swift, "so it is; *two of a trade can never agree.* But to proceed — here are but two more verses, and they are delectable. — I see he has about as high an opinion of the cits, as we dons of the west. One may infer, that they carry on a sort of border war, these *arch High-tites* on the bridge, with the *Perry-sites* on the shore." "It would not do without a pun," said Arbuthnot. "Pray do not interrupt the mad-cap," said Pope. "Well, now for it then," repeated the Dean: —

'What boots it — London e'er produced such wits,
Since *stultus* ever were the clod-pole cits?
Within the WALLS, 'tis held as Holy writ,
"*Turn not the learned page, but turn the spit.*"

'Whilst *we*, who crowded live the WALLS *outside*,
In *tottering* houses, o'er the *tumbling* tide,
Can boast *Peers*, *Painters*, *Poets*, many a name,
That give to our OLD BRIDGE immortal fame!'

Swift read this with such indescribable humour, and accompanied the reading with such sly glances at Pope, that he could not resist the impulse that provoked him to laugh.

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"The rogue," said Pope, "I heartily forgive him." "Yes," said Swift; "but Bolingbroke will never forgive you for unbuckling your mouth so many holes above a smile."

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CHAPTER VIII.

DEAN SWIFT'S VISIT TO CRISPIN TUCKER, OF OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

"Good morrow, master Crispin," thus familiarly saluted the Dean of St. Patrick the spruce old Tucker, as he entered his little slip of a shop under the gateway on London Bridge. "Well, how does the world use you these ticklish times?"—"Thank your *reverence*," answered the civil shopkeeper, (perceiving at once the clerical cut of his visitor,) "quite as well as my neighbours, and much better than I deserve, God mend me!" "That's more than I can say," gruffly replied the Dean. "I am sorry to hear that, reverend sir," said Crispin, regarding his person from head to foot; "very sorry, indeed!" "Sorry!" said Swift; "why should *you* be sorry, man? Why, I question if we ever met before! *Sorry sauce* is *sour* sauce at a first greeting; so they have it in my country."

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"Perhaps so," answered Crispin Tucker; "but as your greeting was kind, and your own story not so contented as mine, I might express my sorrow, *though we are strangers.*" "Yes," said Swift, looking sternly; "this is the way your grave sinners impose one on another: *Good morrow*, said I, not caring a copper farthing about you; and you meet my worthless compliment with your affected sympathy; we ought to be ashamed of ourselves — Out upon it! Let us mend our manners; 'tis high time — Out upon it," drawing a leather-bottomed stool towards him with his foot, and gravely shaking his head as he at the same time carelessly opened an old book; then laying down his hat as he was about to be seated, the bookseller begged he might first wipe the seat. "No, no; I'll wipe it myself," said the Dean, eyeing him almost out of countenance, whilst he dusted the seat with the tail of his coat, adding, with another serious shake of his head, "Ah, master Crispin! you are *mighty civil spoken*, like your neighbours; that costs not much; but as for thy sorrow, man — I don't believe a word of the matter." "The more's the pity," said Crispin. "For

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why?" demanded the Dean. "For why? reverend sir," retorted the bookseller, "why, if thy faith were but as a grain of mustard-seed, thou mightest remove a mountain." "Oh, oh!" answered the Dean, looking him through with his keen eye, "what, you quote Holy Writ, do you? you are right, master Crispin; ticket your wares with texts of Scripture, and you may cheat that wily old trickster Beelzebub himself. Out upon it, master Crispin; no wonder you thrive.

When shopkeepers *preach*,
The devil may screech —

so that saying is in my country." "That must be a strange land of your's, your reverence, where this is delivered as gospel." "Why, master Crispin, I come from a strange country, sure enough; there you have hit it," changing his countenance at once to a smile; "mine is a land of wondrous odd mortals, sure enough! But what have we here, good man?" reaching from the window one of the prints of Milton, More, and Cowley; and turning suddenly round upon Crispin, who was slyly reading his

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features, "Heigh, what is this? Did Pope write these lines?"

"I should be ashamed to utter falsehood to *you*," said the bookseller. "And why to *me*?" said the dean with quickness, suspecting he was known. "Because of your sacred cloth," replied the sagacious Crispin, bowing respectfully. "No, sir, Pope did *not* write them." "Then who did?" demanded the dean. "That I am not bound to confess," answered Crispin, smiling. "I could mark the man," said the dean, looking steadfastly in his face. "Are you not he?" "Mark yourself with the sign of the Cross," replied the collected bookseller, "and I perchance may answer." "That is not my custom," said the dean. "Oh! then I must wait another cargo of confessors from *over the water*," said Crispin Tucker; "God mend me! you take me, sir." "Yes," said the dean, "I take you; and I take you for a wicked rogue to boot, to play these tricks with your betters." "Why, reverend sir," said Crispin, gaily; "Mister Pope, I'm sure would laugh at such a frolic." "Humph! I'm not sure of that," said the dean. "The devil," said Crispin; "why, so great a man has

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more wit, sure. No body that he cares for would take my scribbling for his: ha, ha, ha! These things do for the chuckle-heads within the Walls there: ha, ha ha!"

"But I have heard it whispered," said the dean, assuming a severe air, "that Mister Pope talks of setting a lawyer upon your shoulders, and that sériously too." "Does he," said Crispin, "Oh then, if he's for that, he shall have a Roland for his Oliver. I'll whip him into *my* Dunciad; yes, he shall have a dive down in the mud with the rest of the Pharisees. I'll dub him the water-wagtail—the dish-washer of Twickenham."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" laughed Dr. Swift; this was too much to his taste; "ha, ha, haugh! I wished to know you, master Crispin, and I have found you answer the picture I had drawn; ha, ha, ha! I shall tell Pope of this, and he will go hang himself." "No, no, he need not fear," said Crispin; "I'll not hurt a feather of him; he is too fine a bird to be made dabble in a ditch." "What, then, you admire him, master Crispin?" "Admire him! who does not, sir?" "Why, he has his enemies,"

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said the dean. "Alas!" replied the bookseller, shaking his head, "we writers, the best of us, are subject to envy; us poets are cruelly underrated in this iron age." "Very true," added the dean, in the same dry humour, assuming equal gravity; "but posterity is always just, master Crispin." "That is my hope, reverend sir; doubtless I shall be effigied at full length in the conventual church over there, (pointing to St. Saviour's,) by the side of old John Gower, and then, there our neighbours may behold the first and last of English rhymesters." "Yes," said the dean; "he with his CONFESSIO AMANTIS, and you with your * * * *. And so you admire Pope?" "Aye, sir; and I am happy to hear he is so well paid for his Homer. I am told, you understand me, sir, (we always talk of what a man gets by his trade here in the East,) I'm told he has made a matter of fifteen or twenty thousand pounds, one way and t'other; God help us! more than any ten of your inspired ones ever made before, from the time of Homer to Colly Cibber. To be sure, his versification is not sent into the world in slouch hat, and slipshod; but I think, God

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help my poor judgment! that master Dryden knew his business quite as well. Pope, no doubt, is the neatest lapidary, as a body may say, has cut his diamond like a skilful workman; but I like Dryden for all that, his angles are bolder; but he is not so good a jeweller, 'tis not so clean set; you take me. Little Alek sends his work home nicely wrapped in cotton; Dryden, though as good an artist, did his job in a hurry, and sent it home in an old song. Master Johnny, like most other clever fellows, could not wait for his money; worked from hand to mouth; you take me.—Ah! so it is in this comical ball; I question but Crispin Tucker has made as much on't, the more shame for Apollo, as poor John Dryden; but, as you say, reverend sir, posterity is just, and the good Duke* has not only tucked him

* The monument in Westminster Abbey was erected to the memory of this great poet by the Duke of Buckingham, who thought so highly of his writings, that no epitaph was necessary to proclaim his fame. Hence the inscription is simply "J. Dryden, born 1632, died May 1. 1700. John

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in, in his marble bed, but set himself to sleep on the foot on't, among the rest of the worthies in Poet's corner."

"Oh! you are a cynic, too; better and better! Well, and what iron have you on the anvil now, master Crispin? I suppose yours are all ready-money jobs?" "Pretty well for that, sir; your poets, though they write for *credit*, should never give it. I've written many a lover's sonnet for a dying swain before marriage, where, if I had not touched the cash on the nail, I might have whistled for it after the honey-moon. So with an epitaph for some sad widower, with broken heart, who would have broken my head six months after, had I dunned for the money. Now, look, your reverence, here is a specimen of my employ: — A burly-faced West Indian captain, a crazy, generous, swearing, kind-hearted old reprobrate as any that ever lay along-side Bearkey, has slipped his mortal cable, and left his

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Sheffield, duke of Buckinghamshire, erected this monument." The wits of the time used to say it was *Dryden and Buckingham's tomb*. There is a bust of the poet on the top of the monument.

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nephew a roaring sum. 'We must have an *epithet* upon his tomb-stone,' said the topping fish-salesman's wife hard by; 'scratch out something praiseworthy like, for old uncle, as how he was good to poor folks, and so forth. Here is one that is not unlike him in one shape or another, which we've had copied from an old sampler of a monument by the clerk of Cripplegate; but you know best, master Crispin; your head is wiser than ours, ten to one; never mind price; we can well afford to pay.' These are you patrons, reverend sir; perhaps you'll like to read it?" "Why, I am a bit of a collector of these memorials," said the dean.

"If Langley's* life you list to know,
Read on and take a view;
Of Faith and Hope I will not speake,
His works shall show them true.

Who, whilst he liv'd, with counsell grave,
The better sort did guide;

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* From an old monument in St. Giles's, Cripplegate, set up in memory of Charles Langley, an ale brewer, in 1601. He was great-great-uncle of the old captain on the mother's side.

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A stay to weake, a staffe to poore;
Without back-bite or pride.

And when he dyed he gave his mite,
All that did him befall,
For ever, once a year, to cloath
Saint Giles his poor withal.

All saints he 'pointed for the day,
Gowns twenty, ready made,
With twenty shirts, and twenty smocks,
As they may best be had.

A sermon eke'——

"Faith, I like these homely epitaphs," said the dean; "do write me a copy, master Crispin, and I will give you a skull and cross-bones out of my collection. And how do you contrive to drive on this scribbling harlequinade?" said the dean; "I should like to have a list of all the tricks you and your roguish muse have played off; have you spoiled much paper?" "Pretty well for that, your reverence," answered Crispin; "what I have lacked in wit, I have made up in quantity. Sir, I have spun out as much as would take—aye, as would take, let me see—verily that wherry of fellow-

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ship-porters * a month to measure," (pointing through the window at a boat-load of those licensed labourers crossing the Thames with their Winchester pecks and shovels.) The dean laughed at the comical aptitude of the comparison: "You are a merry wag, master Crispin; so you write in all styles then?" "Yes, your reverence; all come in their turn; heroic, satiric, didactic, elegiac, pastoral, and lyric; I manufacture from the epic down to the doggerel."

"What, then, you hire occasionally? You can help a poor devil of an author, out of case, now and then to a job? How much do you screw out by the sheet? What, are you liberal, master Crispin?"

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* Of the few objects that remind one of old times, is a wherry-load of fellowship-porters, crossing to and from their work, about this spot. "I'd be sworn," said Caleb Whiteford, "either that these men live to the age of the patriarchs, or else hat, coat, waistcoat, breeches, buckles, shoes, shovel, and measure, were heir-looms with the quaker-looking fraternity."

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"I have no objection to try my luck with you, reverend sir; you shall see if I am a city hunks. Do you never court the muses?"

"Sign yourself with the cross," said the dean.

"'Tis not my custom," replied the bookseller.

"Nor mine to confess," said the dean, "so, master Crispin, now we are quits."

"You may think me bold, your reverence," said Crispin, "but I never was more mistaken if you be not a poet — and no mean one neither; you have all the lines in your face," eyeing the dean very archly. The dean laughed, "O Crispin! Crispin!"* said he, "that name savors of the *Craft*† — are you a Cordwainer‡, man?"

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* St. Crispin is the tutelar saint of the shoemakers, who usually make merry on his anniversary, the 25th of October. Hence the old adage,

"The twenty-fifth of October,
More *Snobs* drunk than sober."

† The ancient company of COBBLERS, (now termed shoemakers,) were called members of the CRAFT.

‡ Shoemakers'-Hall, or CORDWAINERS'-HALL, from *cordonnier*.

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"Yes, by birth, not by servitude, your reverence — and now I perceive you are skilled in the calling, and want to make a *pump* of me."

"Good," said the dean, (caught in the punning snare,) "but what *boots* it that you and I stand idling here." "Your most humble and respectful servant to command," said the lively bookseller, lowly bowing; "I perceive, you can endure a pun for all your sacred cloth. There's the parson of St. Saviour's, I've lost his favour, by committing that peccadillo one day when he walked into my shop." "More fool he," said the dean; "what he *waxed* wrath, did he, master Crispin, cordwainer?" "Yes, sir," answered the bookseller; "if he had half the learning of the Dean of St. Patrick, or a quarter of his tolerance, or a tythe of his wit, he would not excommunicate for such a small sin." Dr. Swift smiled, "Why, what do you know of him, man?"

"Enough to know his reverence again, if he should ever be pleased to honour my humble dwelling another time." "Oh! Oh! what you have found me out, then, master Crispin. Well, my honest cordwainer, the Fates have decreed I suppose, being both of the same *craft*, that we

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should know each other; you are a merry *sole*, and perchance I may call and chat with you another day. But, you must not talk of this; mind, *silence* is the word!"

"This is a favour I could never expect," said the delighted Crispin. "O'ds my life, I'd have gone bare-footed all the way to the Holy Land for such a meeting; I hope, reverend sir, you'll pardon my boldness, but I am amazingly proud of such a guest."

"Well, well! as one of the craft, I'll be bound you can keep a secret, Crispin." The bookseller bowed. "So can I," said the dean; "so mind our motto is *silence*, and I have an affair that you can assist me in. Did you ever hear of the learned wights at Button's?" "Yes, your reverence." "Well, then, let's to business, now the lodge is tiled in. You are a Free Mason, I suppose, brother Crispin." "No, sir." "What! a Gormagon?"* "No, sir."

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* A famous Bucks' Lodge, the GORMAGONS, in the beginning of the last century. *Vide* Hogarth's scarce and highly-humorous etching of making a Gormagon.

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"Why what the deuce are you then? hey, man! are you one of the Hums?"* "No, sir." "No! you that live by *humming*." "No, sir, I am a Free Sawyer†, one of an older fraternity, who squared the stones for those wise-acre Free Masons, who built the Tower of Babel." "Good," said Swift; "and now let us have a few *wise saws* together, so tell me stories about your neighbours — soft, who have we here?" "Oh! that is a group of the very men themselves, with the first copy of verses that I ever put in print. You must know, reverend sir, that one day, about twelve years ago, the drawbridge arch wanted some repairs. It was settled that the bridge should be shut Saturday and Sunday, and the workmen were let in; Saturday

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* The Society of the HUMS, established about the same period; both in ridicule of Free Masonry. See Benoist's long print of the Procession of the Miserable Scald Masons.

† The Society of FREE SAWYERS, a Society of Bucks who pretended to high antiquity. Their symbol was a *silver trowel*, and their motto, LET IT WORK.

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was shut up shop; our old street was silent, as I've heard my father say it was in the great plague of sixty-five. But, as we had no other plagues but a fine day and nothing to keep us out of mischief, we agreed to get drunk, and had our tables out in the highway, and kept it up gloriously till Sunday morn. Oh! the fun and frolic of that memorable night beats all upon record. I can give you, besides us residents, a list of the warm ones from the neighbouring wards, who desired to be invited: — 'It will be something for our *ancestors* in future times to talk about,' said old Joe Wilson*, the wine-

* Joseph Wilson, wine-cooper, resided many years in this house, on the site of which commenced the fire of 1666. The site is measured (on the east side of Pudding Lane) 202 feet due east of the Monument, that, too, being the height of the column. On the belly of the carved figure of a naked boy, near Smithfield, is an inscription which records, "*This city was burnt through the dreadful sin of gluttony.*" I could never discover why. Did our forefathers set this up as a pun since the fire began at *Pudding Lane*, and ended at *Pie Corner*,

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cooper of Pudding Lane, 'and a devilish deal pleasanter thing for our great-grandchildren to read, than that unchristian stone stuck against my house. Yes!' said he, 'I warrant me it will come out in some history of England, that a *million of money* drank their punch in the middle of old London Bridge.'"*

"And what is the stone the old wine-cooper alludes to," said the dean. "Oh! I dare say mister Pope can inform you, sir," said Crispin, "for he is mortal angry about the inscription, which is not half so severe, on the base of the Monument hard by."† "I never heard of this

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where this specimen of city sculpture is placed? The inscription has been newly painted of late.

* This convivial meeting was held on London Bridge, in the month of April, 1722.

† "Where London's column, pointing at the skies;
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies."
POPE'S *Sir Balaam.*

This inscription, so offensive to Pope, had been obliterated during the reign of James II. After the Revolution, it was restored, and cut very deep in the base of the Monument as it now remains.

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stone," said the dean. "It is set up against the house where the great fire of sixty-six began. Let me see, I have it written somewhere; Oh! here it is:—

'Here, by the permission of HEAVEN, HELL broke loose upon
This PROTESTANT CITY, from the malicious hearts of
Barbarous Papists, by the hand of their agent HUBERT;
Who confessed, and on the ruins of this place
Declared the fact, for which he was hanged, viz.
That here began that dreadful fire, which is
Described and perpetuated by the neighbouring pillar,
Erected, Anno 1681, in the mayoralty of
Sir PATIENCE WARD, KNT.'

"Poor Hubert!" said Crispin, "I suppose he was hanged on such notable evidence as that of the witches, who were burnt to boot, by the great judge Hales." "Yes," said the dean, "you are right, master cordwainer, by their own confession; so let's you and I be duly thankful, man, that we do not live in such a besotted age! But, master Crispin, these poor devils confessed

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crimes they did not commit, whilst you are revelling, and confess not at all. A rare mint of money you must be making by this buccaneering on the *fame* of your learned dons." "Faith, your reverence," said Crispin, "I have not taken *from*, but added *to*, their fame. Pope and Dryden, Milton and Cowley, and I know not who, are read in me, where even their names would else be never heard." "Ah?" said Swift, "and how comes that?" "I'll tell your reverence. Oh! if you could but put on the invisible cap, and take an hour at Tom's, or Jack's, or Jonathan's within the Walls, I could point out some characters for your masterly pen, that would richly pay you for the visit." "As how?" said the dean. "Why, if it were only to see one of my poor stamp make them gape and stare, with their vacant faces, and wager their rumps and dozens upon the absurdities that out-rival the Gothamites themselves." "Come, let us have a specimen," said the dean. "Why, I do not know that 'tis quite moral to expose one's neighbours." "Phoo! man, are we not Free Sawyers? Have I not come all this way to

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pick acquaintance with you? Come, empt your budget, man, you may trust me; we know how to be merry and wise."

"Well, your reverence, you must take the sin upon your own shoulders." "Never fear," said the dean, eager to hear more from the satirical gossip; "never fear; we slay not—we break no bones—we lacerate no fine-strung nerves: so proceed, master Crispin: this is no deadly sin, and we may hope for pardon."

"Well, sir," said Crispin, emboldened by this licence, "I will give you a specimen of the *philosophy of the Shades*."*

"One old warm one, he shall be nameless, gravely asks, his eyes half shut, his pipe in his mouth—'Do you think the world can be actually round, master Crispin?' 'Round as—round as—a—plum-pudding,' said I. He nodded assent. (Let me premise I am an authority with most of them, and I will inform your reverence why just now). I shook my

* The *Shades* Tavern under Fishmonger's Hall.

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head — incredulous. 'There now,' said he, clapping his hands with satisfaction, 'there now, I'm glad you are of my opinion. How could men, women, and children stand on t'other side o' the world, *antediluvians* they call them (if I am right.)' I nodded assent. 'Well, how could these said antediluvians stand with their feet to ours, unless men were flies, do you see, roosting with their feet to the ceiling?' 'Very good,' said I. 'Well,' said he, 'that's what I argue; but my obstinate partner, who is one of your readers, lays me a wager upon it. Now, said I, how are you to prove it, master?' The dean here could not forbear laughing. "You rogue, Crispin, you have no lack of invention." "'Pon honour, sir, 'tis all gospel — every word." "Well, well, proceed," said the dean; "I wish Pope and Arbuthnot were here." "Fie, sir!" said Crispin; "Mister Pope would never have patience to hear me run on in this way." "You are mistaken," said the dean; "Pope is the wittiest of the whole bunch, when he is in spirits — but this between ourselves, master Crispin; so proceed." "Well, sir, then now

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for a touch at the old citizen's *logic*. 'Now,' said he, 'how are you to prove it, master; that puzzled my partner.' 'Let me see,' said he. 'Yes,' said I, 'remember this, old boy, when you are there, you are no longer here, and *then* — how the devil do you know where you are? That was a poser for my partner, master Crispin, and so it is a drawn bet.'

"Now, perhaps, you would condescend to hear a specimen of *historical knowledge*, within the Walls. But I fear I shall exhaust your patience." "Go on, you rogue," said the dean; "I am attentive; this is all new to me — quite original, trust me. I'll stop you when you grow dull."

"Well, your reverence, know then, it was but lately I heard a topping hop-factor, up the Thames, in the lord mayor's barge, make a bet with" — "On a *swan-hopping*, I guess," said the dean. "Just so," said Crispin; "make a bet with a brother alderman, that Windsor castle, which they saw out of the inn window with a telescope, was built by Ben Johnson; 'and why I am positive,' said the hop-factor,

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'is by this token — Ben was a bricklayer, and it was here that Nell Gwyn said to him —

'By line and rule
Works many a fool.
Good-morrow, Ben.'

'Now Nell was Charles the First's concubine — she was a Catholic. Ben, as I said before, was a bricklayer, and I've been told helped to write Shakspeare's plays, and is buried in Westminster Abbey, with a silver trowel. I've seen the stone — "O rare Ben Jonson." 'That part is true, no doubt,' said the alderman, "but I've read, in an old book, that Windsor castle was built by one William — William of — *what's his name.*' 'Of Malmsbury,' said I in a whisper. "You mischievous rogue," said the dean, shaking his sides. 'By one William of Malmsbury; and' raising his voice, 'I further remember what he cut upon the castle, THIS MADE WICKHAM! and the king, it was either old *straddling* Harry the Eighth, or *crooked back* Richard, that threatened to have his head cut off for that treason.' When another grave citi-

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zen wittily exclaimed, 'Ah! these *were crooked* times, your lordship, when a builder like Ben Jonson, or William of Malmsbury, should have his head cut off his shoulders for merely cutting a rhyme on a stone wall. So, by permission, here's to the health of his majesty king George, and praise God we do not live under a Papish government.'"

"What Huns!" said the dean; "but I see you are a joker."

"On my conscience, these are facts," said Crispin; "I've too much respect for your reverence. But the best of it is yet to come. The next day, one of this grave old gentleman's granddaughters, hearing him relate the exploit to some guests at his own table, had the boldness to rectify her grandpapa. 'You must mean William of Wykeham, sir.' 'What! heigh!' said the old gentleman in wrath. 'Don't — you — learn to — contra — dict — your — seniors, Miss, (making a pause between each word;) this comes of sending girls to boarding-school. And how do you know, forward minx, that William of Malmsbury and

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William of Wiccum may not be one and the same thing in history.'"

"And how do you manage to get admitted among these rich dons, for I've heard 'tis no easy matter to be on a free footing with your purse-proud citizens; excuse me, brother Crispin," looking round upon his humble premises; "not that *I* value a man for his wealth." "No, your reverence; all the world knows that. And as you have condescended to visit one so insignificant to outward appearance, it is my duty to let you into the secret. Us wits," pluming himself with mock consequence, "over-awe the dull dogs, for all their money-bags, when we once get them in a saw-pit; 'tis then we prove ourselves Free Sawyers. You take me, sir." "I'faith! I do, brother Crispin: you have said a volume upon the subject. You are one after my own heart; so let us have it; I will not interrupt you; out with it, and mind — no reserve!"

"Faith, your reverence, I shall carry my head a little higher after this; well, let me see, I am almost beside myself by your bearing with

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me; know, then, sir, you were right in your observation: I was overawed at first by the *weight of their metal*, and was a long time before I joined discourse. I only ventured to call for yesterday's papers, snuffed the candle for my next neighbour, and sat in the furthest box from the fire, until I sometimes was honoured with an 'how d'ye do' in the street. Then I got forward by serving for overseer and churchwarden: these offices gave me an opportunity, now and then, of showing off at our vestry meetings. 'The fellow has got a *good head-piece*,' said old sir Thomas Dunk, 'and is a civil, honest man enough, and a bit of a scholar to boot.' Thus I was advancing."

"Good!" said the dean; "I see you know the world; we have a saying for that too:

'First you must creep along, then up and go,
The proudest old Pope was a cardinal low.
First be a courtier, and next be a king,
The more the hoop's bent, so much higher the spring.'

"But I mounted from the lower part of Fame's ladder, up to the top, all at once, your

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reverence, as you shall hear, if it be your pleasure." "Proceed," said the dean.

"Well, sir, know then — faith I am almost ashamed to tell your reverence of my audacity and presumption with my superficial jargon; but these are times when a man had better go hang himself than altogether hide his talent under" — "Under a close-stool pan," said the dean.* "Out upon your affectation; go straight forward, like an honest man; I abominate your digressions; what you mean to say I suppose is simply, that that capricious, hood-winked beldame gave her wheel a turn, and whirled you up before you could say 'Jack Robinson.'" "Aye, something like it," said Crispin. "Never dawdle over a story, man," said the dean, "but go on; have I not said I like to listen?"

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* Swift hated digression; and among other eccentricities, made a rule not to speak more than a minute at a time, and was particular that other persons should be allowed to take up the conversation; and though unguarded in his phrases, generally using that that his whimsical imagination first offered, he would not tolerate indelicate conversation in others.

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"But I am no scholar," said Crispin, "no more than Stevey Duck."* "So much the better," said the dean: "then much learning hath not made thee mad, like some pernicious coxcombs, who make other people as crazy as themselves†; and a Winchester bushel of wit and common sense, is better than a Bristol barrel of Latin and Greek, (laughing all the while,) aye, measured out by your honest fellowship-porters, master Crispin; so let's have no more of this mawkishness."

"Well, if your reverence will have it, a certain alderman was drawn into a dilemma, touching poetry, one night, at the Mitre." "Poetry — good Lord!" exclaimed the dean; "Old Sir Francis Child‡, I suppose." "No, sir, you

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* Steven Duck, the thresher, a self-taught poet, patronised by Queen Caroline.

† He had, moreover, a great aversion for speculatists, and had no patience with pedants. He was so partial to punning, and so reputed for his punisms, that he used to say, "*None despised that talent but those who were without it.*"

‡ Sheriff and alderman, reputed in his day.

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have not hit upon him." "Then, Old Sir Felix Feast *," said the dean; Crispin shook his head. "Was it Sir Humphrey Parsons?" * "No; I'll mention no names," said Crispin. "One guess more," said the dean; "Old Sir John Bull." * "I'll mention no names, *nor have any digressions*," said Crispin, laughing in his turn; "Very fair," said the dean, clapping him on the shoulder; "you are an honest fellow, master Crispin; now we are quits again. Well, go on."

"This said alderman, then, who has no small weight in the ward, was rudely attacked by an impudent, pragmatical, purse-proud, ignoramus, of one of the courts in Guildhall, who had feathered his nest, and cared for nobody. This over-bearing wrangler, what with his law and scraps of Latin, out-argued all the neighbouring ward, ruled the roast, and interrupted conviviality at half the taverns round about. His manner was terrific to these peaceable cits. The alderman had advanced something con-

* Sheriffs and aldermen reputed in their day.

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cerning Milton, and quoted a few lines correctly enough. 'Where the devil did you read that?' said the lawyer; 'that's a book above your cut, I'd be sworn.' 'Better not swear at all,' said the worthy alderman, turning his back upon him. 'One thing I'd swear,' said the lawyer, highly affronted, 'that you don't quote six lines more for all the gold in Threadneedle Street,' accompanying his assertion with an oath and a boisterous laugh, looking round for applause; 'no! neither you nor any one present.' 'That's more than you can take upon yourself to say,' said I. 'Cobblers stick to their stalls,' said he, sneeringly; 'who the devil do you think would argue with such a penny chandler as you.' 'That's not honourable, sir,' said I; 'you challenged the company.'

"'Bravo! master Tucker,' exclaimed all voices. 'What do you know about Milton,' said the lawyer; 'I'd bet you fifty pounds you know no more of poetry, than a coster-monger, nor of rhetoric, than his jack-ass.' 'I have no money to fool away,' said I; 'but I'll prove before this worthy company, I know more of the matter than you, for all your law, and Latin to boot.'

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He could not flinch from the match, and we set to like fighting cocks;—"Ding-dong, hammer and tongs," said the dean; "Pell-mell," said Crispin; "Hip and thigh," said the dean, laughing, "carrying on the war against the Philistine, with the same weapon too; heigh, master Crispin?" "Yes, if you will have it so," answered the merry bookseller, "till he turned all shame and confusion; as white as your reverence's band. Oh! how I made him fume and shake, the impudent gog-magog, as I gallopped over him upon tropes and figures, flourishing to the astonishment of all beholders, long words, such as 'allegorically, metaphorically, metonymically, and synecdocheally.' Yes, sir, I laid about him with 'personification, antithesis, interrogation, exclamation, amplification,' and winded him so close with 'iambics, dactyls, amphibrachs, and spondees,' for all his quirks and quibbles, and doubling, the hard-mouthed sophist, before I reached my climax, that the big-wigs shook the ashes out of their pipes, one by one, in silent admiration, gazing and staring at my wondrous learning, attentive as a crowded clod-hopping jury-box to the long-

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spun charge of a new-made judge. But the best on't is, your reverence, I ridded the house of the nuisance, hunted him fairly out of the field, out of the parish, and out of the ward; and I am now an authority on every learned question, and Crispin Tucker would be backed, right or wrong, for any sum, against both the Universities."

"Thou art verily the merriest rogue I have yet encountered in all my peregrinations, master Crispin," said the dean; "and I have tickled some comical trout from their holes in my time too. When I am sworn lord mayor, you shall be dubbed city laureate; that's certain, master Crispin; for a butt of sack would be better bestowed on you, than on that ungodly *, 'scape-grace, ode-making owl in the West. Faith, man, you are right; I *should* like to change my wig for a conjuring cap, and seat myself amidst these wagering gormagons; though they seem

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* Cibber, poet laureate.

"Let * * * * * * Billingsgate, my daughter dear,
Support his front, and oaths bring up the rear."

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cold, phlegmatic, sour wights, what I have seen of them in their shops and counting-houses." "Yes, your reverence, but completely metamorphosed at night; gruff and grumpy, with the pen stuck in the ear; frank and free, with a napkin tucked under the chin. That's the time for a needy poet to beg or borrow. Blessed be God! I want for nothing; but if I did, good Lord! I might take a lease of all Paternoster Row. Ah! I've ofttimes thought it a sin and a shame that Apollo and the Muses never got a footing within the walls; for your oits, with all their tare, tret, and cloff, are *mighty kind to the poor.* Jack Laguerre*, who is a clever, merry fellow, and a physiognomist, says, 'The lines of benevolence are strongly marked on many of their moon-faced worships.'"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha! what! Jack is a friend of

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* John Laguerre, son of him alluded to by Pope —"*Where sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laguerre.*" Jack Laguerre was a high fellow, a great humourist, wit, singer, player, caricaturist, mimic, and a good scene painter; and, according to the notions of that merry age, known to every body worth knowing.

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your's, too, aye? I know master Laguerre; his fame is rung on the other side of St. George's Channel. How is the spark?" "Thank your reverence, he may answer for himself, if it be your pleasure, for he is overhead." "No, no," replied the dean; "you are upon honour; it must not be known that I have crossed your threshold; so, fare you well, master Crispin; silence is the word, (placing his finger upon his lip,) and perchance we may meet again."

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CHAPTER IX.

SOME MORE VISITORS.

THE Dean had no sooner taken his departure from Crispin Tucker's, than the delighted bookseller opened a jib door, which I well remember, that went from the side of the shop to a steep narrow stair-case, and called to Laguerre — "Jack, come down if you have any grace, and hear the news." "That will not do," said Laguerre, having been too often taken in by the same stratagem; "'twill not do, my old sinner; I've seen the lions washed too often." "'Tis your loss," said Crispin, and then shut the door.

Laguerre was a great newsmonger; and it was a common amusement with the roguish Crispin, when he wanted to seduce him from his studies to join in a gossip, to play upon his curiosity, and bait his hook with the fabrication of some extraordinary report, which the other swallowed with avidity.

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Jack, as was his custom when he wanted Crispin, used to pretend to have sketched something lively in caricature; and then he announced it by a certain number of knocks upon the floor. The usual signal was given, and Crispin sat enjoying his impatience; saying to himself, "thump away, copper-scratcher." Laguerre knocked louder still.

"What the devil do you want now," said the bookseller, again opening the door, and listening at the bottom of the stairs. "Come up, if you have any Christian charity; if not, stay down and be hanged," said Jack. "Hang me if I do," answered Crispin; "let your understrappers carry butter to cats; he that's courted by the dean and chapter, to be poet-laureate to the giants in Guildhall, is no longer crony-monger with a garretteer." "If I come down, the devil may bite the feast," said Jack, "and I will not do another for love nor money." "Oh! Oh! say you so, then I must mount." So up Crispin went, muttering, "Now if this is another sham cry of wolf, the devil may cry *wat mutton* for me." The truth is, that Laguerre had drawn a humorous design of a tavern-

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dinner, to which Crispin had recently been invited, and was etching a private plate of the group, which was composed from the bookseller's description of the party, who had, moreover, printed an account of the worthies to accompany the plate. These burlesques were not made public, and copies were only to be obtained by a certain number of Crispin's patrons, for their private port-folios. My great uncle Zachary was one in the good graces of the bookseller and the artist, and I remember some five or six of Laguerre's comical satires in this way. That very humorous one in question I am enabled to describe from a pen-and-ink copy, made many years ago by my old friend Julius Rysbrac, the sculptor, and the inscription from poor Forest's scrap-book, by favour of a relation of Langford, the auctioneer, who sold his effects.

Laguerre, who worked only by fits and starts, when he was sulky with society, used to seclude himself in the bookseller's first floor, and study in a bow-windowed back-room that projected over the Thames, and trembled at every half-ebb tide. Jack executed all his plates off hand.

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This chamber of arts was celebrated, like Friar Bacon's study, for many inventions which are now buried in the great pit-hole of oblivion. Here Hogarth, in early life, once sojourned, and etched and engraved for old John Bowles, of the Black Horse, Cornhill; and this reminds me of a rude sketch of the *sanctum*, drawn with a pen by that oddity Liotard, which I will presently exhibit at length.

I have heard Dr. Monsey describe this curious old apartment, as like one of the alchemists' laboratories from the pencil of the elder Teniers — a complete smoke-stained confusionary, with a German-stove, crucibles, pipkins, nests of drawers, with rings of twine to pull them out; here a box of asphaltum, there glass-stoppered bottles, varnishes, dabbers, gravers, etching-tools, walls of wax, obsolete copper-plates, many engraved on both sides, caricatures, and poetry scribbled over the walls, a pallet hung up as an heir-loom, the colours dry upon it, hard as stone, an easel, all the multifarious arcanalia for engraving, and, last of all, a printing-press.

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This was a press for copper-plate printing, and gave occasion, it may be presumed, for the caricature. Jack Laguerre was holding the blankets over a newly-engraved plate, to take a proof, whilst Bowles was in the act of pulling the lever of the press, and Crispin Tucker kindling the charcoal fire, with his lips pouched out, like those of a black-moor blowing the French-horn. Old Bowles's exclamation, when a plate was in hand, was, *bite it in deep;* in allusion to which a label from his mouth is inscribed, "Jack! is it black?" to which the artist answers, "black as your muzzle, 'twill print as many as the Mint," (Old Bowles was nick-named Black Jack;) Crispin, at the same time he is blowing the sparks of the charcoal, exclaims, "There is no more warmth in the coal, than in the Cornhill flint;" a fourth head is introduced in shadow behind a door, peeping in, from which also issues a label, inscribed —

"Go tramp this griping city round,
"Go take the *Crier*'s bell,
"Go cry, O-yez! a wight is found,
"Who treats the artists well!!

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" Who takes a Black Horse for his sign,
" He being a *driving* man;
" A rogue in the print-selling line;
" Show me his match who can!

" Whose muzzle black, and brazen front,
" Will never change, depend upon't,
" Until a greater Jew be found,
" To buy *engraving* by the *pound!*"
So says Gulielmus, the copper-scratcher.

This whimsical satire, on the authority of Mr. Bindley, alluded to the said old John Bowles, of the Black Horse, in Cornhill, having boasted that he bought some of the early engravings on copper of the inimitable Hogarth at so much *per* pound. And here it may be observed, that until the period when John Boydell opened his shop, at the sign of the Unicorn, corner of Queen Street, Cheapside, the English engravers worked for such low prices, that a journeyman mechanic could procure more by his labour than these ingenious artists. Boydell, an engraver himself, worthy man! was the first publisher who established a more liberal system for the encouragement of native talent.

It was then in this literary chamber, up one

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pair of stairs, that Crispin Tucker and Laguerre held their gossip about the visit from the dean. "Well," said Jack, "what is this news then?" "O Lord! there will be rare doings on the bridge to-night," answered the bookseller. — "What? an illumination! hey, Crispin?" "Yes, have you not heard the guns?" "No — what! a general illumination, my boy?" "Yes," answered Crispin, laughing, "we are going to set the Thames on fire!"

"What's to come next?" said Laguerre, as he stirred the air-bubbles from the aqua-fortis upon the copper-plate with a *feather:* "this is an emblem of your calling, you lying fright of a poet, *making bubbles with a goose-quill.*"

"But this is no bubble," said Crispin; "I have had a visitor, one of the wonders of the world — yes, come on purpose to see the lions of London Bridge; and is not that *news?* Now, guess a month, and you'll be never the wiser."

"The great men of the city, no doubt," said Laguerre; "and you are to be dubbed lord mayor's fool." "Guess again, you are not far from the mark," said Crispin. "Giants and

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lord mayors! I know of no other great *wooden* worthies," said Jack, "and I will guess no more." "What think you of poet-laureate of the city?" "Why," said Jack, "you would not be the first*; but what does all this mighty mystery portend?" "What think you of a great don from Button's, Jack, hey? The giant Gulliver, Jack?" "Why, Swift has not been poking you out, sure?" "But he has though." "The devil!" said Laguerre; "has he found me out too? Why, what card are you playing now? what new prank, hey?" "None, on my conscience, Jack; he came bolt into the shop; we had a comical dialogue, and I smoked him at once; said I to myself, if you are not the Dean of St. Patrick, I am not the son of old Giles Tucker of *Knock-Fergus*." "That's like enough," said Jack, laughing. "No, nor the son of his wife," said Crispin; "will that do?" "I'm not sure that your mother was a wife,"

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* There was *one* poet-laureate in the city, *Elkanah Settle*, who died in the mayoralty of Sir Gerard Conyers, 1724.

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added Jack. "Well then," retorted Crispin, "as sure as he, that was called your father, murdered the saints." "Then that's sure enough," answered the lively Laguerre; "and now answer me, man, what hue and cry sent him hither?" "My wit, master Jack; my learning; but march down to the shop, and I'll let you into the secret."

Jack had meanwhile poured the aquafortis from the plate, and down they went, joking as usual all the way, when, in the midst of the story, Crispin exclaimed, "the devil! here he is again — *mum*, Jack! this is a secret; you are blind, deaf, dumb, and know nothing!" when in bounced the great man, with two others in his train. "Pope and Arbuthnot, by the Lord!" whispered Laguerre; "rare times, my worthy cobbler."

"Well, old acquaintance, you doubtless did not expect to see me again so soon. I have brought you a gentleman whom you *do* know it seems;" (Arbuthnot had bought prints of him.) "Your most humble servant, sir," said Crispin, bowing; "I *have* that honour." "And another gentleman whom you *ought* to know,"

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bringing Pope right in front of the obsequious bookseller, who, somewhat confused, bowing lower still, stammered, "This — this — is an honour I am not worthy of, reverend sir." "For why?" said Swift, briskly. "For my presumption," answered the mealy-mouthed Crispin Tucker. Pope smiled graciously, and shaking his head, said, "Well, well! we bring the olive-branch, good man; but yet, methinks, one of your wit, master Tucker, might be content to trade with the muses on his own bottom."

Swift had business at the Bank, and going through Stocks-market*, met Pope and Arbuthnot in the doctor's chariot, when the doctor desired the coachman to "pull up," and asked, "Why, Mister Dean, what brought you to this part of the world?" "Why," replied the Dean, who could not bear to be questioned, "what brought me here? why, as the clowns have it, *my legs*;" when recollecting himself, for

* Stocks-market, on the site of which stands the Mansion House, in the centre of which was a colossal statue of Charles the Second.

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his imagination was prompt at a frolic, "but as they refuse to carry me to London Bridge, where I fain would go, you, and that other idler, may make room, and set me down, and then you may record one beneficial act to save a misspent day," opening the door to let down the step for himself. "Stay awhile—not so fast," said the doctor; "you have only your own consent, bold man; we admit you here but on one condition, namely, that you return with Pope and I to Cork Street, and take your mutton." "Well, well, come, I strike the bargain, here in open market," said the dean; "'tis of no use haggling in these times, *for many words pile not the measure;* is not that a true saying, my pretty maid?" addressing himself to a plump market-woman close by. "Yes, your worship," said the laughing jade; "and I wish you'd write it on the pump there," pointing to the base of King Charles's statue; "for I warrant you it would be doing more service among our wrangling neighbours than all your preaching in the pulpit."

When he had got into the carriage, Swift cried, clapping his hands, "Now I have you,

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boys; *the Fates, you know, will have it so;* and you," turning to Pope, "shall be brought face to face with your rhyming rival; for I have paid the rogue a visit, and he is the veriest original within the sound of Bow Bell." Pope smiled: "Doctor, we are caught in one of his snares again." "Yes," said Arbuthnot; "but if Swift does not have a care, for all his wiles and stratagems, his clerical caput may yet get reverence on the gate among the other rebels; and I do think I should know his front — the native bronze would glisten in the sun!" "Yes," replied Pope, "the dean's head, like the saints of old, will shed lustre *post mortuum.*" "What think you of that, Swift? there's a Twickenham grace; hey!" said Arbuthnot. "Think!" said the dean; "why, how the geese gabble when they are netted. Faith! you and Pope, one had thought, were too old birds to be caught with chaff! Ha, ha, ha, ha! and so you would know me by my front, forsooth!

"Tam the miller is dead,
Tam the miller is dead;
Set up in the tower
For stealing of flour,
And there he sits nodding his head."

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Thus gaily did the worthy triumvirate drive on to Crispin Tucker's.

* * * * *

"But, where is this portfolio of Laguerre's? Jack has not given us the slip, sure?" said the dean. "It would not surprise me if he had," replied Crispin; "he is grown the shyest man alive;" when, going to the passage, he added, "yes, your reverence, he has taken himself out at the side door, and I shall see no more of him to-day. Jack will never exhibit his handy works but when he is in the humour, and that of late is not often." "Poor Laguerre," said the dean; "I know him of old; Jack was not born for a misanthrope, and we must meet again."

"Well, gentlemen, are you for Cork Street?" said Arbuthnot, looking at his watch: "so, Master Tucker, farewell, and many thanks for the amusement you have afforded." "But we have not seen this etching of the dinner-scene," said the dean; "and Mister Pope came here on purpose, having a taste for caricature." "Not I," said the poet. "Well, well, for roguish squibs and audacious traits of character." "Not exactly so neither." "No, nor for a spirt of

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graphic humour I suppose; no stomach for wit and drollery. What a sour monk! Well, doctor, you and I are under no spiritual restraint; we dare carry dispensations in our pockets to laugh when we list; so a fig for the Vatican, and let us see this said group of Jack Laguerre's."

The bookseller laid the sketch upon the counter, when his illustrious visitors were mightily amused by the oddity of the characters it exhibited. "What variety of *genus* of the same *species*!" said Pope. "One would have thought that these turtle-loving gentry were a plump, round, blunt-visaged fraternity, with masks squeezed in the same mould; whilst here is choice enough to pick a sign for each parish. Faith, I never saw a work of greater merit in its way. This is surely a new art, Mister Dean. What think you, doctor?" "Yes," replied Arbuthnot; "I have thought so some time, and vastly beyond the reach of the burlesque in poetry; for no labour of the brain can depict these whimsical contours, nor stamp on the mind the impression of such non-descripts, as this super-magical art, which con-

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jures up not merely the spirit, but the substantial, wealthy, broad-bottomed cits, to the very life. Faith, we should know them again, in our rambles in the streets and public highways." "Now," said the dean, "your imagination is pretty strong, — you had doubtless an image on *your* mind when you drew your city knight: is there any one of these that squares with your notion of that wealthy hunks? Come, let us hear, Pope; this now is an inquiry worthy your philosophers." "Why, yes," answered the poet; "here is a figure that is just the man, and here is an instance of association palpably marked, for we see only his back; but it is the wig, the bulk, the manner of sitting, that strikes me, if he turned round I should be face to face to Sir Baalam himself! Now, who is this man of weight, I pray?" addressing the bookseller. "*That is just, verily, such another,*" said Tucker; "but him I must not name; but if it be worth your hearing I will describe the group, but will not point to individuals; the cap must be fitted on by the spectator. For some of their designations I am indebted to Jack Laguerre, and here is our list. I need not repeat to your

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reverence," addressing himself to the dean, "that this was a wager-dinner." "And who might be thy host, if it be not treason?" said Pope. "None, sir," answered Crispin; "none at all; it was a topping sugar-refiner of Garlic Hythe. Let me see," counting on his fingers; "first, came stumping Robottom Progers, comb-maker, of *Mary Magdalen.* Second, curly-wigged Quinsey Rupert, girdler, of *Mary-cole Church.* You perceive, gentlemen, I give you the hall and parish, properly St. Mary-cole Church; but we leave out the saints here in the city," looking significantly at Pope.* Pope, too great to take offence, smiled at his waggery. "Well, gentlemen, next and thirdly, oh! then comes that wise-acre, Simon Keep-sake, apothecary, of *Margaret Pattens.* Fourth, close-fisted Marmaduke Tibbs, goldsmith, of *Peter-le-Poor;* he is sleeping partner in a bank too. Fifth, Luke Winterbottom, leather-seller, of *Mary-cole Church,* the fattest man in the ward. Sixth, rosy-cheeked Geoffry Small, (he is a

* Mr. Pope was of the Romish Church.

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seventeen-stone man too,) embroiderer, of *Mary Mount Haw.* Seventh, silent Nicholas Merry, pewterer, of *All Hallows Barking.* Eighth, guttling Gregory Exmew, skinner, of *Anthony Sheer Hog.* Ninth, good-humoured Godfrey Fry, fishmonger, of *Andrew Hubbard.* Tenth, prosing Jabus Bracegirdle, sadler, of *Mary le Bow.* Eleventh, long-faced Richard How, barber, of *Thomas Apostle;* and the twelfth, and last, is sleepy Collin Sprat, currier, of *Margaret Moses.** These were the twelve invited by right of wager; the others, friends and neighbours, make-weights at the feast, your Avoir-dupois men and men of Troy; your Dry-measure men from Portsoken, and your men of Liquid-measure from the Vintry; and here you behold, gentlemen," making his bow, "Jack has touched them all off to the life!"

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* For the information of the court end of the town, be it known, that *Andrew Hubbard, Margaret Moses,* and all the above-named parishes, are given verbatim. A lady of fashion once asked a lady mayoress — "Pray, my lady, who is Alderman Bury?" [*Aldermanbury,* in the ward of *Cripplegate.*]

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CHAPTER X.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT AUSTIN FRIARS.— DR. CHAUNCEY'S FIRE-SIDE.

"Is it not strange," said Dr. Stukely*, as he turned over the leaves of a folio of humorous drawings, holding one of Boitard's† nearly-obliterated sketches of some characters, known at the Spiller's Head Club‡, close to the light,

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* Dr. William Stukely, an English divine and celebrated antiquary; a gentleman of cheerful disposition and playful manners, whose agreeable chit-chat upon subjects of antiquity made many proselytes to that interesting study. Like Dr. Chauncey, he was a collector of burlesque drawings and caricatures. Dr. Stukely was born at Holbeach, in Lincolnshire, 1687, and died in 1765.

† Boitard was one of the humourists of the beginning of the last century, and occasionally burlesqued the eccentricities so prevalent in his day.

‡ An artists' club was established at the Bull's Head, Clare Market, about a century ago, of which

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"that our satirists, of olden times, many of whom we know could scratch out the human figure, as correctly as those of Liotard's * at any

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Hogarth, Jack Laguerre, Colley Cibber, Boitard, George Lambert, and others in succession, were members. Jemmy Spiller was also a member. A few months before the death of this lively comedian, Laguerre painted his portrait, and presented it to the landlord. Subsequently the Bull's Head was superseded, and Spiller's Head became the sign. This head is alluded to in Spiller's Epitaph, written by one of the wags of the club, under the assumed character of a Poetic Butcher of Clare Market.

"The butchers' wives fall in hysteric fits;
For sure as they're alive, poor Spiller's dead;
But, thanks to Jack Laguerre, we've got his head.
Down with your ready cole, ye jovial tribe,
And for a mezzotinto cut subscribe;
The *markets* traverse, and surround the *mint;*
It shall go hard but he shall be in print.
For
He was an inoffensive, merry fellow;
When sober hipp'd, blythe as a bird when mellow."

* Liotard, another eccentric painter, who wore the Turkish habit and a long beard.

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rate, as we see by their missals * and what not, men who have shown so lively a talent for burlesque too — is it not strange, I say, doctor, that they have left us no one single scrap of drawing, however roughly sketched, that evinced a perception for the whimsical art of caricature?"

"This is a curious coincidence, upon my life," said Dr. Chauncey, turning to my great-uncle Zachary, "the very subject we were upon

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It may be well to observe, for the reputation of these social worthies, that the neighbourhood of the Spiller's Head was then very respectable. The houses round the market were recently erected by Lord Clare; and even Drury Lane must have been once of good repute; for Mr. Evelyn tells us, in his Diary, "That he went to his niece's marriage with the eldest son of Mr. Attorney Montague, celebrated at Southampton Chapel." He talks of *magnificent entertainment*, and the *bride* being *bedded* at his *sister's lodgings* in *Drury Lane!*

* Many of the ancient missals and MSS. were illustrated with drawings, various specimens of which may be seen in the works of the ingenious Mr. Strutt; and among others, clowns, posture-masters, and tumblers, exhibiting feats similar to those that please the multitude at modern fairs.

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so late last night; and you lost a treat, Stukeley, which served you right, for your usual breach of punctuality. We went over to the old church, and by the same token poor Sir Simon* is rating and swearing on his couch, and wishing you and I and all other antiquaries at the devil."

"What is the matter, then?" said Stukeley. "Nothing; only that his clients may whistle in Westminster Hall, for their amusement for the next term, for the gout, which he says, *lay lurking under a grave-stone*, caught hold ———" "Of his cloven-foot, hey?" interrupted Alderman Winterbottom.† "Just so," replied Chauncey, laughing. "What, then, he has got into your hands, hey, doctor? Oh! then his clients may well go whistle, for I'll wager my life you'll not make out his *habeas corpus* for a month at least'.' The alderman was a wit.

"Bless me! I feel concerned to hear this,

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* Sir Simon Urlin, sergeant at law, a gentleman of easy manners and sarcastic humour. Succeeded to the recordership of London, 1742.

† Alderman Winterbottom, lord mayor; died in his mayoralty, 1752.

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and I take shame to myself for not attending you to the church. It is many years since I was there; and what did the worthy serjeant say? was he pleased with the curious old place? could he make out the brass inscription?" inquired Dr. Stukeley.

"Say! Nothing more than it was 'vastly cold! and vastly old!'* Yes, one other observation, namely, 'How finely the voice reverberates here,' and began to spout with mock solemnity, '*These lone walls and story-telling* (storied) *arches have a character marking the*

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* The church in Austin Friars is one of the most ancient of Gothic remains in the city of London. It belonged to a priory dedicated to St. Augustine, and was founded for the Friar's Eremites of the order of Hippo in Africa, by Humphry Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, 1253. A part of this once spacious building was granted by Edward VI. to a congregation of Germans, and other strangers, who fled hither from religious persecution, and ordered it to be called *The Temple of the Lord Jesus.* Several successive princes have confirmed it to the Dutch, by whom it has been used as a place of worship.

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VIRTUES *of the times deceased, whilst echo* — (here he paused, and the old Dutchman's* gallery responded — ECHO) — *from her hollow charned vaults, speaks to the listening ear of contemplation* — CONTEMPLATION — *an awful lesson of life's mortality* — MORTALITY — echoed the church." "Aye! aye!" said the lively sergeant, "these *charnel* vaults, I'll be bound, were better stored with *vin de grave*, than other graves, to warm the jolly monks in their devotions. Faith, my teeth begin to chatter. — Spirits of ye sainted fathers, adieu!" — 'ADIEU!'

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* There was, when all the doors were shut, an echo in this church, possibly from the reverberation of the raised part about the altar; but on this occasion a confederate voice was employed, to make up a tale for Dr. Stukeley's credulity. I recollect a very pleasing echo in the passage of the Lyceum, in the Strand, which was lost when the alterations were made, a few years ago, to prepare for some exhibition. The most distinct echo, however, that I remember to have heard near London, was from the bank of the New River, turning to the right a few yards from the City Road, which distinctly returned five or six syllables.

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cried the echo. "That was very like a human voice," said the sexton, looking aghast. "Yes; very like," said Sir Simon; "and so, Mister Dismal, (giving him a crown piece) let's to the right-about;" and as the old grey-headed man* locked the door of the Gothic porch, and held the lantern to the ground, (which was covered with snow,) to light the party across to Dr. Chauncey's steps, the man of law gaily sung, from the ballad of the Vicar and Moses,

"*And* I'll walk with the lantern before you,
Tol lol de dol, tol de rol lol."

"How like — how very like the man! Who would believe him the same being in the wig and out of the wig?" said Dr. Stukeley. "Yes," answered Dr. Chauncey; "and here is this bold man, (meaning my great-uncle Zachary,)

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* The complete counterpart of this old sexton was exhibited in a beautiful interior of a church, by De Wit; one of the pictures in the Collection of Old Masters at the British Institution, in the spring of the present year, 1821.

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ventured to take him to task for his profanation."

"And how did he *take* it? — These are rough gentry to *arguefy* with," said Alderman Winterbottom.

"Oh! very well; — very becomingly. — Hardcastle's admonition was so mild — so Christian-like — so benignant, as it always is by-the-bye, (looking slyly under his spectacles at my uncle,) that the other heard him with great complaisance, and when he had made an end of his discourse, took him by the hand, and said — *Sir, I own it was wrong.*" My uncle Zachary shook his head at Chauncey for his panegyric — smiled, and said nothing.

This conversation took place at Dr. Chauncey's, over the wine on a Christmas-eve*, when

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* Garrick and Fielding were among other distinguished guests at the doctor's on one of these Christmas-eve meetings, and went over to see the old church. Garrick, as has been before observed, had a particular affection for the observance of this season of social friendship. His verses to that ad-

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a party of his friends had met, according to an old custom, to hail the birth of Christmas, shake hands, and retire, just after twelve.

"How does it happen," said Dr. Chauncey,

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mirable designer of burlesque, his friend, Mr. Henry Bunbury, in which he thanks him for a present of some Norfolk game and a humourous drawing, proclaim his veneration for CHRISTMAS.

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* * * * *

"Few presents now to friends are sent,
Few hours in merry-making spent;
Old-fashioned folks there are, indeed,
Whose hogs and pigs at CHRISTMAS bleed;
Whose honest hearts no modes refine,
They send their puddings and their chine.
No *Norfolk Turkies* load the waggon,
Which once the horses could not drag on;
And, to increase the weight with these,
Came their attendant sausages.
Can you, dear sir, a man of taste,
Revive old whimsies gone and past?
And (fie, for shame!) without reproach,
Stuff as you do the Bury coach?
With strange old kindness, send me presents
Of partridges and dainty pheasants."

&c. &c. &c.

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" that your lawyers, men of so much intellect, of elegant manners too, men of such vast discourse, as many of them are, should almost to a man be so barbarously indifferent to the arts? —men who can set you to rights on all other matters, yet commonly ignorant as posts on these?"

" Why," said Dr. Stukeley, " I have often thought of this, but never could resolve the question. What is your opinion, Mister Hardcastle?"

" May it not be — that the study of Jurisprudence, in its own nature, is cold, and phlegmatic," said my great-uncle: " and consequently induces this indifference for tasteful arts? And yet we have seen men of genius and general taste among your barristers. But, i'faith it must be admitted, that few, so gifted, have remained at the bar. They have somehow contrived to slip off the gown, when they went a courting to the muses."

" You are right," said Chauncey; — " you are right, sir; and I much doubt if any one of their numerous lovers ever seriously *popped the question* to either of the pretty sisterhood in a

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gown and coif. 'Egad, 'twould be no bad subject for Hogarth, to represent some love-stricken *special-pleader* *, urging his *suit* in the quaint terms of law, to one of the saucy sisters of Apollo.—What say you of——Miss Thalia, to wit? who should be laughing in his face, tearing of his gown and wig,—pointing at him, and exclaiming,—Now, Mister Lawyer, you are fairly *non-suited!*"

"Ha, ha, ha! I am no picture buyer," said Alderman Winterbottom, "though I have got all Hogarth's printed works. But I would not mind giving the funny rogue fifty guineas, to see such a painting touched off as he could do

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* The prolific pencil of Rowlandson, about thirty years ago, produced a very humorous drawing of a beau lawyer, on his knees, to a *bouncing hoyden.* He is saying—

"Lovely nymph, assuage my anguish,
At your feet a tender swain."

She is pulling off his wig. But he is represented as one of the old burly-faced frights, which he delights to draw *in contrast to female beauty.* It is inscribed, the *Special Pleader.*

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it; I dare swear it would be a capital piece of humour, faith!"

"I do verily wonder with you, Dr. Stukeley," said Chauncey, "that our old monks—none of them should have ever tried their hands at this graphic method of exciting laughter; for every age, from the Saxon times, aye, and even before, no doubt, had its wits and satirists; and every age, one may be safely certain, furnished its due quota of whimsical characters; and, as you observe, many an old friar could draw quite well enough to mark the absurdities that constitute the broad burlesque of modern caricatura —When, Doctor,—for you are conversant in these matters,—When, I say, was England lacking of *fat Friars*, preaching abstinence in Lent: *pious Lady-Abbesses* mobbing *slippery Nuns*, like fish-women: *old Men* with *young Mistresses*, and *young Men* with *old ones: joking Tapsters* and *merry Ale-wives: logger-headed prosing Justices: pompous, illiterate Jacks-in-Office: know-nothing School Masters: drivelling Gaffers* and *termagant Gommers: self-starving Misers; self-wasting booby Heirs: nincompoop Fops: blustering Cowards: double-chinned Aldermen*,

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(looking roguishly at Winterbottom): *pragmatical, half-witted Lawyers: drunken, drivelling Clerks: buxom Widows*, and *prudish Maids*? — Take my word for it, the halls of Oxford and Cambridge have echoed to the laughing, satirical monks, gossiping over their flaggons, *yea by cock, and nay by cock*, long — long before old Chaucer sung his Canterbury Pilgrims.—Yes! I do wonder, when I see what ludicrous portraits can be struck off thus easily with a few scratches of the pen, that none of our mirth-loving old sons of the church have left us one single effort of this comical faculty. — I am the more puzzled to account for this," resumed the Doctor, warmed by his subject, "when I have copied with my poor scrawling pencil so many burlesque representations carved beneath the stalls in our ancient choirs — obviously satires upon certain *licentious ones* of their right holy fraternity. You must have seen those in king Harry's* chapel, in Westminster — doubtless, doctor?"

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* No modern burlesque can exceed some of these subjects, *carved* beneath the monks' and

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"In truth, I have," replied Dr. Stukely; "trust me for that, and many others equally whimsical. Yes, gentlemen, (addressing the company,) us antiquaries are oft-times pointed at as starched, grave, hum-drum mortals, by those who never dream of the gems of wit that sparkle to reward our pains, when routing and grubbing among the rubbish of antiquity. Oh! this is delectable digging," said the good-humoured doctor, accompanying his enthusiastic exclamation with a hearty slap upon Alderman Winterbottom's shoulder, — "What say you, my worthy sir?"

"Say!" replied the alderman, roused from a sort of reverie at this *dry* gossip about the monks, — "Say, doctor, (rubbing his shoulder) — Why I say this, you may delight to dig in your musty, fusty, old dust-hills; but I never knew a parson yet, who would not rather dig his way into a smoking rump of beef. So, what

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friars' seats in our ancient chapels. Some indeed are so grossly immoral and indecent, as to justify the aspersions levelled at the priesthood, prior to the *Reformation*.

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think you of that, doctor — hey? That's slap for slap. So here's my hearty service to you, and let us *hob and nob;* and hark'ee, master parson, when you next go out upon a digging expedition, should you 'light upon a butt of Malmsey, bricked up by these bald-pated friars, there's no occasion to knock the head in to peep for your Duke Humphry's*: take my word for it, your churchmen of old knew better than spoil good wine to pickle dead men's bones. Aye, aye, master doctor, that begets your right sort of *sparkling wit;* worth a man's digging for. Ha — ha — ha, ha, ha! — What think you of that, gentlemen? — Ha — ha! advise me of such a find, never mind price, and I'll be your chapman, master doctor, post you the prompt, and give you a *tythe* for your pains."

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* Alluding to Duke Humphry's body being found in his coffin, preserved in a pickle, at St. Alban's Abbey.

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CHAPTER XI.

MICHAELMAS GOOSE.—A SNUG DINNER PARTY AT LITTLE CHELSEA.

"THERE goes Maty * and Old Monsey†," said Garrick, as he stood at Dr. Du-

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* Dr. Matthew Maty, a native of Holland, who was not only reputed as a physician, but for his literary talents. He settled in England in the reign of George I.; became Secretary to the Royal Society, and was, for many years, principal Librarian of the British Museum.

† Dr. Monsey and Garrick, who had been friends for a long season, at this period were not invited to the same table. Garrick had played upon the doctor's credulity, and given him offence. Among other tricks, he persuaded Monsey, that one evening, being anxious to see a new actor at Covent Garden Theatre, he got another dressed in his character to walk on the stage, and act as his substitute, whilst he posted off to gratify his curiosity; and that he hastened back, and reassumed his part without discovery! This extravagant story was industriously propagated by Monsey, the next day, and naturally procured him the raillery of all the wits.

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carel's * bow window; "I suppose they have clubbed together for a chatter-box, and a pretty piece of antiquity it is. I'll be sworn it's as old as the doctor."

"That you may with safety," said old Squire Crawford, of Fox Ordinary; "for I can remember it on this road for fifty years at least, and it was a cripple then. Egad, I would not trust myself in such a leathern convenience, even across your bowling-green, for a trifle; for it would make a cripple of me. To be sure, the two doctors together would not make half my weight; for one is skin-and-grief, and the other grief-and-skin. I'd wager a dozen of wine they are going to eat Michaelmas Goose and Mulligatawny, with Tiger Clarke†, at Parsons'

* Dr. Ducarel, the antiquary, keeper of the library at Lambeth Palace. It is he and his friend Mr. Gale, who are represented measuring the floor in the curious print of the interior of the Gothic chapel, that stood upon old London Bridge.

† *Tiger* Clarke, so called from the marvellous tales which he used to entertain his friends with of that terrific animal; particularly of one that was killed by a Hindoo girl, whose skull held a bushel of rice.

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Green. Old Monsey, who finds fault with every thing, dined there this day two years, and swore he smelt the curry for a quarter of a mile; and Maty says his clothes perfumed the British Museum for a calendar month. Monsey moreover said, 'He shall not catch me in a net, baited with goose again; though one thing is certain, that I shall never dread meeting with another as old and as tough as he, for that must have been the parent stock, from the Armada-gander* down to the present Michaelmas, Old Stile, 1775.'"

"Talking of that chaise," said Sir Joshua Reynolds, "I can furnish you with a history of it, which I picked up from one of the maids of honor†, as I sat gossipping with Mr. Richard

* The joyful tidings of the defeat of the Spanish armada arrived on Michaelmas-day, and was communicated to Queen Elizabeth whilst at dinner partaking of a goose. Hence the origin of eating that savoury dish on Michaelmas-day.

† Miss Beauclerck, who occupied the apartments next to Mr. Dalton's, on the ground-floor of St. James's Palace, looking into the gardens, — those which had been tenanted by Lady Yarmouth, of court celebrity, in the reign of George II.

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Dalton*, one evening lately, in St. James's Palace. This lady got the information from his Majesty, who appears to know more of the domestic history of the county than any man in it. One day came down to Windsor a market-gardener and his family, to keep the daughter's wedding; the young folks had a smart chariot, and their friends were equally well accommodated: but the father and mother, quite of a piece with the vehicle, joined the cavalcade in this identical chaise, which stands at the White Horse Inn, behind Chelsea Church, which you must know, Doctor — the Queen-Elizabeth-

* Richard Dalton, a portrait-painter, who obtained the notice of his late Majesty, when Prince of Wales, who, soon after becoming king, employed him to go to Venice; where, in company with the brother of the Earl of Bute, he purchased the fine Canalettis which adorn the hall of Buckingham House, as well as the collection of choice books which formed the commencement of his Majesty's valuable library. Mr. Dalton was appointed Librarian, and subsequently Keeper of his Majesty's Drawings and Medals; and, at the decease of Mr. Knapton, had the appointment of Surveyor of the Pictures in the Royal Palaces.

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looking old building, at the bottom of the lane —there Dalton, who is curious in these inquiries, went to satisfy himself of the fact. 'Do walk with me into the town,' said his Majesty to the Queen; 'be quick, and you may be in time to see a trait of true old English manners.' Her Majesty, all attention to the humour of the King, was attired in an instant, when, taking the arm of her royal spouse, they walked briskly through the gate of the lower ward across to the White Hart, just in time to see the party, after their lunch, get into their carriages for an airing to the Forest. Little did the happy party dream of the motive that brought their Majesties there, when the King received the bows and courtesies of the whole family, and got into conversation with the old people, wished them joy of the happy occasion that brought them to Windsor, and saw the cavalcade proceed, overwhelmed with this royal and gracious condescension. 'There, that is old Culpepper, a relation of Master Culpepper, author of the Herbalist,—(a book which all ladies should read,' said the facetious King, laughing,)—'the father of fourteen fine sons and daughters,—who I remem-

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ber bringing a cucumber six-and-twenty inches long to my grandfather at Kensington, when I was not four years old; and the hollow-backed chaise, in which he is now following his sons and daughters, was old Sir Hans Sloane's, made by John Aubrey, Queen Anne's coach-maker, in Long Acre, and given to him by her Majesty for curing her of a fit of the gout; and it has been an heir-loom to the White Horse, at Chelsea, for more than forty years. Sir Hans gave it to his old butler, whom he set up in the inn.'"

"Hoity-toity! who comes here in such a fury?" said Squire Crawford*; "Why—what

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* Squire Crawford, who changed his sirname from ***** for an estate, *Squire* being his christian name. This retired merchant was a collector of books and pictures, who made his purchases with greater liberality than judgment, and was often taken in by the stratagems of picture-dealers. He was much esteemed for his probity, and known to some of the first wits, for whom he was not unfrequently a match, as he had a fund of ready contrivance for repaying Garrick, and some other wags, in their own coin. *Fox's Ordinary*, where the old

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the dickens!—is that your neighbour, the old commissioner, in a new chariot?" "Wheugh, wh-e-u-gh," whistled the astonished citizen. "Do you see that, Sir Joshua? Look, Mister Davey Garrick! see, Doctor! Ods-boddikins, they are going to raise old Ashmole's ghost; for look, there's long-legged Baillie* and fatty Grose.† Well done, old exciseman; a captain on each side, planning a new campaign at Langford's or Christie's. More pictures, more books; gallop away, dons. That's right, Jonathan; never mind posts and pales; drive over every thing,

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Squire had a counting-house, is a well-built square court on the west side of Nicholas Lane.

* Captain Baillie, who served under the Duke of Cumberland, at the battle of Preston Pans. A celebrated connoisseur, amateur painter and engraver in imitation of Rembrandt: of whom more hereafter.

† Francis Grose, a captain in the Surrey Militia, author of Antiquities of England, Wales, and Scotland; a Treatise on Ancient Armour; a *Classical* Dictionary of the *Vulgar Tongue*; Local Proverbs; and a very ingenious Treatise on the Art of Caricature. A remarkably fat man; a humourist, and most lively companion.

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for my lady is in her tantarums. O! sir, there's no bearing this! the goose is done to rags — and the fish! — Oh! 'tis a sin and a shame."

"Why, what — hey — what does all this soliloquizing mean, Squire? Are you crazy, man?" said Garrick.

"Oh! nothing — purely a little family affair; Mr. Commissioner is only (looking at his watch) forty-five minutes past his time. — Dawdling at some stupid auction, no doubt, says my lady — some trumpery new purchase. — Did you not see a shining gold frame in the carriage, Sir Joshua?"

"I did, sir," said the knight. "What, then the lady is very punctual, I presume; and I suspect not best pleased with these new purchases of the good man's."

"You have hit it — you have knocked the right nail on the head, Sir Joshua. How the deuce do you old bachelors find these matters out?"

"I have witnessed these little aberrations of domestic felicity now and then," said Sir Joshua, smiling; "and I do not envy these worthy *captains* their reception."

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"Envy them, man!" said Garrick, briskly, — "why, they will be *warmly* received, no doubt: though I see no occasion for this mighty speed; for, between you and I, Squire, they will be in sufficient time to '*catch goose.*'"

"Aye, aye, that they will, sure enough," replied the laughing citizen, "with no lack of *sour sauce*, I warrant me, Mister Davey Garrick. That's right, madam, give it him; rate the brute; trim him well, madam. Pox take him — I hate your commissioners and your placemen — I hate the whole *tote* of them."

"Why, how now?" said Garrick; "are *you* becoming one of your thorough haters, too? Have *you* been tearing a leaf out of our friend, Sam Johnson's Moral Code; hey, Squire? What have you been *smuggling*, that you have such a horror of your commissioners?"

"Not I, sir; but I know who has. Faith, I wish I could smuggle a little from these coxcombs. Surely those powdered placemen must have pretty perquisites, — dainty pickings, as Johnny Wilkes says; for I know that my library has cost me a world of money, but it is not half so valuable as that old exciseman's,

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who is just now sneaking into the house, I take it, with the picture under his arm."

"Fire away, my Squire," said Caleb Whiteford *, as he fixed his seal upon a letter he had been writing for Woodfall's paper, whose messenger was waiting, — "fire away; I have heard all this slander, thou fat Thersites, though I have said never a word; why, half thy ill-humour would fret another man's flesh to fiddle-strings."

"Fire! — Egad, I wish I could shoot some of your wit at them, Master Caleb, I would blow them up, and scatter the confederacy. One never can set foot at Langford's, nor Greenwood's, nor Christie's, nor any where else, but up starts some new *up-start* to oppose you,

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* Caleb Whiteford, inimitable in a certain cast of wit, and one of those so happily characterized in Goldsmith's poem of "Retaliation." Whiteford, for many years a wine-merchant in Craven Street, was the intimate friend and lively companion of all the brightest geniuses of the age. He was Vice President of the Society for the Encouragement of the Arts, &c. in the Adelphi.

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tooth and nail. They come in upon you in flights as thick as Scotchmen, and like these honest gentry, colleague together, *ane and a'*, as Johnny Wilkes says."

"A fig for Johnny Wilkes," replied Caleb, "here's a tickler for him; if that other good-for-nothing rogue, Woodfall, will have the grace to insert it; but I doubt it much, for your patriots are *ane and a'* too. So no more of your skits at my right noble country, if you please, Squire, or I shall take you in hand; and then you will be glad to *tak yere auld cloak aboot ye*, and *gang awa* with a flea in your lug."

"I care nought for your squibs," said the doughty citizen; "so I tell you there is no bearing this abomination: you cannot bid for a lot, but your placemen run you up, and either make you come down with double its worth, or else sack it themselves. I have a notion these cunning gentry are in collusion with your auctioneers, who are as great rogues as the others. Whip them, but I contrived to carry off my Dugdale in spite of their teeth — the arrant cheats!"

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"Stop, stop! not quite so fast, my Squire: two heads are better than one; so says the old adage. Garrick, did you ever hear of a stick confederacy — hey, man? Here's a plain-dealing grumbling squire, rich as a Jew, who, with another rogue, Mister Goldstick in Waiting, bustled away with half the lots at old Ames's sale, and complains of being bit by your virtuosi. Deuce take me, but the virtues of a rich cit are a match for your man of *virtu*, or there's a mighty revolution in morals: — What say you, Davey?"

"Say!" answered Garrick, laughing at the old cit; "why, Master Crawford, thou art the most restless rider of any noisy squire that ever straddled a hobby-horse; you dash, helter-skelter, into the chace, and when you have won the brush, murmur at *losing leather*."

"Ha, ha, ha, haugh! that's well said; I own I am a little sore upon the subject — 'tis a tender part, Master Garrick; but one thing I must be allowed to say, I would lose leather, or any thing else, rather than lose the society of such friends as you bring together, worthy Doctor," turning to Ducarel, "and when do you

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put the dinner on table — hey, my worthy host? — Faith, I am hungry as a hunter."

"Why, I have been waiting for that lazy Laurence *," said Dr. Ducarel; "but I have given him half an hour's law, and cook says the venison will get no good, so I have ordered it up. This is a naughty trick of Master Sterne's; he is always in a bustle — and always too late?"

"Ah!" said Squire Crawford, "that is a sin we never commit on the east of Temple Bar; no wonder Mr. Sterne is such a spectre; one would swear he was a poet by his looks — it makes a body low-spirited to behold him. I would willingly spare him a modicum of *my* corporation, to prepare him a warmer clothing for the coming winter; but I fear, what he would gain in the flesh he would lose in the spirit; so, God mend us, Doctor — things are best ordained as they be."

"Yes," said Dr. Ducarel *, "I question if

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* Laurence Sterne.

† Dr. Ducarel, with all his learning, was a great oddity. When he travelled, Rupert, his servant,

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we could mend them much; and as we used to write in our school copy-books, 'a contented mind is a continual feast,' and so, gentlemen, here's Rupert come to announce that ——"

"Dinner is on table, sir," said the old servant.

"Well, Rupert," said Garrick, as he descended to the dining-room, — "well, honest Rupert; still out of place, I see." — Rupert smiled, and made his bow.

"Out of place!" said Whiteford; "what? — I don't understand you!"

"Ah! that's a secret. Then you don't know that Rupert is a brother actor?" said the lively Garrick — "yes, sir; and, egad, one of the best of all the *strollers* that I have ever seen!"

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passed at all the inns for an old friend of his coachman's — a servant out of place; and was allowed to wait upon the Doctor and his friend Mr. Gale. These worthies travelled together to many parts of England, when the Doctor, after dinner, used to write his tour over the wine, whilst Mr. Gale enjoyed his pipe.

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CHAPTER XII.

THE BIDDING CANE.

"And what is this story about the stick, I pray," said Garrick; "it is fitting I should know. Come, tell us, worthy Squire; so let us take a glass of wine together, and then out with it."

"Faith, 'tis a trick worth knowing," replied old Crawford; "and there are few secrets that wine will not command. I have often thought your cork-screw is the best picklock of a man's private concerns. But, hark'ee, my good friend, (putting his finger on his lip,) I am *deep as Garrick!*"

"You had better out with it," said Whiteford, "and take the credit of the stratagem; or I will impeach and make it my own."

"Tell it, man, and welcome; make it your own," said the old Cit, "whilst I quietly proceed with these good things. I am no friend to talking and eating at one and the same time; whilst I plough let others drive. There is good

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sense in having your trumpeters at a feast. Ha, ha! what think you of that, Master Caleb? This is all fair, is it not, with us Free Vintners? — hey, Master Caleb?"

"Quite fair," replied Whiteford; "and *I am content to play the trumpeter*, and proclaim your roguery. Know, then, gentlemen, that this murmuring money-making merchant and banker, this huge collector, who censures the crying sin of Scottish confederacies, is himself in collusion with half the auctioneers in town. Is not this gospel?" said Caleb.

"Go on," answered the Citizen.

"Well then, Squire Crawford says, '*As long as I hold my gold-headed cane* under *my chin*, mark—*that is a bidding, Mr. Auctioneer; and when I remove my cane* from under *my chin*, mark you—*my biddings are at an end.*'* Is not that gospel, too?"

"These sins have been committed, no

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* This cunning method of bidding at a sale was for a long time secretly practised by that eccentric triumvirate, the two Doctors Chauncey and old Dr. Snaggs.

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doubt," replied Squire Crawford; "and what then?"

"What then?" said Garrick; "why, we must vote that Caleb Black-rod do take Squire *Gold-stick* into custody, and bring him to the *bar* of the *house*, to answer for such high crimes and misdemeanours."

"More work for Wilkes," said the jocose Citizen, keeping up the playful spirit of raillery; "more nuts for Johnny to crack. What! bring a man to the bar who has committed no breach of privilege? Here's Liberty with a vengeance!"

"This is no bad scheme of your's, though," said Dr. Ducarel, patting Squire Crawford on the shoulder, — "no bad scheme, I vow, for a man that is known at some of your sale-rooms. My long amber-headed dragon would just reach my chin when sitting."

"You are right," said Sir Joshua; "and the scheme would be useful to myself, Doctor; for people are too apt to bid, right or wrong, for every scrap of an old master, on a painter's judgment."

"And every body knows my phiz, good Lord!" added Garrick. "I have not dared

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in my own person to buy an old play, nor a song, nor a scrap of black letter, for many a day; but, egad! I may now try my luck again, for shortly, *lying* Lauder's *inventions** will be knocked down for our *edification*. I must tell Dickey Dalton of this, for he has been prettily bamboozled of late."

"He! — let him alone, Davey," exclaimed Whiteford; "he and old Knapton have the royal purse to carry on the war. No, no! pray let us keep these double-headed shot for our own battery."

"That's right, keep the stick in your own hand; two heads are better than one, as you wisely say, Master Caleb," retorted the old Cit, chuckling at the dilemma they had got themselves into. "Aye, aye! two heads are better than one; but too many cooks may spoil the

* William Lauder, who purposely fabricated works to impose the belief that Milton was a plagiarist — a scheme of wickedness and folly — intended to lessen the reputation of that great man, which justly ended in destroying his own. Lauder signed a confession of his forgeries, which was drawn up by Dr. Johnson.

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porridge." Then, laying down his knife and fork, the fat Squire of Fox's Ordinary twitched his flaxen wig, as he was wont, and exclaimed, "There, again, old Samuel Butler was in the right—Aye, aye!

——— 'With *Canting*, *Slight*, and *Cheat*,
'Twill serve their turn to do the *Feat:*
Make *Fools* believe in their fore-seeing
Of things before they are in being;
To swallow *gudgeons* 'ere they're catch'd,
And count their chickens 'ere they're hatch'd.'

So you happen to be on a wrong scent, gentlemen. I never employed Mister Goldstick in all my life—nor never will. But I perceive, (laughing and looking all round,) there are those who are ready to pick acquaintance with the varlet; and I hope, when they do, that, like your neighbour commissioner, they may come in for a swingeing rap of the knuckles."

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CHAPTER XIII.

BREAD AND CHEESE AT GARRICK'S.

I HAVE heard poor Lawrence Sterne say, that he really envied Hogarth and Reynolds more than all men, for the unceasing happiness that flowed to them through the channel of their profession; and further remember Mr. Bunbury, that happy genius at caricature, saying that Sterne once observed, speaking of Sir Joshua, (somewhat with too much levity perhaps for a priest,) that he had had a foretaste of Heaven in the undisturbed bliss of his painting-room for five and twenty years. True it is he was devoted to his study, and delighted in his art; but his was a steady philosophic course, whilst that of his contemporary, the lively Gainsborough, was a skipping and gambolling backwards and forwards from side to side on the same road to fame. Of all the painters I could name, and many a wag and worthy wight

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among the long list that uncle Zachary and I have known, come rushing on my memory—worthies, whose happy works are already "*mellowed by the stealing hours of time*," none for enthusiasm and vivacity could compare with he.

"Why, in the name of wonder," Garrick used to say to these his mutual friends, "why are not Gainsborough and you, Master Joshua, oftener seen with your legs under the same table?"—And to Gainsborough, "Why Tom o'Bedlam, do you not go and learn sobriety from our sterling Josh." True it is, Sir Joshua would have been none the worse, and Gainsborough much the better, by a more frequent collision. But somehow, though most delighted with each other's converse, and each held high in the other's esteem, though different in manner as two such public favourites and kind contemporaries could be, which made them more interesting to each other; yet they rarely met.

Reynolds was wise and sagacious; he thought deeply, and never committed himself. Gainsborough was all genius, and the impetu-

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osity of his imagination led him away. He gave utterance to all he thought. Hence the evening ebullitions of his fancy sometimes awakened morning reflections that made him frown and bite his lips. "Reynolds's gravity savoured of stiffness to the mind of Tom, (said Garrick,) but he loved him better than he thought." And we have only to advert to the last interview between these two distinguished painters, to be satisfied that Gainsborough thought much higher of Reynolds's esteem than he had chosen to acknowledge.

Well do I remember passing a day with these two fathers of the English school, in company with Garrick and Sterne, Caleb Whiteford, and Mr. Harry Bunbury, at the foot of Hampstead Heath. It was on a fourth of June, and we set off betimes under a bright sky. Aurora never opened the gates of Heaven to a more celestial morn. The furze and broom were in full blossom, and the heath appeared burnished with gold.

The party had supped at Garrick's the evening before, when it was proposed that we should muster the next day at the apartments

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of Mr. Bunbury in St. James's Street, from his windows to see the fine ladies go to Court. "What say you, Reynolds, hey?" said Garrick, patting him on the shoulder, knowing his reluctance to sparing a day from his easel. Reynolds shook his head and smiled.

"Pox take it," said Garrick, "you will be rich with a vengeance before your neighbours be out of debt. Do you not know that he that labours himself to death, by the laws of Lycurgus, or Solon, or Sancho Panza, or some other great legislator, was condemned to be buried under a gibbet? Now give us a day, thou *son of Nun*, — give us a day thou Joshua, and let the sun of thy industry stand still, and leave the other great luminary to go on with the work of creation."

"Come, Davy, do *you* not be profane," said Sterne.

"Pot and kettle," replied Garrick.

"Aye! smutty kettle," said Gainsborough. This created a loud laugh at poor Sterne's expense — Master Lawrence knew why.

"Do slip from the collar, and cheat Apollo out of one morning's drudgery," said Garrick,

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" and make one of our idle party; and then we will return and finish the day on the terrace. Come, say yes, and you shall chuse your dinner; and that is a privilege I would not grant to every one with such an *insatiable, never-resting palette* as your's. Remember, Joshua, you have *limned* one generation of beauties, so come and pick and chuse from among the fair daughters of these charmers. You have made all the *mothers* your own, and now you must *canvas* the daughters."

" Ah?" said Sterne, " what an enviable trade is this said old bachelor Reynolds's, to be closeted for ever with beauty. We shall have a fine show of new-blown sylphs to-morrow, displaying their soft lily-white bosoms to the gaze of the king. I wonder how Queen *Charlotte* feels upon these occasions?"

" Why, if the king's imagination was impure as thine, master Shandy," said Garrick, *Queen Charlotte* might smile through her tears. Or if Reynolds peered at nature through your wanton eyes, many a husband might hang his hat upon his own antlers. What a wicked dog of a parson thou art, Lawrence! Had you

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flourished a century back, King Charles would have hunted out some old mitre from Oliver's lumber room, to be altered for thy clerical sconce."

"King Charles was a wit, and knew how to patronize merit, and that is more than can be said of every king," said Sterne.

"And King George knows how to reward virtue," said Garrick, "and that argues no bad taste — hey, master Lawrence?

"Granted," replied Sterne, with a satirical smile; "His Majesty clapped your Othello! hey, master Davy?

"That evinces the King's *charity*, at any rate," said Garrick, with great good-humour.

This, by the way, had been a sore subject with Roscius, who played that character too long, even against the advice of his friends. Ridicule, however, which can sometimes effect more than sober admonition, showed Garrick his error; for a wag* in the pit comparing his appearance to Hogarth's *Blackey* with the tea-

* This admirable hit originated with Quin.

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kettle, he played the character no more. Not long after he had left the stage, his good sense fairly opened his eyes to the aptness of the witty conceit, for on turning over his own choice folio of Hogarth's prints, to explain some obscurity in a political caricature to young Bunbury, and coming to the second subject in the Hârlot's Progress, he burst into a fit of laughter, and exclaimed, as he pounced upon the astounded little mungo, "*Faith, it is devilish like!*"

"Well! say, Reynolds, once more I ask, will you make one of us to-morrow, and *take a squinney* through your *magical chromatics* at this new summer stock of *carnations?*—[the old technical phrase for flesh colour.]—Sterne, who cracks himself a connoisseur, roundly swears, and we shall see if his dictum be orthodox—he swears by Jupiter, that the mothers in their prime were the superior deesses. *Tom of Gainsbro'* too fancies himself, limner-like, a consummate judge of this new maiden ware. He will be hovering about the old Palace Gate, another Acteon."

"Not I," said Gainsborough. "Devil take the witches—I'll be charmed no more with their

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fascinations; 'tis like gazing at the sun, and deranges one's optics so, that one is blinded for awhile. Such a glittering*—ten mile long—everlasting chain of beauty—dragging one's imagination after it link by link, is more than flesh and blood can bear. It makes me somehow so melancholy, I could go *hang myself* all o' one side, and sing it like poor Barbara."

"Faith, such romantic chaps had better stay at home," said Garrick, accompanying the observation with a slap on Gainsborough's thigh, who was not at that moment in his usual spirits. "What! if I had been made of such moody, melting stuff, I had been wasted to the socket, years ago."

"Yes, by the lord! Davy, I have often thought when I have beheld so many bright eyes concentrating their admiring rays upon

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* It was a most gratifying sight, to behold the long cavalcade of fine horses, splendid new carriages, and countless sedans, attended with retinues of servants in full dress liveries, in one incessant line for hours, on the way to St. James's, on the fourth of June.

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your marble phiz, if you had not been a perfect salamander, you had verily been consumed, and swept away with the orange peel, a cinder, from the stage."

"Nonsense, Tom! you would have become a salamander too had you been drilled into an actor; it is all nothing, after a time."

"Never, never, Davy!" replied Gainsborough, "I have been fifty thousand times over head and ears in love with all the pretty women that I ever painted—absolutely bewitched and becrazed out of my senses!"

"What would you have done had you been stage-struck with many another statute vagabond like myself?" said Garrick, laughing.

"Done!" replied Gainsborough—"why, have roared out like the Moor, '*Whip me, ye devils, from the possession of this heavenly sight,*'—flown off the stage all in a blaze, upset the prompter, and, rushing down Dirty Lane, leaped headlong off the wharf, *to put myself out* in the Thames!"

"Hey! my worthy Tom o' Bedlam! what, make thy *exit* with a *hiss!*"

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CHAPTER XIV.

EXCURSION TO HAMPSTEAD.

Sir Joshua at length was prevailed upon to make an idle day; when Gainsborough observed —"No, no; Reynolds has already entered into an engagement with me, that the next time he played the truant, it should be to take a trip to Hampstead; so *let him look to his bond.* No, no, Reynolds; you see young faces enough at home, or the devil's in't; 'tis no new sight to you. Let us go and pay court to the face of old dame Nature, unsophisticate of art. The old duchess is now wrapped in her robe of green, newly dyed, and I am for Hampstead; so who holds up hands for old dame Nature, against the Court?"

Whether it was to humour the enthusiast, or whether it might not arise from the same feeling which operated on my choice, namely, the

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desire to hear the remarks of two such rare geniuses, in a ramble amidst the wild scenery of the heath, the show of hands favoured the country excursion; and having arranged our campaign, we parted early, that we might rise with the lark. But man's resolves are sometimes "*weaker than a woman's tear.*" I went with Gainsborough to his door, and was tempted to go in. "Only for five minutes," said the seducer; but as poor Fischer used so say — "*O! mine fader Gainsboro', all his chairs have pitch.*" True it is, that when once seated under his spell, it was no easy matter to rise again: so we sat and gossiped on till one hour past midnight, and had to awake at five.

Gainsborough never went to his dormitory, as I have heard his good lady say, until he had been to his nursery to see that all was safe. This, by the way, was his painting-room, so dubbed by the said humourist, Master Fischer; Mrs. Fischer, too, has often smiled at the mental absence of her husband, and papa. Fischer, the celebrated performer on the hoboe, and favourite of the king, married a fair daughter of the painter's; and the two enthusiasts some-

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times left their spouses, mamma and daughter, each to sleep away more than half the night alone. For one would get at his flageolet, which he played delightfully, and the other at his viol de gamba, and have such an inveterate set-to, that, as Mrs. Gainsborough said, a gang of robbers might have stripped the house, and set it on fire to boot, and the gentlemen been never the wiser. "In truth, I never met with fellows that, like them, lost all reckoning of time, when timing it to their *cat-gut* and *tootle-too*," said Caleb Whiteford, "saving and excepting an old turbaned Turk, who used to sit in the mud, poor devil, and *tootle-too* on a miserable little organ, once for a whole afternoon and night, which would have agonized one of your sentimentalists to have heard, it *tootle-tooed* so *asthmatically*."

The story was this—(verily I remember the poor old soul myself):—Fancy a tall, spare, venerable Turk, with a countenance of extreme benignity, squatted on the edge of the pavement, grinding a little organ of his own manufacturing. Its airs and melodies, which were past comprehension, resembled a congregation of

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cuckoo-clocks and children's whistles, aiming in concert to fabricate a tune, impelled by the agency of some bungler magician, who was no musician.

"This artless old soul," said Caleb, "got but little encouragement; but he never complained. He was grateful, however, for what he *did* get, and would grind you a full hour for a penny-piece. He never shifted his position, winter or summer, in sunshine or in rain. When once he had squatted, there he remained, like Patience in a puddle, smiling at Fate, until he was dismissed, or till his hour was accomplished.

"Think then what he must have felt, you that have hearts to feel," said Caleb, "when one day he received from the Marquis del Campo —aye, think what he must have felt, when he received from the hands of his Excellency [he was the Spanish Ambassador] a shining golden guinea!

"The Marquis resided in Great Marlborough Street; at the back of his house was a mews; thither his Excellency went at noon, to see some newly-purchased horses,—when lo, he be-

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held the old Mahometan playing to the grooms. Struck with his miserable appearance, he gave him a guinea, and stood awhile musing at his plight. He was a most benevolent nobleman.

" His Excellency went out, appeared at court, and at a round of routs and balls — returned home the next morning long after the break of day, and went to bed. He bore to his pillow the image of the aged Turk, and fancied he still heard his piteous *tootle-too.* ' This is no vision,' said he, and opened his chamber-window, which looked down the garden towards the mews. He rung the bell for his valet, sent him to see, and sure enough there sat the Turk, labouring away, first with the right hand, and then with the left, gratefully grinding in pious constancy; when the Ambassador, moved by compassion, arose from his bed, and with another guinea dismissed the old man himself.

" Fischer, Gainsborough, and old Tootle-too," said the merry Caleb, " were the three veriest Turks at an everlasting musical set-to, that stand on the records of historical fact."

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But what detained me so long at my old friend Gainsborough's was, his swearing I should not depart until I had seen a new subject for his favourite show-box; the most amusing collection of transparencies that mortal ever conceived. He called for his lamp; and Caleb Whiteford, whom I found there entertaining the ladies with his lively chat, knowing the trim and contrivance of the ingenious machine, acted as deputy-showman. Gainsborough, possessed with a new thought, late as it was, (for he was no slave to time,) set his palette, and began to touch up a moonlight, with gipsies over a blazing fire, dashing it in with magical effect. I was deputed candle-holder, standing like King William to his favourite red-hot Schalken, the night-painter, with the wax guttering over my hands, and the waggish painter laughing in his sleeve. Luckily, in his impetuosity to finish the piece, he knocked the candle out of my hand; and whilst he went to call for another, Caleb and I made our escape, with Gainsborough at our heels, rating us as two sleepy dogs, who had not energy sufficient to hold a farthing candle to illuminate a new chaos.

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We assembled at Garrick's*, according to agreement, and found his chariot already at the door. Gainsborough had invited Caleb Whiteford, who was arrived. Reynolds drew up as St. Paul's struck six, which we heard from the Thames; we were all punctual to the minute, excepting Mr. Bunbury, who was a quarter of an hour after his time, "which must be excused," said Sir Joshua, with his accustomed good-nature: for Garrick began to fidget and pull out his watch ten times in a minute, as he heard his impatient horses paw the ground. "Consider, consider, my friend Davy," said Reynolds, "we are waiting for a young man of fashion, whose movements are neither controlled by parish clock nor prompter's bell." Bunbury at length appeared, fresh from the toilette. His elegant manners graced an apology for being beyond his time; *when all was right*, as the post-boys say, and off we set, one of the gayest cockney parties that ever stole a march beyond the reach of city smoke. The man of fashion drove his

* Garrick had now taken possession of his new house on the Adelphi Terrace.

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phaeton, so that together our cavalcade made a figure on the road.

I was accommodated in Garrick's vehicle, with the mirth-inspiring Caleb Whiteford, who made us laugh a dozen times at least before we reached the top of Southampton Street. Sterne was seated by the side of Sir Joshua, and Gainsborough mounted the phaeton with Mr. Bunbury, that he might, to use his own words, behold the butterflowers and the daisies, and the summer-houses and hay-cocks.

"Aye!" said Garrick, "and the weather-cocks, and all the other cocks and hens."

"Not forgetting *King Jaimmie's Cheeken Hoose*," added Caleb, feigning the broad Scottish brogue, "where majesty hatched so many *clavers* to scare the good people of Hampstead."

And that is gone too, that pretty relique of antiquity; for lately I looked for it on my favourite hill, and found but a remnant left; with its picturesque old gable*, buttressed up by

* What remains of this ancient building, is shut out from view, by some lately erected huts, that are a discredit to the town of Hampstead.

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chimneys, that had once smoked to furnish forth many a social feast for good King Jamie. But more of this anon; for I am determined, gentle reader, to prose awhile of Hampstead and its Heath.

"They are planning some noble streets and squares out yonder," said Bunbury, pulling up and pointing across towards Mary-le-bone with his whip, as we passed the old Adam and Eve.

"Confound them," said Garrick, who had once been nearly drawn into a desperate building speculation; "I wonder where these mad fellows intend to carry the town, tempting strangers here. Why, as old Child said an hundred years ago, the head is growing too big for the body. What would he say, could he see it now?"

And what would thy gentle spirit say, dear David, could it behold its present magnificence; although it *binna finished yet*, as the honest countryman observed in a late visit to Lunnun?

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CHAPTER XV.

CALEB WHITEFORD AND THE THRUM MOP.

"Of all the wits I ever knew, the most impudent dog, who really was *not* an impudent dog, was this said master Caleb Whiteford," observed one of his oldest cronies, whom I lately met taking his forenoon-hobble, as he termed it, round the basin at Constitution Hill;—'tis but a step from his house in Clarges Street.

"It is not uncommon, look you, mister Hardcastle," said he, "to meet with a man of a certain bulk, who carries a portly corporation, who wears a jocular, round, rosy face, particularly if he have a light brow, and white lashes to his eye: It is not uncommon with such a one, to say *all what he thinks*—and to be tolerated for *all what he says*—aye! even in good society—and by the very ladies too, yea! even by pretty misses, not yet *come out*. Perhaps the

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highest, the most finished order of this Momus-like being, was my honoured friend the old Lord Guildford. — Sir, he was *unique* — he was *delectable*. But — a *wight* thin as you — or I, friend Ephraim, take the world as it wags, though he were droll as *Scarron*, easy as *La Fontaine*, and witty as *Cervantes*, would he dare to trespass o'er the verge of decorum by innuendo, inference, little playfulness, or what not, and escape?—No, sir! no more than if he opened the side-board drawer, and pocketed the silver forks. No, sir! a man must look a Falstaff! have a double chin and a laughing eye! It is only on the outer covering — the *funny-fat*, that good-breeding, touching such liberties, consents to hang the badge of license."

"Yet, spite of this necessity for *bulk* to cover *saucy* wit; Caleb, no fatter than a half-starved stote, and visaged sharp as a '*prick-eared cur of Iceland*,' *said as he thought*, and *did what he pleased*; the merry wag made others fat, the rogue, with laughter, and laughed his own flesh away. Faith, I remember *Lib*—for so we dubbed him—we were at school together; yes! I remember *Lib* making the master laugh and

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drop the strap; and once — O what a joyous day was that! — so little things of early days chase present thoughts, big with events, away! Aye — I have this day, odd enough, finished my eightieth year — and laugh — laugh — laughed, he, he — ha, ha, ha — at a frolic of his that happened before King George was king, — ha, ha, — he, he, he!" wiping a tear of mirth from one eye, and one of affection from the other — which, worthy man, was almost dark. "Yes! the audacious dog — I think I see him now, with his lively grey eye fixed on old scaretruant all askance, uttering his playful grumblings, till the good preceptor laughed ready to burst his sides. He, he — ha, ha, ha! Did'st never hear me tell it, Hardcastle? 'twas was all about a new *thrum mop*, —" and then the old gentleman *mopped* his eyes again.

Our story was broken off suddenly, for it began to spit with rain, in sympathy, perhaps, with us two garrulous old men; for verily I laughed too until I cried. — We spread our umbrellas, gave each other the good morrow, and went our respective ways. Mercy! how old acquaintances drop off: he, too, I hear,

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has since knocked at that dread door, which, once entered, is closed upon you for ever! I had heard the tale before; and, odd enough, by way of coincidence, for though losing it now from the lips of the original relator, through a *sprinkling of rain*, I had previously got it *second-hand* by favour of a *thunder-shower*, and that many years ago, under the shelter of Vanhagen's shop, facing the north gate of St. Paul's.

This Vanhagen, would you know, was the famous fat pastry-cook, who a long while kept the confectioner's on that spot, where perchance you, courteous reader, have taken *ice*, and may *again, if ice* again appears!* He, this said old Van, was a great joker in his way; and it was only last week, when hunting for something *'very remote to he,'* that I found the caricature of the hero of the rolling-pin, under the title of the *Soldier tired of War's Alarms!* He had held a commission in the *Train Bands*—a corps, for why I cannot bring to mind, that was the ever-

* There was no frost in the winter of this year. Hence *ice* was imported in the summer of 1822, from the Baltic!

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lasting *butt* whereat for wit and ridicule to aim the shaft.

The story then was this — since I am in a story-telling mood — grant me thy patience, reader — then, and it be thy pleasure, we will return to Hampstead, and have a further *cose* at the Bull and Bush.

Caleb's schoolmaster was a humourist, and purchased all his rods, like old John Dick of Covent Garden, at a *pickle-shop* hard by, and in the shape and make of *new birch brooms.* This is a fact; and so have I heard did Thomas Dilworth, hight of Deptford, the schoolmaster so far famed! From these infernal brooms, worse than old witches crossed, they used to cull your long and springy birch, of which they fabricated such rods as made your culprits tremble.

Old Dick returned *his* sticks, as we do bottles when we recruit our stock of wine, and had allowance. Dilworth, I'm told, had a garden; thither he consigned his sticks to train the scarlet-beans. But Caleb's schoolmaster, loyal soul! reserved his *broom-sticks* for the Fifth of November, and gave them, all fastened together

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with a thong, a notable bundle, like the Roman lictors' fasces, to help to burn, in ragged miserable effigy, old Guy, and his papa, no better clad, the Pope of Rome!

There was a custom, horrible to tell! in Scotland; once, when blood was to be spilled, to bring to the festive board a *raw bull's head*, and set it in a dish before the wretched victim who was doomed to die!

Scarcely less scared was he, the youth at Caleb's school, who having truant played or orchard robbed, when he beheld brought in, a bran-span-new birch-broom!

When things went very wrong, sometimes the potent monarch of the school would send the culprits, one by one, to the dark repository, to fetch each a broom, from which he was commanded to tear out the knotty sprigs, and bind up his own instrument of punishment. "Fetch me that thing," quoth he (for the old gentleman at these awful times would speak in parables)—"Fetch me that foul instrument," quoth he, "which servants use to sweep and clean corruption quite away from human sight, and each of you shall bind a rod, in presence of our majesty,

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such as your conscience shall suit unto the measure of your crimes."

It happened that the stock was just exhausted. To make the matter still more solemn, he caused each culprit to send a written order to the pickle-shop, and seal it with black wax, and wait without until the messenger returned. Then each was marshalled by loud command, and ordered to come forth, bearing the ensign of disgrace. Eight unhappy wights crawled in, with downcast looks, each with a broom. Caleb brought up the rear, shouldering a new *thrum mop*, looking as bold as brass; he was the youngest of the group.

"What's this I do behold?" quoth the schoolmaster, staring with surprise; "is it thus you dare mock me, urchin?"

"No, sir," said Caleb, standing with his broom as soldiers were wont to rest a pike, the other arm resting on his hip; "I take you at your word, and chuse my rod from this, such as my conscience measures to my crime," quoting at the same time, without altering a muscle of his roguish face—"now, your majesty, clean corruption quite away from human sight, and give us a *good thrumming!*"

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"Where is *your besom*, sir?" said the schoolmaster, struggling to keep his countenance.

"I trucked it with a *witch* for this thrum mop," patting its woolly head; "and it has a charm to hold us harmless."

It was a magical charm, indeed! for the worthy schoolmaster laughed so heartily, so out of all decency, in fact, that the ushers *politically* begged a half holiday for the whole school, to save his majesty's reputation; and thus they escaped a thrumming!

Caleb's ready wit, which began thus early, and continued so late, prompted him to take due advantage of his master's *dramatic humour*; and instead of sending for a birch-broom, he wrote an order for a *best thrum mop*, and desired it, at a venture, to be put down to the *separate account of mistress.*

"I verily believe," said George Stevens, who told me this in Vanhagen's shop, and we all know what a curious nose he had for hunting out derivations — "I do verily believe we may here trace the origin of the common threat, *I will give you a good* THRUMMING!"

Yet this has escaped the research of Johnson's daily hunt, and even the inquisitive nocturnal

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lamp, otherwise *lucubrations*, of the learned and right worthy chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury. But lexicographing, like other mental pursuits, like memory to-wit, routs out things remote, when things present staring us in the face cannot be laid hold of. So the butcher, dreaming of love, perhaps, as he was skinning a lamb, cried out for a light, when, *mirabile dictu*, a short six was blazing and guttering in the front of his hat!

So much for Caleb's *thrum-mop*. But this is nothing to his tale of HURLO-THRUMBO, which made such a special noise some thirty-five years ago, which I would relate with all my heart, only that at this rate we shall never get back to Hampstead.

He was a choice fellow, that wight who told his story of a GUN, — who though he had worked it as hatters o'er a trough work at a felt; namely, up to a point, then down again into a hole, then round about, like a maze, in and out, in all manner of shapes, until it had become intolerable and of no shape at all, and yet contrived to tell it still.

Once, some stranger was bidden to this *story-*

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teller's board, for he was hospitable; when, ere they took their seats, one and then another old crony of the maker of the feast, whispered in the stranger's ear — Do not, as you love your life, drop a word of racing — hunting — fishing — nor of *shooting* above all, or you will be *bored* to death by our worthy host, with *a story of a gun*, 'twill last all night! "Shoot *me* if I do," replied the stranger; "for as the honest German said to King George — Long stories, and *bleaze* your majesty, *is my antipathy!*"

Guarded the stranger was, and so were all. Long went the bottle round; the song, the joke, the pun and repartee; but not a word of horn or hound, of fishing-rod, of powder, shot, or aught that led to poniard, dagger, sword or spear — or GUN.

"Wherever there's a will there's a way." So says the old adage. — "Hark!" exclaimed the host. "Hark at what?" said his old friends. "There again! did you not hear a gun go off?" "Pshaw!" said one. "Pho! pho!" said another. "Nonsense!" cried a third, and the matter seemed at rest.

"But perhaps *you* might have heard it, sir?"

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quoth he to the stranger, with a look that seemed to beg acquiescence. "Not I, Sir — no, Sir — upon my soul!" "That's strange!" replied the worthy host, not a whit discomfited; so laying his hand kindly on his arm, he lighted another pipe and began — "but since we are upon the subject — I WILL TELL YOU A STORY OF A GUN!"

But what was that compared to HURLO-THRUMBO!

In Carlton House there is a picture, I think it is by Greuse. It is not counted a first-rate, touching colour and effect — but for expression, and that's something, it is verily a master-piece.

A mother in an humble cot is sitting with two children, one a mere baby lying in her lap, the sweet rose of slumber tinting its infant cheek; the other a fine chubby boy, with rosy health boldly painted on his, who, spell-bound, unhappy little rogue, listlessly swings on the back of her chair.

Though not so classic in design as *Caracci*'s famed composition, yet it is pure artless nature, and worthy the same appropriate title, SILENCE!

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She is holding her finger to her mouth, and whispering that persecuting word to her restless, romping boy — HUSH! who has a tempting whistle in his hand, which seeks conjunction with his pouting lips.*

Not stronger is the urchin's wayward will to blow his penny-pipe, than mine to tell the tale of HURLO-THRUMBO! Would I could put it to the vote — one casting voice of *yea!* against minority in *nay!* and as the gossips say, "*Then, I would up and tell.*" But, no! the Fates will have it so! that men shall write by rule — no digressions, beyond the little gaps that here and there upon the road to rhetoric afford a peep of what's-a-t'other side the hedge. So, —

"Here's gang up the hill agen,
To ken their bonny faces."

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* This picture is described from distant recollection. I now remember that there are three children in the piece — one just fallen asleep at the breast, another sleeping in a chair, and the boy with the whistle.

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE BULL AND BUSH.

"WHAT a delightful little snuggery is this said Bull and Bush," observed Gainsborough, as he poured the new milk into his breakfast-cup. "Faith! there is cream upon't, a *pæthænomon* we Cockneys seldom behold."

"That's a new sort of Greek," said Garrick —"what, and is that too from your Fowler's Lexicon?"

"It is, my Davy-boy."—Now this Fowler * was an honest old tailor, whom Gainsborough

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* Gainsborough occasionally made sketches from old Fowler, who had a picturesque countenance, and silver-grey locks. On the chimney-piece of his painting-room, among other curiosities, was a beautiful preparation of an infant *cranium*, presented to the painter by his old friend surgeon Cruikshanks. Fowler, without moving his position, continually peered at it askance, with inquisitive eye. "Ah! master Fowler," said the painter; "that is

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patronised, one of the oddest fish of all whom he employed, and many a comical wight he did employ, for if a shopkeeper, mechanic, or handicraft, had any eccentricity or singularity about him, and was honest and obliging withal, he became that man's patron. In that he resembled Hogarth. This Fowler, who lived in Seven Dials, was recommended by Garrick; he had been employed for the stage wardrobe, and carried about with him a vocabulary of his own, so perfectly unique, that Gainsborough, who was the greatest mad-cap of his day, used to intersperse his conversation with old Fowler's choicest phrases. Indeed, such were the occa-

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a mighty curiosity." "What might it be, sir, if I might be so bold?" — "A *whale's eye*," replied Gainsborough.

"Oh! not so! never say so, muster Gainsborough. Laws! Sir, it is a little child's skull!"

"You have hit upon it," said the wag. "Why, Fowler, you are a witch! But, what will you think, when I tell you, that it is the skull of *Julius Cæsar* when he was a little boy?"

"Good laws!" exclaimed Fowler; "what a *pæthænomon!*" (phenomenon.)

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sional ebullitions of his spirits — such his aberrations from the sober decorum of conversation, that strangers not unfrequently thought him beside his wits. " Indeed his cranium is so crammed with genius of every kind," said Garrick, " that it is in danger of bursting upon you, like a steam-engine overcharged, which, were it duly regulated, its powers would be as great:" adding, " Poor Tom ! storm or gentle breeze, he never takes in sail, but is always before the wind with his sky-scrapers."

" And what a table-cloth," said Gainsborough, — " damask — Dutch damask, by the Lord — bright as the geese that flap their white wings there upon the heath. What a nosegay ! washed in a spring and dried on a gooseberry-bush—smell it, Davy—damme, it is a better provocative than a barrel of *Colchester natives !* upon my soul, Sterne." — " More expletives," said Laurence — " why, you reprobate, you cannot utter ten sentences without an oath."

" Thank you," said he, putting a large piece of roll in his mouth — " thank ye, *Parson Pure.* — Well, then, upon my conscience — Lord, how mawkish — upon my" — Sterne put his

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hand before his mouth — "Upon — upon," — pushing his arm away — "out it must come — upon my soul, Davy, you are a man of feeling; but as for this sentimental impostor—Davy, is not this little inn an epitome of the island — every thing fitting, every thing good, every thing as it ought to be — a pattern for every region of this *terryostical* globe?"

"Thou art a terryostical goose," said Sterne. — "By and by, mark me, Reynolds, something will go wrong, and then 'twill be, *confound* this said England, and all that appertaineth thereunto."

"Look you there — what a flock of them — (opportunely some twenty or thirty geese had taken their flight from the upper Heath towards a pond at North End) — mercy on us! — what a fright I was in!" — "Why?" said Sterne. — "I verily took them for a flight of hungry curates, in their white surplices, come to eat us up," said Gainsborough.

"Fye—fye!" said Caleb Whitefoord; "how long is it since you were at church, Tom, not to know a parson from a goose?" Sterne

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laughed most heartily—almost to suffocation, poor soul! he was so asthmatic.

"Waiter, have you any more eggs in the house?" said Gainsborough.

"Yes, sir, the cook is boiling some."

"You have a little farm here, I see," said Whitefoord.—"Pray, waiter, are these eggs of your own hatching?—I like a new-laid egg."

"No, sir," answered the waiter, rather pertly, and with a grin, "they are hatched by *master's hens.*" This was a standing repartee, ready cut and dried, and kept in store for Cockneys.

"I thought they might be yours," gravely retorted Caleb, "for I found a gosling in one of them." This converted him into a civil, obliging waiter, for the remainder of the day.

"I ask pardon for my rudeness, sir," said the poor fellow, bowing and blushing as he returned with the eggs.

"You are welcome to it," replied Caleb, laughing very good-naturedly; "we are quits."

"Do tell me, you Sir Joshua, and you other travelling luminaries, pray have they any such delectable, healthy, stomach-whetting little inns

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abroad? — As I hope to be saved, I am hungry as a winter wolf. By the powers, I am calculating upon dinner in the midst of breakfast. Let us knock up a bill of fare—Item: your dainty little white chicks, with gizzard tucked under one arm and liver under t'other —parsley and butter — did you see that double-headed parsley in the garden, Reynolds?"

"No, I did not, it escaped me."

"No, sir! why, where were your chromatics? — trees in miniature — a fairy wood, green as an emerald, and not see it! Yes, white-legged chicks and streaky bacon — Didst see the peas, Reynolds, twining up the lilliputian hop-poles?" —"I did, sir," answered Reynolds, smiling. — "O! then be thankful to the Lord for preserving your optics. That's a blessing, at any rate. What are you ruminating about, hey, friend Lawrence? — are you going to be dull because I lampooned the parsons, man? — come, give me thy hand. No, Sterne, God forbid I should speak disrespectfully of your cloth. I love a parson next to painting — that's gospel. I never set my foot in a parsonage house, if it be tenanted by a pious man, but I could weep.

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To see learning and science sitting beneath its humble porch, in the sacred person of a parish priest, raises my mind to holy veneration. Blessed be the ancient hands, when parcelling out this land, that did reserve its acres for the church." —" Amen!" said Sterne.

"But I should make an irreligious king, perhaps," said Gainsborough.

"Why so, Tom?" said Sterne.

"Why so! why I should make too many of you bishops."

"But your bill of fare," said Sterne; "let's have your bill of fare, Tom."

"True," replied the lively soul; "we must think of the temporalities, have due regard for the flesh — but where's the fish? That's a pretty business — '*there's the rub.*' Wheugh (whistling) — Why, Davy! did you not promise to provide a salmon? Waiter — wait-er-er-er" — elongating the sound, — "have you any idler about, any otter-nosed idler, that you can despatch to town to buy a bit of fish?"

"A cod's head and shoulders," said Garrick, who knew Tom's aversion.

"O no!" said Gainsborough, "I hate that

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slimy dish; besides — what, Davy, cod in June for men of *science*, men of *art*, Davy! — Why, journeymen house-painters at a bean-feast would spurn cod in June. No; let's have a turbot, Davy — a dainty turbot, and lobsters with springy tails."

"Make yourself easy, Tom," said Garrick; "I wonder you, with your otter's nose, had not smelt fish in the boot. Old Dick Toms, true to his word, packed up a Thames salmon" — Gainsborough rubbed his hands — "and a brace of small turbot." — Gainsborough smacked his lips — "And cock-tail lobsters too, Davy?" — "Yes, you cormorant," said Garrick.

"Bravo, Davy! — When misers make a feast, it is always so. What say you to a green goose, and some of the landlord's peas — all fresh, with the bloom upon them. What a delectable sight to see pretty maiden fingers shelling of pease — it's so summer-ish! O that I were a pea, a marrow-fat, between the dimpled fingers of mine host-his wife!" — mimicking Garrick's Romeo.

"O that I were a cudgel to break thy silly pate," said Garrick. — "Do cut me another

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slice of ham, Davy; — deuce take it, why one would take you for an Israelite, you cuddle that swine's flesh so carefully. Come, come, a little thicker, See, gentlemen, what a niggard 'tis — a mere Jonathan Tyers — a Vauxhall-er, thin as leaf-gold. Gods! one would think you were peeling your own flesh — 'twas almost out (whispering), — or carving *your own* ham!"

"There, will that do — Simon Lock?" said Garrick.

"And who was he?"

"Why, one that old Sam Johnson knew, who ate his wits away; a fellow who fed with two spoons, and wept because he could not swallow faster."

"If every age improves, what a Simon that fellow Master Simons's grandfather must have been," said Gainsborough. "Though there be greater fools than he. Poor Simon *knew* what *he* wept for; some fellows weep they *know not* for what. But I hate the taste of the knife; so one more delicate slice, Davy. This is a very delicious ham. — What, was this hog of your own curing, waiter?" — "Yes, Sir."

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"Killed first, and cured afterwards, hey?" — "Yes, Sir."

"Aye, very good — that must have been an Irish invention."

"You must be *killed first*, by the Lord, to be *cured* of your Tom-fooleries," said Garrick.

"What breed are your hogs — Chinese, hey, waiter?" said Garrick. — "Yes, Sir."

"Faith I'm just in the humour now," continued Tom, "to *kill* and *cure* one of your Chinese well-fed copper-coloured Mandarins, or a fat fair she Mandarin, better still — they have such pretty little peeping, piggish, as much as to say *Come-kill-me* eyes!"

"Well, in the name of all that's wild, what next, Tom-o'-Bedlam!" said Garrick, laughing most boisterously — which we chorussed.

"What next! why (singing right humourously,) we'd hang him up o' the chimney top, and smoke him into bacon. — Come boys, chorus bacon! — We'd hang her up in the chimney top, and smoke *her too* into bacon."

"What pity 'tis that court fools are out of date," said Garrick. "By Jupiter, Tom, you

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would have out-fooled Will Somers, Archey, Muckle-John, and all the Patches that ever wore the party-coloured livery."

"And I were, I'd not spare the rogues; (then spouted) *Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.*" When suddenly turning grave, he added, "Yes, Davy! *I am even the natural fool of fortune*, as thy master Shakspeare says, for I have quitted my darling profession, left the woods and groves, to stew myself in an elegant carpeted damn'd dungeon, with *two* windows *shut*, and *one half open*, to paint *fools' heads!*"

Poor Gainsborough! — he was constantly regretting that imperious fate had compelled him to relinquish the study of landscape for portrait painting. "The sight of the green fields," as Garrick once observed with great emotion, "always awakened Tom's affection for his first love!"

Yes, poor Gainsborough! — he verily died an enthusiast. — "We are all going to Heaven," said he, "and Vandyck is one of the party!" [Vide Sir Joshua Reynold's Lectures.]

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CHAPTER XVII.

A PEEP OUT AT WINDOW.

"Do you not think the old *sarpent* some day, in a fit of ill-humour, invented portrait-painting, Reynolds?" said Gainsborough, starting from a short reverie.

"Why so, Sir?" answered Sir Joshua.

"Why, to torment and tease us artists — Yes, it was a newly-invented torment, begotten in spleen, brooded in spite, and whelped in fury!"

"Come, eat your toast and butter," said Garrick, "and be thankful, man."

"Why, Tom, surely you have not done!" said Sterne.

"I *have*," replied Gainsborough, laying down his knife and fork, folding his napkin, and pushing away his plate — "I never think of this perplexing devil-ment, but I lose my appetite."

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Ting-ting-ting-ting-ting-a-ring — "O YES, This is to give notice ——" The beadle of Hendon was under the window, crying some strayed Hampstead hogs.

"There, Tom! — hark!" said Garrick; "the bellman is *crying* your lost appetite."

"I would not give a cherry-stone to redeem it," said Gainsborough, lolling back in his elbow-chair, with his hands o'er his head, the fingers locked in each other, nicely *dove-tailed*, as Garrick used to say — it was a favourite position of the painter's, when he was musing.

"What!" said Whitefoord, "lost your appetite, my most noble!" as he turned round with a spy-glass from looking out at another window. "Mercy on that colony of gipsies there! — if they have picked it up, they must send their brats supperless to bed, or boil a bigger pot."

"Hey! what, Caleb! Gipsies — where?" jumping up, and seizing the telescope — "My Heaven, how precious! I'll be among you! — Yes! this is worth a day's march. What a delectable group! — Look, Sir Joshua, look, be quick — you can feel the thing!"

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"Delightful group!" said Garrick—"Phaugh! a nest of ragged dæmons — and look at the little imps. Egad! they have been changing garb with the gibbeted murderers on Finchley Common, or robbing honest men's gardens of scare-crows — those who are not stark-naked. Why, look you there, Sterne — shame upon it — there's a girl, surely sixteen, without a petticoat to cover her filthy tawny skin."

"That's the charm on't," said Gainsborough, clapping his hands in extacy — "that's the charm, Davy — that's the true PICTURESQUE!"

"O the darling, dainty drabs — your *true* '*ditch delivered by a drab*,' that your Shakespeare meant," said Caleb Whitefoord. "Do pray, Mister Garrick, put down the window — they will taint the air. I have a horror of these wretches — they are not human."

"And I have a rooted antipathy to them," said Garrick, — "even from my childhood. But I do believe they were rather more preternatural in those days than now — what say you, Tom?"

"Antipathy!" said Gainsborough, "I would live with them — die with them! That Bam-

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fylde Moore Carew was a man of taste — a gentleman born, too — He was king of the nut-brown maids."

"*Live* among the starving wretches!" said Whitefoord, lifting up his hands and raising his eyes — "*Mark you this*" — *Live!* — four eggs, all new laid — a pound of delicate ham at least — as many cups of tea, strong and sweet — French rolls, quantum sufficit for four moderate stomachs — two wings of chicken, and water-cresses — a welcome guest, one of six to a roasted hedgehog, and that dainty dish only on high days and holidays!"

"Go on," said Gainsborough, laughing, "go on, '*Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite — lay by all nicety.*' Not, Caleb, that you are over nice in your catering; but '*I'll note you in my book of memory, to scourge you for this apprehension.*' So, gentlemen, adieu for awhile, whilst I go and sketch the gipsies. Reynolds, can you lend me a pencil? Faith, I came without mine. This comes of portrait-painting — confound it! Time was, ah! '*that's the sin,*' time was, when I'd as soon have rambled forth in the green fields bare breech'd, as without a pencil. No,

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you have only an empty case; so, Reynolds! I thought as much, by heaven! Twenty *painters*, and no *pencil* — twenty *parsons*, and no *prayer-book*. — Waiter — waiter — do go and ask for a lead pencil. O! here's Mister Landlord."

"What time would you please to dine, gentlemen?" said the host. "We have a fine green goose, ducks, and —

"Damn your ducks and geese!" said Gainsborough. "Have you such a thing as a black-lead pencil, or a plummet? or a red-hot poker and a board? — any thing."

"No, sir," said the host, laughing; for he knew what an eccentric being was Gainsborough, who patronized the house.

"That's improvident," said Gainsborough, softening his tone; "that is improvident, my worthy host; for, look you, with that I could conjure up ducks and geese, bucks and does, fish, flesh, and fowl, more than would fill your larder."

"But I ask pardon, sir: would they fill the belly?" said the landlord.

"Aye, friend, they fill my belly; and have

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often filled the bellies of those gentlemen, and they are no starvelings!"

"Why, yes, sir," replied the landlord, "and will again, I hope. I ask pardon — now I take you — I've heard your *drafts* (meaning his pictures) are changed into gold, and there's no filling the larder without, as the saying is; but I'll send a man and horse, a *swift one*, up to town for a pencil, and you shall have one in a few minutes."

"Up to town and back in a few minutes!" said Bunbury, *pricking his ears*. "Why, it is four miles, man! Do let me see the *horse*, Mister Landlord." Bunbury was an early connoisseur in horse-flesh — his *Jeffry Gambado* to wit.

"Sir," said the landlord, bowing and smiling, "we calls Hampstead *up town*."

"Why, what a cockney thou art, Bunbury," said Garrick. "You a man of the turf! why, our host was laughing in his sleeve."

"With all my heart," said Bunbury, laughing heartily at his own mistake; "let him, and I'll laugh in turn; for I'll send him down a caricature of himself, and he may laugh at that."

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And Bunbury kept his word. The good-humoured host enjoyed the joke, framed it, and hung it in the *bar*, where it remained for years. Bunbury, who was of an amiable sprightly temper, often visited the house*; and his salutation on seeing the landlord was always, "Well, mine host, how goes the swift one?"

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* This rural, comfortable little tavern, is still in being, and tenanted by a very obliging host. It is situated at North-End, at the bottom of a hill, five minutes' walk from the four-mile-stone upon the heath.

Those who may desire to know the history of Hampstead, may find ample gratification, on a perusal of Mr. Park's elegant volume, descriptive of this delightful village.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

A RAMBLE ON THE HEATH.

It could not fail to be a "*day of days*" with such a party. Caleb, as aforesaid, was never lacking — it was with him one continued scene of gaiety. Frank as an Hibernian, social as an Englishman, lively as a Frenchman, and trusty as a Scot — no good but he enjoyed in full, and no little evil or cross that he did not turn to good account. "O! rare! it smoothens the rough edge of disappointment to be merry," said he, "and draws the venom from the sting of ill-will: it is only your great calamities that cannot be subdued by laughter, and they must be battled by philosophy," throwing his arms about — he was all gesture. "I hate your querulous *sparks*, that fly here and there to ignite every little dormant evil into a blaze; therefore, my boys, let's be *merry and wise*."

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"It was this inveterate spirit of gaiety that got us first acquainted," said Garrick, who was many years his senior. "The young Scot waggishly said he would catch me, and, egad! he did." Garrick, indeed, was much indebted to his pen for various admirable squibs in his defence, when certain wits of the town were running the veteran actor too hard. Caleb's playful invention turned the tables upon his opponents with such admirable tact, that those who had united against their Roscius, they knew not why, began to think how much they owed him on the old score of delightful entertainment; and again righteously became his warmest admirers and steadiest friends. It was by this generous exercise of his pen, whilst yet but a young man among the wits, that many jarring interests, now forgotten, were *set to rights*; and many, who had fancied themselves neglected by each other, lived as before in *right good fellowship*.

These good, sound, old-fashioned qualities, added to his *original* license for making friends, gave him ten years advantage over his compeers, enlarged his circle; and Caleb was thus early

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admitted to the best tables, and *seated above the salt.*

Master Caleb then was a choice spirit; Gainsborough perfectly unique; Reynolds, (I would always write Sir Joshua from respect) — Reynolds interesting to the very letter of polite converse; Garrick a mirror of all that should delight; Sterne's gossip — was it not above all price? and young Bunbury, a promising disciple of that *old school*, the memory of which might well eke out another tear.

Yes! I have lately stood and mused on that still spot — upon that hill that faces the back window of our little inn, where, on a space that might be covered with our old club-carpet, once stood these worthies, snifting the pure air, and talking of the beauty of the scene. Yes! there I stood, and musing, said, "Their eyes then sparkling with the joy of friendly chat — now dim; — their bodies, now unconscious as the sand on which I tread, then watching as they did yon same eternal sun, setting resplendent, that to-morrow and to-morrow, alike mighty in resplendence, shall rise and set again."

The meadows were as green to them, and

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glittering with golden butter-cups; but not a blade of grass, nor shrub, nor bush, perhaps, existing now, of all the spreading scene their living eyes beheld!

Old trees are gone, and young grown out of knowledge. The grazing kine that animate the vale, by many generations new, yet lowing as of old. The blackbird at the same evening song; and, hark! the cuckoo, not less regarded for its homely strain; and on the nearest spray, aye! scarcely out of reach, the fearless little stranger robin, whistling familiar, like many an old acquaintance redbreast of the spot. These struck their senses then — now they are not!

"There, Reynolds!" said Gainsborough, (I think I hear him now, the enthusiast!) — "there! look along this dell! how richly wooded!" It was one of those painter-like evenings, when the declining sun threw its lengthened rays between vast islands of grey clouds seated in the mid heaven, tinging their shores as 'twere with æthereal hues, and lighting the earthly landscape beneath with enchanting variety.

"I am no friend to enclosures," said he;

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"yet this picture composes well, — yes! beautifully! intersected as it is! But the enclosures are small, and the trees group well together, — better than one usually sees from a rising ground. None but an ass would build upon a hill — unless there be hills above — unless, indeed, one could have the picture lighted up in this glorious painter-like style. Thirteen degrees of distance have I counted — all distinct. Look, Sir Joshua! how that sweep, betwixt Hendon and Mill Hill, reposes in dusky shade! What aërial perspective! how prismatic! 'tis like viewing nature through the medium of a lens. Sterne, you fabricator of feeling! — you — you — manufacturer of fiction! is there any feeling or fiction that comes up to this? What! are you dumb, Uncle Toby? Does not this scene raise your notions of the Creator? What holy work! — to paint with hand divine so gloriously for the delight of man! Man — creation's darling — all — all for him — the creature alone of intellect! — Yet, poor little creeping driveller, he would play the Creator too! Yes! it is profane to hope to paint like this."

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"Go on," said Sterne; "proceed, enthusiast, —for now thou art inspired!"

"Yes, Reynolds! Man is a little Creator too —let us do the reptile justice! Is he not made in the Image Divine? I hate to hear you churchmen prate of crawling reptiles — worms — and stuff. You, Lawrence Sterne! — Claude was a little Creator. Have you not seen some of his works? — almost — all but divine! Only a step short of the miraculous! Now is that hyperbolical, I ask you, Reynolds?"

"I have, indeed, looked on some of his compositions with astonishment," replied Sir Joshua; "wonderfully near to nature are his effects!"

"Absolute creation! — Ah! you may raise your eyes, my dear Lawrence, and think me profane, — call it by any other name, and you profane his genius; — and what! is it not to the glory of the mighty Creator, to create a being with faculties to do such deeds? Now, by that same sun — behold it, Sterne, — no, I forgot, you are not an eagle. Well, then, by that same sun that you have not grace enough to

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face — by heaven, Lawrence, how finely your face is lighted up at this moment, — do not stir! — Look, Reynolds! — Nay, turn not away; shut your eyes, Yorick; what a glowing tint! Lawrence, when you sit to me, mark, I'll paint you thus. Why, your thin visage looks like one of the glowing heads of Titian. Whip me, boy, but I never saw thy genius blaze forth like this before. Reynolds! Garrick! is it not mighty fine? I'll be sworn, the Venetians painted their portraits in blazing sun-shine. There's the glorious secret of Lionardi's richness too! What a Saint Jerome would he make! Deo volente, I'll make a saint of you, and shame the bishops."

"Well, and look at our friend Roscius, too, — how finely his visage glows! There's a subject for you, Sir Joshua," said Sterne.

"Phoo!" replied Gainsborough: "round as a dumplin, and no more expression than a barber's block."

"Thank you, for the compliment," said Garrick, smiling, and taking off his hat.

"Not at all," replied the enthusiast, rapidly, — "Not at all; you can put on expression at

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will, all Le Brun in your dressing-glass — not old mother Corneillé keeps a better stock of masks; but as for Lawrence — look upon his fine anatomical phiz!"

"Hold! now it comes again." "'Pon my life, thou holy friar, now that the light of heaven shines once more upon you — you look as you ought — the very picture of a saint. So Titian-esque, so Guido-like a subject for an *altar-piece*. Ha — ha — ha — ha — ha! Do but fancy our delectable *Mister Shandy* stuck in an ebony frame, worshipped day and night by a galaxy of sighing — pale-faced — love-stricken — coral-lipped nuns! yes! my dear Yorick! fee Pythagoras to *transmogrify* thee to an altar-piece, then for the Promethean torch, and there's a heaven for Sterne!"

"What are those old fograms about there?" said Gainsborough — "Herbarizing, good Lord! — Peeping at nature through the nether end of the glass! Well, every one to his humour. So, Reynolds, whilst we are massing together nature by wholesale, these microscopic gentoos are larding it out retail — disciples of old Leuwenhoek, making a map of the world on a

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silver penny — some F. R. S. or A. S. S., I'll be sworn."

"Yes, we be a little in the landscape way, sure enough," said Samuel Foote, who at that moment popped his head from beneath a sand-bank.

"What, my Sammy-boy, is it you?" said Gainsborough; — "why, who would have dreamt of meeting Aristophanes in this wild region?"

"Hey, what herbalizing — botanizing!" said Garrick.

"Herbarizing!" replied Foote, "yes, by the Lord, (taking out his watch,) one hour and twenty minutes have I been winding among the furzen bushes, like a *coster-monger*, after that learned A. S. S., *ali-ass* an anti-queer-i-an there, (pointing at Dr. Ducarel) — the cat's-eyed owl with his *myosurus minimus**, making me skip about, devil take him, with his *polygonum bistorta*†, when out whipped a viper, which made

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* Little mouse-tail.

† Snake-weed.

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me wish to Heaven *both** my legs had been made of *bottle-stoppers*. Next time they catch me here snake-catching, 'twill be in fisherman's boots. Hilloa! are you coming, my worthy Doctor?" Then laughing, as Garrick offered his cane to assist him up the bank — "I wish their breeches were stuffed with some of their curious *polypodium aculeatum* †, and be hanged to them, that we might find our way to a bowl of punch."

"Look! here's a rare specimen of the *sorbos domestica!*"‡ said the Doctor to Foote, not regarding the other gentlemen. — "Very pretty, no doubt, Doctor," said he, quite out of breath; "but I must take off my *scutillaria minor*," taking off his wig and wiping his cranium. "I am verily in search of a better

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* Foote had a cork leg, which he facetiously used to call by an hundred comical names, as the humour served.

† Prickly polypody.

‡ The true service-tree.—All these and many more curious plants growing on the heath.

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specimen of your sorbus domestica, in the shape of the old *Bull and Bush.*"

"How do you do, Doctor?" said Sterne. "Why, that's Burlington Harry*, (Henry Flitcroft) sure, trudging up the path; what, is he going to turn virtuoso, Doctor?"

"Why, Doctor, you are not going to make him a member of your learned body, sure, for building that brick church, and you a learned priest!" said Garrick.

"There was a time," said Foote, entering into the spirit of the party at once—"there was a time when *Old Scratch*† used to carry stones up high hills to build chapels. Now, if

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* So nic-named at the Board of Works. He had been a carpenter; but from an accident in falling from a scaffold at the celebrated Lord Burlington's, he obtained the notice of that nobleman, by whose patronage, and his own merits, he became an architect of great celebrity, and acquired wealth.

† This idle superstition relates to many churches built upon heights, which the Old Enemy was said to have placed there, to fatigue the pious in their approach to the house of worship.

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he is out of employment, I wish he would busy himself in carrying them down again."

"Come, come, do not be too hard upon my worthy friend," said Dr. Ducarel; "he had no voice in the business—it was a subscription affair, raised entirely by the piety of the parish, and out of a very limited fund. 'Tis a notable monument of a cockney church*, I own; but Time, which improves pictures with its sober hues, as you know, Mr. Gainsborough, will cover it in due season with hoary age."

"No," said Gainsborough, "your true Rhenish improves with age; but a bad picture will never become a good one, though Time work at it double tides. And if Hampstead church should stand on Hampstead Hill, 'till

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* On the site of this unpicturesque building stood a little rural church, which being in a ruinous state, was pulled down about the year 1745, when the present church was erected by Henry Flitcroft, then surveyor-general, or holding some superior appointment in the Board of Works.

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all the colours fade in the rainbow—it will never become picturesque."

"How d'ye do, gentlemen?" said the architect, as he came up to the group—he was a formal, good kind of man—"How d'ye do, Mister Garrick!—O, and the reverend Mister Sterne, too!—Sir Joshua Reynolds, your most obedient humble servant—How do you do, Mister Gainsborough?"—bowing to the others, whom he did not know. "What, gentlemen, viewing our fine scenery this fine evening?—Aye, Mister Gainsborough, this must be just to your satisfaction,—I—I envy you gentlemen your powers of the painting-brush—Yes, indeed! you must enjoy this scenery superior to us, who know nothing of these matters. A very pretty picture this, indeed—very pretty. What do you think of my church, Mister Gainsborough, as viewed in perspective from Primrose Hill? I'm assured it makes a notable object from that point of view."

"Gainsborough thinks it a better object a great way off, King Harry," said Foote, always enjoying a little mischief.

"Then where would you view it from,

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Mister Gainsborough?" said the architect, not at all seeing the joke.

"Why from Shooter's Hill," said Garrick, laughing.

"Shooter's Hill!" exclaimed Flitcroft—"Why then, Sir, Mister Gainsborough must look at it through a spying-glass."

"No, Sir," said Gainsborough, who would not willingly give offence—"these wags make me say more than I ever thought."—Gainsborough wished them all at Nova Scotia, and would have put an end to the question; but the architect would drive on the discourse.—"How would you wish to see it, then, Mister Gainsborough?—Pray favour me with your observations?"

"Why, by twilight, or moonlight," said Gainsborough.

"And why so, Sir, may I beg to know?"

"Because then I should see the structure all in one mass."

"Aye, I thought so," replied Flitcroft; "you gentlemen have always great notions of art. Yes, I'm told it makes a good fine mass, sure enough!—Dear me! I should like to see

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a picture of it from your notable genius, Mister Gainsborough — it would be very rural — very picturesque !"

This was pushing the matter rather too far. —" Picturesque !" echoed the painter, losing his patience — " What the devil have you builders to do with the picturesque !"*

" But I would have you to know that I am not a builder, Mr. Gainsborough; I am an ar-

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* It should be recorded in justice to the good taste of Gainsborough, that no painter held the architectural science in greater admiration than himself. He, and his illustrious friend Sir Joshua, were constantly lamenting, that the genius of their countrymen for that sublime art, which was so well understood in England, should be so rarely called forth; and deprecated that interference, on the part of the patron, which so commonly altered the plans of the man of science, and exposed him to unmerited censure.

Gainsborough used to declare, with his wonted enthusiasm, " that if the nation would raise a sufficient subscription, to erect a *Palace* becoming the dignity of a British sovereign, we had architects, who would design a structure, that should shame Rome itself!"

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chitect, and have studied in the Burlington school," returned Flitcroft, piqued at the observation.

"Be it so," retorted Gainsborough. "Then, Mr. Architect, who art no builder, why not conjure up a Gothic building? By the powers, were I king of England, and potent as Harry the Eighth, I would proclaim, that he who built a church, should erect it in the old English architecture, and fail not, or lose his ears. Why did you not make a Gothic church — and why did you not build it of stone?"

"For two good reasons, Mister Gainsborough — First, because we had not money enough — and, secondly, Mister Gainsborough, because — because — because I have no opinion of Gothic."

"Ha — ha — ha — ha! Well," said Gainsborough, "that is a fiat! Ha — ha — ha — ha! No — my Lord Burlington had a contempt for Gothic; *ergo*, the Burlington school have a contempt for Gothic."

"And *ergo*," added Flitcroft, "I suppose Mr. Gainsborough has a contempt for the whole *tote* of them."

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"You have saved me the trouble of saying so, by Jupiter!" said Gainsborough—"Ha—ha—ha—ha!"

Flitcroft was nettled, but not to be laughed from the field.—"Well, Mister Gainsborough," said he, "were you a sovereign, you would have other despotic laws to punish every good farmer that filled up deep cart-ruts, or new thatched a crazy barn, or put up a new paling to keep out the swine—of course."

"Yes, by the Lord you are right!—I hate your rich farmers, as I hate the Burlingtonians, (laughing all the while)—the landscape-spoiling rogues!"

"Yes," said Foote, taking up the cudgels for his old friend Flitcroft—"and Mr. Gainsborough would command every sheep-shearer to be clean sheared of his ears, for shearing the fleece—they look so picturesque with their shaggy coats."

"Certainly," added Garrick, to give the worthy old builder a lift—"Gainsborough had rather go without a coat than rob the innocents of their wool."

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"That I would, by Jupiter!" said Gainsborough.

"Mercy on a landscape-painter's tenants," said Sterne, (for all entered into the humour of the dialogue, and all generously took part with Flitcroft)—"Aye, mercy on them—their farms must be stocked with Pharaoh's lean kine, broken-down carts, ragged harness, lame wheelbarrows, creaking gates, rag-stuffed casements, broken tiles, broken-kneed horses—"

"And broken bankrupt tenantry, or the devil's in't," added Foote, "with such Gainsborough-like tattered and torn homesteads."

"That's the farming for the philanthropic Tom," said Garrick;—"and he were rich, they would be happy—for whip me if I do not think he would pay his tenants for doing of nothing—save and except keeping every thing *carefully out of repair!*"

"A pretty picture this," said Sir Joshua, "of our worthy friend Gainsborough's RURAL ECONOMY."

The sun had set, and all parties being in high good humour, it was agreed to accept of

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Mr. Henry Flitcroft's hospitality, and away we went to the *Grove**, to sup at his delightful villa.

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* Mr. Flitcroft built himself a handsome villa at the end of the Grove on the top of Holly Bush Hill, where he died in 1769. This place, with its beautiful grounds, (called Montagu Grove) is now in the occupation of the Rev. Dr. White, the much respected incumbent of Hampstead.

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CHAPTER XIX.

SUPPER AT MORTIMER'S.*

"SCARCELY were we seated as the supper-table," said the Captain†, "when, who should make his appearance but Harry Woodward.‡

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* John Hamilton Mortimer the painter, a genius of great promise, and one of the choicest spirits of his day. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Joseph Wright of Derby, and Mortimer, were all pupils of the same master, Mr. Hudson the portrait painter.

Mortimer, the delight of his numerous friends, and beloved by all, too careless of his constitution, died at his house in Norfolk Street, under forty, on the 4th of February, 1779.

No modern instance is known of one artist having three such distinguished pupils. Mortimer, with half of Reynold's perseverance, would have become the greatest historical painter of his time. Wright was celebrated for scenes that represented the effects of fire-subjects, which he painted with more truth to nature than even *Schalken*, so far famed.

† Captain Bailey, the connoisseur.

‡ Henry Woodward, an excellent comedian, and very lively companion, died 1777.

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'Better late than never,' said our frank host. 'What, Harry, the play is over, and you are come here to take a part in the entertainment. I know you have a delicate nose — so now tell me what is under this cover,' tapping the shining block-tin with the carving-knife.

"'Well, a man may guess that, without being hanged for a wizard.'

"'I'll bet a shilling you do not guess,' said Mortimer. 'Done!' 'What is it then, fish, flesh, or fowl?'

"'Neither one nor t' other,' said Woodward, very dryly; 'it is a *night-mare!* so tip me the shilling.'

"Look ye, there now,' said Barry*, 'heed you that, Mister Gibbon†? That is a gift, Sir. Talk of study as opposed to genius! — here comes an original — a man of native wit, Sir.

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* James Barry, R.A. of eccentric memory, professor of painting at the Royal Academy, and celebrated for the series of classic paintings which decorate the walls of the great room, at the Society of Arts in the Adelphi.

† Mr. Gibbon, the historian of Rome.

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Semper paratus, he is always ready. Had I blundered in when you were all seated, my native modesty would have flown in my face, and I had stood all confusion, perplexity, and the Lord knows what else that is contemptible; beside interrupting the good lady of the house, and wishing myself all the way to *Hades;* whilst Mr. Harry Woodward, like his predecessor, Mister Yorick, at once sets the table in a roar. Had I not felt myself gifted with an inherent propensity for painting, I had been a blockhead and a coxcomb to have puzzled my brains about the polite arts — I had made nothing on it, and my father had done well to have articled me to himself — else had he been an impediment to a shining *pot-boy*. Harry Woodward, I thank you for this; you have established a philosophical fact in my mind, Sir. It is all a bag of moonshine without this. There must be a native bent, Mister Gibbon. *Sic itur ad astra.* Thus men ascend to the skies!'

" 'Upon my word, a delicate little hen turkey,' said Wale. 'What, a Christmas present already, Hamilton, hey? — What, and sausages too? You may remember, Mister Gibbon,

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what the Captain whispered as we came along — *Your painters live in clover.*'

" ' This turkey is from my old fellow 'prentice, Joe Wright,' said Mortimer, ' who never forgets us at Christmas. Poor Joe, the valetudinarian! I'd be sworn he procured one of the least in all Derby, out of sheer compassion to our evil habits. He knows we always dress his Christmas turkey for supper; and he has generally a hint by way of postscript to his letters, touching the prevalence of apoplexy. Now, Master Joe was one of your water-gruel disciples when we were youngsters together at Hudson's; and I would wager ten pounds to a crown-piece he is just now sitting, Peter Grievous, over that wishy-washy, tasteless, hum-drum, drivelling dish, and calling to old Nan Watkins — " Nanny, have you any nice live coals? — Do, pray, let me have my bed warmed." — Are you a supper-eater, Mister Gibbon?'

" ' No, Mister Mortimer; I am a single man, and a bit of a valetudinarian like your friend Mister Wright.'

" ' And a water-gruel eater, I presume?' said Mortimer.

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" 'Yes, indeed,' said Gibbon, smiling; 'though, in truth, I do not know that I am at all the better for these scrupulosities in diet.'

" 'Devil a bit, my learned Sir, rely upon it,' said Mortimer. 'Your water-gruelists have no nerve, no stamina like your true English supper-men. I am no egotist, so I'll say little of myself. But there's Reynolds. — Gods, Sir, he will see out half a score such careful wights as my old friend Joe. Sir, I've known *Josh*, for a week or ten days in succession, up, aye, hours past midnight. There he and that other moralizing tyke, Doctor Sam Johnson, have in times past sat soberly at it — two bottles each after supper, and this, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday. As for old Sammy-boy, he was a sponge — a very sponge! He would absorb you a tun of wine in six months, and yet go to bed sober as a judge. And as for Reynolds, damme I could never guage him — two, three, four — aye, five o'clock, and his nose to the grindstone at ten as usual. The devil a twitch of the nerves — no morning meagrims — no nausea — no sick head-ache. Come, Mister Gibbon, take a glass of wine with my master,

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(Mrs. Mortimer). — Come and live with us, Sir, and keep up Christmas; and if by Twelfth-day you would not brave storms and go to sea in a washing-tub, then am I the veriest cold water-drinker in Christendom.'

" ' Well, Sir, how d'ye feel yourself?' said Mortimer, laying his hand on Mister Gibbon's arm, when the cloth was removed. ' None the worse for a modicum of turkey, hey, Sir? Come, Harry Woodward, you are the best punch-maker, — there, boy, are all the materials on the buffette. Now let us have a supernaculum specimen of your skill. You shall taste Woodward's punch, Mister Gibbon. Woodward's against all the world. As for Ashley's, Sir, it is well enough for your general run. Were you ever at Ashley's, Sir, — old PRO BONO PUBLICO, on Ludgate Hill?'

" ' There I have been more than once, Mister Mortimer, in company with my friend John Wilkes. I shall never forget the quantity of that very pleasant, but I should think pernicious, liquor, which poor Churchill drank at one sitting at that tavern. Indeed I took enough to my own share, and so did John Wilkes. Sir,

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we had no alternative but to drink, or be thrown out at window. Sir, half the people of England were mad at that time. There was so great a rage for liberty, that I was compelled to drink with all the sots that we met, and it had nearly cost me my life.'

"'I remember seeing you at that time, Mister Gibbon,' said Woodward. 'I think you were not at the Gun at Billingsgate on the day that Mr. Wilkes was to have dined with the Fishmongers. Poor Churchill got sadly cudgelled that day by the Dutch skipper. What a scene did that market-place exhibit on that day!'

"'I should much like to know the particulars of what passed at the old fish-salesman's,' said Gibbon; 'as I frequently heard the Member for Aylesbury laughing about it; and I dare say some of your lively friends were present — were eye witnesses.'

"'Sam Foote is your man for that,' said Woodward, laughing. —'Sam is very entertaining on the subject. He used to talk of dramatizing the scenes of that day, which would have electrified the public. But Sam is grown

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a dull dog — all his wits are gone a *wool-gathering*.

" 'I do not recollect the name of the old salesman; but Foote says that on the day for celebrating Wilkes's liberation, he asked *forty-five* male and female friends to dine at the *Gun*. Every thing that bore upon that number gave the possessor a local importance — the devil was in the number Forty-five.

" 'Sam went first to the Shades under Fishmongers' Hall, and there he became acquainted with *King Cole* — that was the old salesman's nickname, I recollect. I have seen the man myself, who was very bulky, spoke *fat in the throat*, as we actors have it, and very rapidly. You know it is Foote's way to scrape acquaintance with his prototypes, to study their peculiarities, and then to give you the caricature; though very little exaggeration was wanting to render old King Cole a trump in the dramatic pack.'

" Now," observed Bailie, who revived this story so many years after the event, " I remember old King Cole myself, sitting at his second-floor casement in his white cap, a large Bible

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before him, and a pipe in his mouth, at nearly an hundred years old. He was a complete original, to be sure, and used till within a week of his death to go regularly to the Shades in the morning to get a gill of wine, and a shave on the road of a patriotic barber who plied at the Old Swan, and I remember used to rebuke the fish-women for their foul language as he went along; and in the evening to read Woodfall's Morning Advertiser, and smoke a pipe, at the Gun."

"Well, Sir," proceeded the Captain; "so says Woodward, 'This noted old fishman, who was a warm one, invited *five-and-forty* staunch Wilkes-ites, male and female together — for there were plenty of *dames* who wore the breeches in Billingsgate ward in Wilkes's time, and all for Wilkes and liberty.

"'First of the prog,' said Woodward, 'there was a gigantic plum-pudding, with forty-five pounds of flour, and forty-five of fruit, which was boiled the same number of hours, and paraded from Wapping, with flags, and forty-five butchers with marrow-bones and cleavers; forty-five pigeons in pies, and forty-five apple-

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dumplings. Each bowl of punch,' said the player, as he smacked his lips, tasting that which he was making for Mortimer's table — 'each had forty-five Seville oranges and lemons in due proportions. There Churchill got mortally drunk, and at night there was a well-regulated riot. The watchmen and police interfered, and after a general fight, a posse were marched off, and brought before the constable of the night, who being on the other side of the question, and a great wag, committed forty-five of the noisy politicians to the *Poultry Counter*.

"'The commencement of this Billingsgate riot arose from forty-five sailors, each with a wooden leg, bearing about an old besotted captain, who had crossed the Atlantic forty-five times, who chose to quarrel with another drunken ass, a bankrupt stock-broker, who went roaring about (such was the general infatuation) — "I don't care who knows it, but I'm the man who stopped for *five-and-forty thousand pounds!*"

"'Every thing was regulated by this wondrous cipher, save and excepting the fancy of the comely widow, fat, fair, and forty-five, of the old house of call at Dark-house Lane. She had

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a well-feathered nest, and half-a-score traders in the ward made their suit, all being ready to prove, by certificates of birth, of being born exactly forty-five years before, according to the terms of her advertisement. But, alas! such is the frailty of the sex, even party politics, *Wilkes and Liberty*, must surrender to the fickle fancy of the fair. My comely landlady jilted all the *forty-fivers*, and trotted off, as the wags had it, with a man of half that age, *in a coach and four* — which was true enough, for she espoused young Leveridge, a Woolwich coach-master, grandson of the famous singer of that name, and a good voice himself — scarcely inferior to his worthy progenitors.'

"Poor old King Cole!" said the Captain. "Wilkes told me one day, when we were talking of the times past, that he lost a son soon after — a very honest man, and a great favourite at Billingsgate, whom he used to call the staff of his old age. But, said Wilkes, (who by the way used to laugh in his sleeve at the zealotry of his followers,) 'the old citizen and fishmonger consoled himself in the mystical number. Sir, he invited forty-five fishmongers to

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attend the funeral — had him interred at Queenborough (smelling strong of fish,) being forty-five miles from town — paid two pounds five shillings, by stipulation, to the sexton, which was the best day's work he ever had, for forty-five tolls of the tenor bell, at one shilling per toll — and to eke out the last consolation from the memorable XLV.*, they mourned ninety days, namely, in deep mourning five-and-forty, and in half-mourning forty-and-five!'

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* No. XLV. of a periodical political pamphlet, The North Briton, written by Mr. Wilkes and his friends. This obnoxious paper, No. XLV., was ordered by law to be publicly burned by the common hangman, before the Royal Exchange, which was the cause of much popular clamour for a long season. John Wilkes, Esq. was elected Lord Mayor of London in 1775.

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CHAPTER XX.

AN EVENING GOSSIP AT MY OWN FIRE-SIDE.

"THAT Harry Woodward was a most amusing companion: I remember him well," said the counsellor, to my old friend the doctor, who lately made a visit to London to see the sights. "Yes, Ephraim, I remember him well. When he and Garrick, and Ned Shuter *, and old

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* Ned Shuter, the comedian, another admirable mimic. This gay spark, when a lad about twelve or fourteen years old, was a livery-servant to *Lampe*, composer for Covent-Garden Theatre. "Shuter was a special *Pickle*," says Dr. Burney, "who took off all the performers."

At this time Lampe was with a provincial company of players at Chester, among whom was Jemmy Worsdale, the painter, celebrated for being the go-between, in the affair of Pope and Curl. Worsdale was also an actor, who was famed for singing Harry Carey's song of "*Young Roger came tapping at Dolley's window.*" Master

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Parsons *, as we have since called him, met at the same table, there was more hilarity, more quaint and comical development of character, than ever was seen exhibited on the stage. Barry † was another who told a story well; though Garrick used to say, ' At an Irish story I will yield the palm to Spranger; but I'll beat him any day in every other walk.' ' Garrick,' as Woodward was wont to say, who was a complete devotee on the subject of his friend's extraordinary powers — ' Garrick beats us all at story-telling, *because he is so learned in the old masters.*'

" When he was a young man, as I have heard my great-uncle Zachary relate, he had some-

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Ned took the liberty of mimicking his master in this, and hit him off so much to the admiration of the wits, that it was with difficulty he escaped broken bones.

* Old *Parsons*, the inimitable Sir Fretful Plagiary, another ingenious wight, who had a turn for the fine arts, and used to draw very prettily in water colours.

† Spranger Barry, the celebrated rival of Garrick, in some of the finest characters of Shakspeare.

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how picked up the manner of all his predecessors — that is, of the immediate generation of actors before his time. Colley Cibber * was chairman of the Spiller's Head Club, and Garrick, who was a member of that joyous fraternity, courted the veteran player, who had given him from time to time specimens of all their styles. Even to the last you could not but admire the capacities of Davy's voice; no wonder then that he was so powerful in mimickry, and so entertaining withal when a younger man, studying these matters for fame, and consequently less reserved than when he grew rich, and fed with the great.

"Woodward, when the company were well assorted, would urge Davy to give specimens of this faculty, and artfully lead the conversation to points that Davy would unwittingly seize. †

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* Colley Cibber commenced a close imitator of his predecessors. He once went through a part of Dogget's, and was taken for that original actor. He, however, became an original in his turn.

† GARRICK would indulge some few friends — but it was very rare — with what he used to call his *rounds*. This he did by standing behind a chair,

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'No, Harry,' said he, when Woodward would attempt to mimic some of the old school of clever fellows — 'No, Harry, you are out of scale — Come, I'll show you the man.' — 'By the powers,' Bailie used to say, in the connoisseur cant of Langford and Christie's, 'these *Pasticcios* of Mister Garrick's are finer, I'll be sworn, than the *Masters* themselves.'"

"I could almost be sworn with the old cap-

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and conveying into his face every possible kind of passion, blending one into the other, and as it were shadowing them with a prodigious number of gradations. At one moment you laughed, at another you cried: now he terrified you, and presently you conceived yourself something horrible, he seemed so terrified at you. Afterwards he drew his features into the appearance of such dignified wisdom, that MINERVA might have been proud of the portrait; and then — degrading yet admirable transition — he became a driveller. In short, his face was what he obliged you to fancy it; age, youth, plenty, poverty, every thing it assumed.*

* This on the authority of Charles Dibdin, an old cronie of Garrick's.

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tain in that," said the counsellor.* "I shall never forget his imitation of Christopher Bullock†, in Bartholomew Fair, in that whimsical dialogue between *Kit* and the Lady Mayoress. His authority for that, by the way, so I have been told, was Jem Spiller, who was another extraordinary mimic, and from whose choice collection Master Davy picked out that highly-coloured sketch of *George Lillo* and the Parson of Moorgate's wife's garnet necklace. Tom Davies had a manuscript collection of these whimsical club-stories — it is a pity that they should have been lost.

"Now you are upon that subject, pray, Docthor, did you ever hear Garrick's account of the Devil Tavern at the time of Hogarth's attack upon Pope? That, perhaps, was his masterpiece. George Lillo was a good subject, no doubt — he was a character; — and then his dialogue

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* The counsellor, an old friend, who studied for the bar sixty years ago, but who never practised.

† George Lillo, that worthy wight who wrote the tragedy of George Barnwell. He was brought up to the business of a jeweller.

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with that impostor, the countryman of Count Ugly — what's his name — the King's surgeon. Now I have it — that impudent Swiss, old St. Andre — Yes, that is the man. O how Davy could raise their ghosts! I do verily think that his burlesque of old Sir Hans Sloane, Heidegger, and St. Andre's private examination of Mother Tofts the rabbit-breeder at the Grecian Coffee-house, was one of the choicest efforts of dramatic talent that wit ever put together, or mortal ever heard. The suppressed credulity of Sir Hans, the sheer good-nature of Heidegger, and the daring effrontery of that arrant quack St. Andre, as described by our Roscius, composed a scene worthy of Aristophanes himself. So it was, as our intelligent old King once said to Zoffany. In these past days, Sir, a man of observation had need only to walk from coffee-house to tavern, and from tavern to coffee-house, within the pale of twenty-four hours, and then return home sober himself, and sit down and write a farce.

"Pray, Docthor, do you recollect the pen-and-ink scrap of John Dennis the critic, which

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Samuel Ireland had? If I am correct, it was a head portrait, with a pipe in his mouth."

"It was, Sir; and I have heard Horatio Walpole say it was the very image of the man. Hogarth told his Lordship that he sketched it one night at the Grecian, soon after the managers had rejected his play and stolen his thunder and lightning. But, said the little painter, 'I made the sketch with a pencil on my thumb-nail — I did not dare have a scrap of paper before me in his presence, or he would perchance have broken my bones. His malicious eye was every now and then glancing towards me, but he did not find me out. I went from thence, holding my glove loosely to guard the pencil-sketch on my nail, directly to the Rainbow, and showing it to Colley Cibber, bid him guess. "By all that's sacred," said he, "if that's not Griffin Dennis! — For God's sake do not rub it off" — and taking a letter from his pocket, (which by the way was from the miscreant *Curl,*) tore off the blank, and added, "My dear boy, transfer it to this, and I will get Curl to send it to Dennis, who will go immediately and raise a

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mob round his doors."' Pope, I have somewhere heard, procured a sight of this sketch, and traced it with a pencil against the glass; and from his own recollection of the man, and with the assistance of a little touching-up of Charles Jervas, whom he studied under, contrived therefrom to scumble out a good likeness. It was done in asphaltum, heightened in humble imitation of the small heads of the painters — those done *con amore* by Vandyke for the engraved work."

"How mercilessly Pope must have bedevil'd the literary Mohawk in having his phiz thus under his brush," said the counsellor — "Somewhat like the witches roasting the waxen effigy of an enemy and persecutor stuck with corking-pins."

"Why, no, my dear counsellor," said the Doctor — "Pope, in this instance, showed himself towards Dennis in a superior light. He really felt for the miserable man, whose vile temper he considered as a sufficient curse. To be sure *he showed him up*, to borrow the modern phrase, in his immortal satire; but he has *spared* him, compared with others, who really had com-

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mitted no sin inimical to the infallibility of this mighty Pope. Dennis certainly commenced the war, and Pope was provoked to retaliation, for which the sour critic never forgave him. So on the first appearance of Hogarth's famous etching, the satire upon Pope's Essay on Taste, wherein the poet is seen white-washing the gate of Burlington House, and bespattering the Duke of Chandos's coach and all the passengers beneath, Griffin Dennis got a copy from Jack La Guerre, and ran all over the town to exhibit it in triumph." — Garrick played off this high scene of Griffin Dennis and others, as they assembled one morning at the Devil Tavern; and you may see it re-represented, and it be your pleasure, gentle reader, in a sort of humble *Pasticcio* in the succeeding chapter.

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CHAPTER XXI.

THE DEVIL TAVERN.

"How chu do, Madame *Peelzebubs?*" said Heidegger, stepping up to the bar — "How is Mastare Peelzebubs, your spouse? Vat my pretty little *imps* — mine *devilkins*," patting her children on the face — "run, run to mine coachman, he has got some sweetsmeats for you." — "To be sure," said my great-uncle Zachary, "the Count was the best-tempered creature in the world, and uncommonly fond of children. It mattered not whether they were the sons and daughters of the singers, dancers, musicians, the tavern-keepers whose houses he visited, or of the poor people, *hangers-on* of the Opera-house, in the narrow streets and alleys about — all came in for a share of his kindness. It was his custom, on the day succeeding a masquerade when there was always a profusion of nice things

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left untouched from the supper tables*, to buy the dainty keckshaws, which were the perqui-

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* Heidegger's masquerade suppers were most splendid, such indeed as have not been witnessed since. Many poor families in the neighbourhood were occasionally fed by the profuse remains. "*It is an ill vinds vat shall blow no goodes to nobody*," said he, when he used to distribute his bounty in this way. "Vat, (vich is a lie) if I corrupt se public taste — Do I not fill se poor peop's bellie?"

"It is a facdt," said Handel, one day at Lord Burlington's table, "it is a facdt, Misder Bope, for all your blayful, witty gat-o-nine-tails, on the shoulders of the ogely gount, which I am ready to brove on the Holy Bipel, dat he subborts and gives away, and brovides more gomforts to the needy and the disdressed, than any one of mine lord bishobs, for whom I have great respecdt."

"Heidegger was the son of a clergyman, and born at Zurich, in Switzerland. He came to England in 1708, then fifty years of age, a mere adventurer. This extraordinary man, without any other means than his sprightly manners and engaging address, worked himself into the good graces of the leaders of fashion, and ultimately became the *arbiter elegantiarum* — the leader and controller of fashion himself.

"*His foibles*," said a contemporary, "*if they*

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sites of the attendants, and to take them in his chariot from house to house, to distribute them

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deserve so harsh a name, were completely covered by his charity, which was boundless. Such another was the celebrated *Beau Nash*"

"You know objects of distress better than I do," he would observe to *Mr. Way* — "be so kind to distribute this money for me." After a successful masquerade, he has been known to give away several hundred pounds at a time. So says the worthy John Nicols.

His masquerades were justly censured by the satirists, although the fault was with the great Dons who supported them. Pope trimmed him in the Dunciad; Fielding whipped him in the Masquerade, a Poem; and Hogarth made an incomparable etching, replete with sarcastic wit, which was sensibly levelled at the exalted patrons, as well as the foreign projector of those scenes of dissipation. This scarce print — bearing certain references that must not be named to delicate ears — was, to use the satirist's own words, "Invented for the use of *Ladies* and *Gentlemen*, by the ingenious Mr. *H—d—g—r.*"

Among the rest, the author of the *Scandalizade* has roguishly made his worthy coadjutor, Handel, (who was only partner in the Operas,) give him a friendly flogging —

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to the little folks, who delighted to see his ugly face.

"He was the most comical dog too," added my great-uncle, "and had so many little ready pranks practical pranks, to play off, as retorts to the rudeness with which he was so frequently assailed. It was he, long before John Wilkes* knew the house, who dubbed old *Cowley Johnson*,† the landlord of the tavern, Mistare, and the

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"Thou perfection, as far as e'er Nature could run,
Of the ugly, (quoth H—d—l,) I'th' ugliest baboon;
Human-nature's, and even thy Maker's disgrace,
So frightful thy looks, so grotesque is thy face!
With a hundred deep wrinkles impressed in the front,
Like a map with a great many rivers upon't;
Thy Lascivious Ridottos, Obscene Masquerades,
Have *un-maided* whole scores ev'ry season of *maids*."

Vanloo painted a portrait of the Count (as he was called) from which there is a mezzotinto engraving by J. Faber, dated 1742.

* John Wilkes belonged to a society of profligates, who held their midnight orgies at this tavern, under the appalling title of the Hell-Fire Club.

† *Cowley* Johnson, whose father kept an inn in

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landlady Madame Peelzebub, for over-devilling a gizzard at the instance of Dubois, a celebrated Irish fencing-master, who played off a trick upon a namesake, of the same profession, when he and Heidegger were in their cups one night at the Devil, and burnt the French fencing-master Dubois's* mouth most terribly — a fatal joke, which begot ill-blood between these rivals, and ultimately terminated in a duel, in which the Frenchman was run through the body by his

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the city, was a loyalist, and served King Charles I. Cowley, the poet, stood godfather to his son, who became landlord of this once celebrated tavern; hence his christian name.

* Dubois is the person whose portrait is introduced by Hogarth in the second plate of the Rake's Progress, with a fencing foil. "The keen eye and elasticity of the fencing master," is noticed, as admirably depicted, by Gilpin, in his essay on this series of plates. The duel was fought in Marylebone-fields, and the vanquished Frenchman, although run through the body, walked a considerable way from the scene of action; when a surgeon was procured, who had hopes of his recovery. He received the wound on the 11th May, 1734, and lived in agony until the 23d of the same month.

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unhappy namesake. *Mother Johnson* persisted in it that Dubois devilled it himself; but Heidegger maintained he *vos not so tamt tronk* as not to know who tid the tdevilish teeds; and ever after dubbed the host and hostess Beelzebub.

"This Johnson had a beautiful daughter — she was to be sure most beautiful — who used to serve at the bar, and was a favourite toast with the young templars; and an hundred copies of verses were penned by these admiring sonneteers in celebration of her charms. Old John Dennis, after the affair of the gizzard, added to their designations: 'Johnson is the Devil,' said he, 'his wife, Death, and Miss Beelzebub is Sin.' And when Hogarth had painted the damsel, (who by the way was a coquettish, pert young woman),and some one had written complimentary verses on the occasion, Griffin Jack, (Dennis,) in the true spirit of his caustic humour, swore that the painter copied his rascally picture of Milton's *Sin* * from Miss *Winny Johnson*. 'She is *bar-*

* Hogarth executed a design of Sin, Death, and the Devil, from Milton, which, like most of

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maid to Death, and the fabricator of Beelzebub's punch infernal; yea, a congregate of d——d bad spirits,' laughing at the monstrous conceit, which unwittingly engendered what he abominated — a *pun*.* 'Yes, *infernal*,' repeated the cynic, with his gruff voice, looking towards the bar, 'which Miss, with her demure face, stirs up to let loose more mischiefs to gripe mankind, (writhing with the cholic,) than that brimstone, pot-house, punch-making Bessy Cox† — the

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his attempts at the sublime, was so execrable as to justify the sour critic's expression of contempt for the picture.

* It is well known that Dennis execrated a pun — "He that would make a pun (said the pedant) would not scruple to pick a pocket."

† Bessy Cox: a woman that was much talked of the beginning of last century. Of whom Dr. Arbuthnot writes to Mr. Watkins — "Prior has had a narrow escape by dying; for, if he had lived, he had married a brimstone bitch, one Bessy Cox, that keeps an alehouse in Long Acre. Her husband died about a month ago; and Prior has left his estate between his servant, *Jonathan Drift*, and *Bessy Cox*. Lewis got drunk with punch with Bess night before last. Do not say where you had this.

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s——t! who made a puppy, a fool, and an ass of Mat Prior — or that other ogling she-devil, Pandora!'

"'Arn't you ashamed to sit there and utter such wickedness, Mister Dennis?' said Mrs. Johnson — 'at your time of life too! What's *Bessy Cox* to do with us?—the good-for-nothing minx! Do you dare, sir, with all your learning, to compare my daughter with such as she? *Bessy Cox* indeed! — Humph! It would be as well for you to settle your bill, *Mister Dennis* — God knows it's long enough—before you come here to falsify the reputation of honest people, and a virtuous young woman, though I say it, as good as yourself — aye, and better too for aught I know,' said the angry landlady, shutting down

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news of Prior. I hope all my mistress's ministers (Queen Anne) will not behave themselves so."

In a subsequent letter, talking of Prior's will — "We are to have a bowl of punch at Bessy Cox's. She would fain have put it upon Lewis that she was his (Prior's) *Emma*, she owned *Flanders Jane* was his *Chloe*. I know of no security against this *dotage* in bachelors, but to repent of their mis-spent time, and marry with speed."

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the sash window of the bar with a vengeance, then opening it again — 'I'm sure it would be a charity for some one or another to send you to Bedlam.' Down went the window again.

"'Bravo! — Encora!' said Dennis.

"'Yes, sir, bravo indeed!' — the window up again in an instant — 'Encore indeed! — Marry come up! you shall have no more of your ancoras here till you have paid your bill, take my word for it, *Mister Dennis!*' — Down went the sash.

"Dennis clapped his hands — 'Encora! Encora!'

"Up went the sash again. 'Yes, sir, you may clap and clap, but that does not enable honest people to pay their rent and taxes, and the exciseman, forsooth! Gentlemen may well clap when they can find easy good-natured folks like *Johnson* to let such —— But I shall not demean myself to go in a heat any more for you, sir!' — So down went the sash.

"I wish there was a *ducking-stool* in every parish, by G—!' exclaimed the critic.

"Up went the window. 'Yes, and I wish there were *stocks* in every parish too — I know

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whose legs they'd fit, or I'm much mistaken. I understand your inundoes, sir,' — Down went the window — up it went again — 'Yes, twenty-two pounds for guttling and punch, besides an old score of more than that, which my fool of a husband, God forgive me, out of charity scratched out of the books.'

"'Charity!' exclaimed Dennis.

"'Yes, *charity*,' repeated the angry lady. 'Yes, charity, sir!' echoed Miss Winny Johnson, 'what then? — Charity again, you impertinent old sot!'

"'*Lugete Veneris Cupidinesque!*'* roared out the angry cynic, with a sarcastic grin — Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!'

"'Do, do pray shut down the sash, my dear,' said Mrs. Johnson — 'I dare say that is some outlandish impudence of the old Turk's, not fit for modest ears;' and down went the sash for the last time, with a bounce that made the bowls and glasses ring again.

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* *Lugete Veneris Cupidinesque!*" "Weep, all ye Venuses and Cupids."

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"Alas, poor old man! he had latterly sunk into the habit of besotting himself of nights with tobacco and punch *, which increased his natural irascibility almost to madness. When in his paroxysms, he spared nor friend nor foe, nor age nor sex; so that Colley Cibber humorously observed, he could tell of a morning how much liquid fire the old *Griffin* had swallowed over night to half a ladleful, by the expressive murmurings of his bowels and the emphatic length of his oaths. In these fits he had been heard to call Milton a beast, and Shakspeare a rascal. The saucy Miss Winny, who had aforetime been a mighty favourite, whom he had dandled on his knee, was *scratched out of his good books*, having given irreparable offence to the old gentle-

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* The only known portrait of the critic is engraved from a sketch by Hogarth, who has represented him, with a most surly expression, with a tobacco pipe in his mouth. He was an incorrigible smoker, and fumed away, when in anger; which induced the lively old Tom D'Urfey to say—"Run! fetch the engines, John Dennis's chimney's on fire."

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man by too loudly observing, (Winny was a wit too,) that these inward commotions of his were specimens of Mister Dennis's patent thunder* — a green-room joke which she had picked up from the conversation of the players who frequented the tavern.

"But to return. 'Well, mine deere Miss Winny,' said Heidegger — 'you, mine deere charmante Miss Winny, look for all the warlde like the beautiful Misse at Saint James.'

"'Come, come, Count Heidegger,' said Mistress Johnson, 'I will not allow you to come here to flatter my daughter. St. James's, indeed! — God forbid my daughter should ever become a Saint James's Miss.'

"'Vot not a Saint James' Misse! — Vot not a *Miss maids* of honour! O, Madame Jonsons, you vould be note no little prouds to see Miss Wynny ride niddlestee-noddlestee in the sedan. Flattare! — Vy, Mistress Jonsons, your littel

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* The well-known jest of his rising in the Pit and exclaiming, "By G—, they have stolen my thunder."

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babbees here, shall he not Mastares and Misse Jonsons flattare? Now you shall see. Come, my prittee misse, how old are you?' — 'I am eight, sir,' (curtsying.) 'Dat is prittie spoken, mine littel loave. Dare, dare is some sweets-meetes for you, and some pour your brodare. — 'Thank you, sir.' — 'And half-a-crown for you to give to littel brodare Cowleys, to puy him the traps-balls. Dare now, mine deere, am not I the good gentlemans?' — 'Yes, sir.' — 'And am I not the pretty gentlemans?' — 'Yes, sir,' (curtsying) 'Ha! ha! ha! ha!' clapping his hands — 'Look you now dare,' said the comical Count — 'See — behold, Madame Jonsons, how dese littel divils have alreeaty learn to flattare!'

"The Count now wheeled round on his heel, and taking up Fog's Journal*, began reading; when coming to something he could not rightly understand, he marched up to the other end of the room, where were seated *Quin* and *Lacy*

* Fogg's Journal, a celebrated *Whig* Newspaper. Mist's Journal, (each bearing the name of the proprietor,) a cotemporary Tory paper.

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*Ryan** in the same box, lunching off a pork-chop and devilled kidney; and *Fleetwood*† and *Colley Cibber*‡ playing at chess upon a table by the fire-side; with *Ingham Forster* and *Ben Read*§ at the spare end of the same, writing notes to a copy of Hogarth's caricature upon Pope, with a candle and wax ready to seal it in an enclosure for the poet at Twickenham. 'Mum!' whispered Ingham Forster, 'or we

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* James Quin, and Lacy Ryan, another favourite actor, were sworn friends, who frequently lunched at the Devil Tavern, which was famous for a broil, or a devilled kidney. Quin taught Ryan, who was a general favourite, to become a votary to Apicius.

† Fleetwood, the gay, thoughtless, engaging patentee of Old Drury Lane, before the property became the joint possession of Lacy and Garrick.

‡ Colley Cibber, acting manager of the Old Drury Lane Theatre, and subsequently the great hero of the Dunciad.

§ Ingham Forster and Ben Read, opulent traders, friends and patrons of Hogarth, well known to the players, and members of the Spiller's Head, and other joyous clubs.

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are blown.' — 'Yes,' said old Ben Read; 'if that French monkey son of a —— gets scent of the matter, he'll out with it to Prince Frederick — he'll tell it to his wife, she'll set it a going at Leicester House, and all the fat will be in the fire.'

"'What, a new print I see,' said Heidegger — 'hey, Mistare Income Fourstars? What is it all apoud vot I reads in Fogg? Dam dis Vig and Tories! By Gar I can tell of mine own memories all the sign from Charings Cross, all the way since Saint Poll's, on two sides of the street, forward and backward, for a wager I vas obtain vif my worthee coadjutor Mistare George Frederick Handels; and yet I will be curst if I can remembare of my friends vich is the *Vig* and vich is the Tories. I say to his Majestie King George, of a scoundrel — I presume, Sare, he is a Vig. I say to her Majestie the good Queens Caroline, of a rascale — I presume, Madame, he is a *Torie.* By Gar, all se varld in England shall hate each other, even in the church of Gode, for *Vigs* and *Torie.* Mine Gotes! all se Englise is always in se politiques. If se barbare come, he talk the

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politiqe so mouch, he cut my cheek almost to se bone. If se shoemakare, he pinch my corn almost to death — all for talking of se politique,' se popies, Confound you, *Mistare Barbare*, say I — I am not se *Vig*, for vy then you draw mine blood? To se shoemakare, I am not se *Torïe*, for vy then you torture mine corn? Se rascal *barbare* and se rascal *shoemakare*, he tell mine valet, "Your mastare is not no Vigs, your mastare is not no Tories. Your mastare may be tam'd, (snapping his fingares in se face of mine valet) — I vil not no more vork for your mastare."'

"'That's hearty,' said old Ben Read— 'that's your true British independence. I'd go ten miles to be shaved by such a barber—a man after my own heart!'

"'All se vay in se shoemakare's tight shoe— hey, Mistare Reads? Mine Gote! vat shall become to your patriotic corns!'

"'D——n the corns,' said old Ben Read, 'when the country's in danger.'

"Poor Heidegger shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say, *Quelle bétise!*

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Heidegger proceeds.

"'Where is mine honest old friends, Mistare John Denni? I have been to se Bedford —I have been to se Rose— I have been to se Shakespeare's—I have been to se neighbour *Dickes* — to se neighbour *Nandos*—to se neighbour t' othare la *Greque* (the Grecian) — also to se *Rainbow*. Vot! is mine friend John Denni *mort* — gone deads to se grave? Mon Dieu! I vill give twenty guinea to finds mine friend John Denni, all for to show dis caracature,' (unrolling a paper which was tucked into his muff.) 'Poor Mastare Denni, it shall add ten — twenty year to his lifes.

"'Here, Mistare Colley Cibbares, look — regardez. Vat, see you that little vasp of Tweek — Tweek — vat you call Tweekeensam — the poet Mistare Popes? He has at last meet vif his match. Now you shall see. By Gar, I will loave, honore, and regard, vif all mine hearts, that clever ginius Mistare Hogart so long as I live to my deaths. Look ye, Mistare Colley Cibbares, I do not care a pinch of snuff for all se little monkey Mistare Pope's scribble *contre moi*. Mais, I have un grande respect for some

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vat the malicieux spitful rascale spit the spleen of his galls at. Doctare Bentley is a clevare gentlemans — Mistare Tebbaldts is clevare gentlemans — Sir Richard Blackeymores is vary good doctare — mine friend Mistare John Denni is the great scholare. Then there is mine worthy friend present, to whom the town is var moch obliged for the elegant entertainment he provide pour la publique,' accompanying the compliment with a bow to Colley Cibber.

" 'For which, and be d——d to you,' said old Ben Read, 'he stands infinitely obliged to you and that gormandizing German co-partner of yours. Yes, Shakspeare, like Freedom, is become a dead letter. I am only sorry Pope did not shove old Blow-bellows into the Dunciad, with his roritorios and squalling outlandish operas. There's Harry Purcell*, our own

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* Harry Purcell. The John Bulls of the Old School were always battling against the sinking reputation of our own celebrated composer Henry Purcell, whose name, great as was his genius, is scarcely known to the present generation of musical amateurs.

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countryman, with more music in his little finger than that Mister Blow-bellows in his whole carcass.'

" ' Mistare Pope ! Mistare Pope ! — he pote mine illustrious friend into se Dunciad ! That he will not do navarre. Mistare Pope * has about as moche taste pour se *harmonies*, as moch a chudge of se musique, as Mistare Ben Reads. Ah ! vot ! Vy did he not pote Mistare Handel in the Dunciades? I vill tell you a secret, Mistare Ben Reads,' (in a loud whisper, with

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* " I look upon this ungrateful contempt of music, in authors and managers, to have arisen from their entire want of taste for it, and their total inability to describe it," says Dibdin.

An amateur, some years since, was deploring that operas were sunk to nothing, when during some very fine music, all the fashionables were talking and laughing. " Shameful — abominable — to slight such exquisite harmony !" " My dear friend," said a gentleman, " the rage for music is gone by. The only chance for the managers now, is to lengthen the dances, and shorten the petticoats of the dancers."

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his finger on his nose) — Vy not? Vy, becose mine Lord the Earl of Burlington voudt not let him — and becose Doctare Arbussnots voudt not let him — and becose, moreover and above all sis, all se varld shall laugh and grin at Mistare Popes if he dare to show his teeth at Mistare Handel. And so that is *vy not*, Mistare Ben Reads.'

"'Ha — ha — ha — haugh! Well, you came in for your allowance,' said old double-chin Ben Read — 'over the face and eyes, as the cat paid the owl — Ha — ha — ha — ha! But I ask your pardon, *Count*, for I do believe you are a good-hearted man at bottom, upon my soul. But how did it happen, hey? — how — what the devil made the poet clapper-claw you so unmercifully? — Ha — ha — ha — haugh!'

"'I cannot say — I do not know,' replied the Count, again shrugging his shoulders, and raising his hands and eyes, with a most preternatural grin. 'N'import — it vounds not me. I am nobody mine-self, God knows, only an adventurare, Mistare Ben Reads — a mere *papillon* — a gaudie butterfly, here to-day, and gone perhaps se day aftare. Pote, Mistare Ben

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Reads, mine friend George Frederick Handels is no less a great mans as Mistare Popes; and posteritie, when your great pig pellie is eaten by the vorms, and mine ogly face is lost all its beauty in se grave, his *Roritorios*, as you please to call, Mistare Ben Reads — this Mistare Blow-bellows shall be one of se vonders of se varldt!'

"'Come, my worthy Count,' said Fleetwood, 'let us have a look at your satirical print. What is it all about that you chuckle so gaily, and that is to give such a gingering to the foundered old *Griffin Dennis?* Poor old Jack has lost his crib *, and I fear must soon gnaw the manger.'

"'Ah, mine stars, dat is se rub! He should not want se cribs, he should not want se mangers in his vat you call gray hair — viellesse —

* Poor old John Dennis had a place in the Excise presented to him by Lord Halifax; this he disposed of, but, by the advice of his friends, reserved an annuity on it for forty years. He outlived the term, alas! and died in poverty.

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no navarre. *Mais*, he is like se dog of se jardiniere in se fable: if you vil stoops down all for to draw him up from se deep vells, mine sour friends Jack shall he not bite se fingers? One littel times ago since I tell my friend se critic, Mistare John Denni, mine countryman St. Andre * will wait upon you, and his purse is a votre service.' — 'He! vat dat impostare — dat rabbit-breeding charlatan — dat vain, tamt trumpery charlatan! The King's surgeon, too! A Swiss scoundrel, who talk'd of erecting a house, and be-damt to him on se principe of anatomy!' — 'Sare,' added Heidegger, 'I tought mine old friend se learned critics, he wold trow me out from se vindows.

"'Vell, mine friendts, now you shall see vot

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* St. Andre, another Swiss adventurer, who succeeded in England, and made a large income. A great pretender to anatomical knowledge, and affecter of general taste, who actually erected a house near Southampton, as he said, on anatomical principles. A supporter of Mother Tofts, the imposter rabbit-breeder of Godalming. St. Andre had the reputation of being generous to men of talent in distress.

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you shall see,' unrolling the satirical print, spreading it flat with the palms of his hands, and keeping the corners down with the chess-men. 'Look! look! see you dat! Ha—ha—ha! Hee—hee—hee! Ha—ha—ha!' holding his spy-glass, and with his unsteady hand pointing to the print. 'See, I vil read for you *le description*. Sis is mine Lordt Burlington's great high valls — see, all drawn in se beautiful perspectiffes. Sis is mine Lordt Burlington's great high gates — see, how moche like se place himself, vot mine Lord, vith se assistance of Mistare Kents (under se rose) built him up from ses own designs; not,' (laying his hand on his breast,) 'not sat I vill presume to deny sat ses Lordshippes is note varé fine archetects — varé fine genius. *Mais*, I have seen some lordt, and se fine ladie too, make se varie fine design, se beautiful plans for se villa, for se grand maison. *Mais*,' knocking his nose with his finger, and giving an incredulous shrug, '*Mais*, it ise all moons-shines!

"'Mine Gotes! how many times I see my ladie mamma teach his beautiful daughtare tell se lie. Mine varee ingenious friend, both of

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him, aye, all three of him, Mistare *Goupy* *, and Mistare *Liotard*, and Mistare *Benoist*, he say mine Lordt pappa he valk stately, in se creaking shoe, all se vay into my Ladies studie for to regarde mine young Ladies designs, all vif se fine colare and se gold frames.' — ' Varie prettie pictare — hem — hum — ho — ha — Your pupile does you se credites, Mistare Goupy, — or Mistare Liotard, or Mistare Benoist. Se artiste he bow, se artiste he blush for shame. *Mais*, mine Ladie she say, " Is it not varie beautiful for mine daughtare ?" — " Hem — hum — ho — ho — ha !" says mine Lordt — " I hope, Mistare Goupy, it is all mine daughtare's own vork ?" Ven my Lady, prenant la parole, he say, " O yes, certainly, mine Lordt, I can vouch for Misse. It is all his own, se pretty childes — not vun singelle touch of se maistre !"

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* *Liotard*, *Goupy*, and *Benoist*, foreign artists, who taught drawing in the families of the higher class, in the beginning of the last century. *Liotard*, a bit of a charlatan, wore his beard and a Turkish dress — which, in that age of successful imposture, helped him to patronage.

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" ' Oh, mine Gote !' squalled the ugly Count, — ' Vat you sink if I declare, *sur mon honneur*, Mistare Goupy take se Bible oath my prittie little Misse scarcely touch se picture himself not at all !

" ' Vell, mine Lordt Burlingtons he make se noble, se magnifique design for se grande gate. Mistare Popes he flatteur mine Lordt; mine Ladie Burlingtons she flatteur Mistare Popes. He compare mine Lordt to se Godes himself in de skies — se *British Vitruve !* To be sure, Sare *Caristoppore Wrens*, Sare *Indigo Jone*, and mine very good patrons Sare *John Vanbrooks* *, he is all three noting at all to mine Lordt Burlingtons ven Mistare Alexander Popes

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* Sir John *Vanbrook* (Vanburgh), the dramatic writer and architect, who erected the old Opera House in the Haymarket, the scene of Heidegger's fame. *Goupy* taught Frederic Prince of Wales to draw — it was he, the ungrateful wag, who caricatured Handel, his *friend* and *patron*, in that well-known etching, where he is seated at his organ, with the head of a *hog*, in his full-bottomed wig; and in allusion to his *penchant* for the larder, has appended to the instrument ducks and capons

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he chuge to give mine Lordt se vite-vashings. Mine Lordt Burlingtons and mine Ladie Burlingtons is both of him varee good noblemans. *Mais*, Mistare Popes he vill navarre praise with se justice one great mans, pote he send, at se same expence, two, three, four other great mans headlongs all se vay to se devil. If se great poet, vich all se varld say he is, shall vitevash mine Lordt, for why se devils in hell must he splash all se varld of taste besides?

" ' Now, Mistare Colley Cibbers, look you; do you look too, mine friend Mistare Fleetwoods — and you, Mistare Quins — and you, Mistare Lacy Ryans. Ha — ha — ha! — See, here is a scaffolds, and here, mine friend Mistare Ben Reads, is se littel poet Got-tam in his full-bottom vigs, vif his plaster-brush labouring away like se littel black buggaboos devils in mud valls. Here is se *explication* in *Mistare Hogart* own vards — " A, *se plastarer vhites-vashing and bees — bees — spat — spatterings.*"

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hams and geese; which caricature begot Handel's laughing laconic exclamation, " Cot dam!—ha—ha—ha—haugh! *Dis* — is anoder *Swiss!!!*"

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Mine soul to mine bodye, it is se varee morals of Popes — Regardez his *littel homp-back*, and se littel short leg kicking se plastare-pail in se great stream, to run upon se heads of any body else. Let me see — yes, " B," — O se troll, se incomparable paintare ! — Ha — ha — he — he — hee ! — " B, *any body that comes in his vay*." Look you, gentlemans, how se poor passengare run all se way along Piccadil, covare with se splash of se vhites-vash. Now look, here is se letter " C, *not a Duke's coach, as appears by se crescent in se corner*." O, Mistare Hogart, you vill not findes no varre son pareil — no, no-vare ! — he is so tamm'd comique troll, and so full of se vits, vat nobody never is before pour faire, to make se *vit*, se *sattare* in se pictare. Why mine Gotamity, it is se varee coach of se *Duke de Channdorse himself !* Yes, yes, Mistare Popes has be-spattare se good and se generous Duke vif se malice of se blackgart *Machiavel*, or se shoe-blackker in se dirty street of Saint Gile. N'importe ! Mistare Poppie Pope has for vonce met vif his match — Se *painte-pote* against se *ink-pote*, mine darlings

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fine fellows! You fonney dogs Hogart! — Huzza! Huzza!'"

"Put it up, put it up — be quick! Here he is, by the Lord!" said Colley Cibber — "Mum's the word!" Heidegger took the hint, rolled up the caricature, and slipped it into his muff again. "*Mais pourquois*, for vat?" said he, with an inquisitive stare.

"Let us have a bit of fun with the old sinner," said Quin. "Mind, we know nothing of Hogarth's print."

"Varee goodes joke, upon my souls," said Heidegger, placing his finger on his long nose — "I smells se rat."

"I do declare there is that other tiresome creature stumping across the way with old Dennis," said Winny Johnson, who had just placed the chocolate-pot upon a footman before the fire. This was John Oldmixon, the confederate critic.

"Who, my sweetheart?" enquired Fleetwood.

"I won't tell you — find it out," said the coquette.

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"Then I will make you," said the gay manager, seizing her hand and pinching her little finger.

"*I can keep a secret!*" said she, laughing and biting her pretty lips — "Come, come, come, come, come, let me go — let me go, Mister Fleetwood," slapping his hand with a corresponding rapidity to her utterance; "Old Gruff will tell my father, and then!"

"What then?" said Fleetwood.

"What then?" replied Winny with tragic mimicry — "*Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds by what you see them act.* Come, come, come, let me go, go, go; Mister Fleetwood, let — me — go, I say! If you don't — oh! — let go my finger, I vow I'll scream."

"Winny, Winny, Winny!" exclaimed Mistress Johnson, who at that moment came from the inner parlour-door into the bar — "What are you about, Miss?" ringing the bell with a furious peal.

"There now!" said Winny, flying away with the chocolate-pot — "Sure as a gun I shall be turned out!"

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"Then I'll take you in," said Fleetwood gaily, throwing his arms wide open.

"Yes, by G—!" said John Dennis, who had witnessed this through the glass-door, bursting it open at this last sentence — "Who'd deny that? I should desire to know who the devil you would not take in!"

"There's a rap of the knuckles, by Goles — hey, brother Fleetwood?" said Quin.

"Yes," replied Fleetwood, "a little harder than fair Winny's — the mohawk!"

"Is it not true?" said Dennis, striking his stick violently on the floor. "Gaming! at this hour too!" (scowling at the chess-table) — "whilst all the miserable mummers there are besieging an empty treasury! — All up in arms, the *vagabonds!* all Drury Lane in commotion, and gentleman Fleetwood sitting at his ease, galavanting with a publican's daughter!"

The *cynic* had indulged a violent grudge against Fleetwood for rejecting one of his plays, and took this opportunity of venting his malice. It was notorious that Fleetwood was a miserable financier, and shamefully negligent in paying

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the salaries due to the actors, who were not unfrequently reduced to extraordinary expedients to get even a part of their arrears from the thoughtless manager.

"Never mind, *mine ancient*," rebutted Fleetwood with inflexible good humour; "no one will accuse *you* of not paying off old debts with vengeful interest. But nobody heeds you, my worthy; it's mere waste of powder — shooting at emptiness, *brutum fulmen* — mere play-house thunder, hey, my old honesty!"

"Brutum fulmen — humph! Yes, it will soon be known whether a bolt that has just been hurled at the skull of that reptile at Twickenham is brutum fulmen, hey, friend Dennis?" said John Oldmixon, looking significantly, and grinning with seeming delight as he held Hogarth's satire on Pope.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Colley Cibber, "do you think we are not in the secret? Why it will not a singe curl of his poetic wig. Why, what's all this rout about a sixpenny caricature? — mere pigmies pelting at Jupiter — battering heaven with snow-balls!"

"Battering heaven!" retorted Dennis

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scornfully — " snow-balls ! — a fine figure for a birth-day ode — Yes, *brazen brainless brothers !* there he was right by G—, the crook-backed puppy ! — excepting that the madmen brothers are not brazen, and that is more than a man could deny of you. How, ye gods, could an ingenious artist, a sagacious man like my old friend Gabriel your father, fashion such a block as you — a dainty statue of humanity ! Why, and I had modelled out such a coxcomb, I'd have broken the clay and sent it back to Vauxhall to bake into your worthless pots and pans ! - - - - Do, Winny," said Dennis, turning round to the bar — " do, Winny, give me a glass of brandy."

" You are much better without it — you have had enough already, methinks," said Mistress Johnson.

" Baw, baw, man," said Fleetwood, " *brandy* at noon ! Why, my moral cynic, that is as crying a sin as *gaming* at noon — What say you, my Count ?"

" O navarre, navarre," replied Heidegger, who was chatting with Winny in the bar — " navarre, mine old friend. Mine Gote, already

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your legs, Mistare Denni, are so tick as se mill-post! I shall pote my two shank in one of the stocking of Mistare Denni all at vonce. You shall die of se vat you call hy — hy — hydrops, and navarre drink von drop of water all the time. O!" shaking his head, "dis come of swallow, swallow the coniac of se early hour. You shall distend se skin to se size of se tun of Heidelberg. Vot, se great critike die of se tympanies, and burst, for all se varld, like de Dragon in se Apocrypha!"

"Apocrypha!" echoed the cynic with a groan — "Apocrypha! — Yes, every thing is apocryphal in this degenerate, this rascally age. Every thing's a lie — the very tone and temper of the time, all a lie. The law's a lie — the church is a lie — the press is a lie, and the stage is a lie," fiercely eyeing the group of managers and players — "a libellous lie upon nature, and a painted prostitute lie against truth."

"Hear you dat? hear you dat?" exclaimed the lively Swiss, clapping his hands — "Bravo! bravissimo! — not a vord contre se *Opera* — not a vord now, Mistare Colley Cibbares — not

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a vord, Mistare Fleetwoods. O se noble critike! he turn round comme se cock of se weather on se top of parish church. O *marbleu!* vot you call *gades zookare*, se critike shall take se goose-quille and write all se fine *panégyrique*, all in favore of se Italian Opera. O he shall pen se proloque for se *opera*, and se epiloque pour se *ballet*. Bravo! bravissimo! mine honest critike!"

"Soho!" exclaimed Quin. "So there is no truth extant but in railing old Jack. Come, come, old Honesty, sit you down — make room, Ryan. Come, old Truepenny, take a glass of hock and water with us for old acquaintance' sake. I am to play *Falstaff*, your namesake, railing Jack, to-night, and I thank you for whetting my wit."

"Wit!" echoed the cynic — "where will you find it?"

"Why to be sure," said Quin, (treading on the toe of Ryan, as he thought,) "we were saying, as you entered, how delectably you had flogged Pope."

"Another lie," said Dennis, "and be d—— to you — a practical lie; for that tread on my

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corn was intended for that Irish twin-brother in iniquity of yours."

"Mercy!" said Ryan, affecting gravity, "and I hope it was not your favourite corn, and that your *shoes* were not *pumps*, my honey. It was luck for me to escape."

"That I deny — it's *no* luck for you," replied Dennis sarcastically.

"Why so, my Griffin?"

"Why so, because you would have had a plausible excuse for hobbling through your part. But, ha — ha — ha! no, no, in these days of wonder a stage hero can be *lame* without a tread on his toe. Ha — ha — ha — haugh!"

At this moment the critic received a message to step over to Clifford's Inn, and left the coffee-room in apparent agitation. No sooner had he departed, than Quin, who was a bold fellow and a man of feeling, began at Oldmixon, a scribbler without half the learning and talent of Dennis, possessing less honesty, but of a most malignant spirit. "And so," said Quin, "you Mister Oldmixon have been dragging that poor old gentleman from one tavern to another,

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exhibiting Hogarth's satirical print against Pope; playing off your own spleen through the artillery of that irritable scholar — wearing his wit threadbare in rubbing your name out of the Dunciad. No wonder old Jack looks so shabby this morning."

"I was at a loss to guess what the devil made him so be-grimed," said Lacy Ryan, ready to give his crony Quin a friendly lift. "I was marvelling where he could have been rubbing himself in the dirt."

"He has been dragged through the Green Rooms this morning," retorted Oldmixon; "through the devil's drawing-rooms."

"Good!" said Quin.—"Excellent!" said Ryan, "only that it is not exactly new. Vide John Dennis, page twenty-two. Good wit — only second-hand."

"N'importe," said Heidegger, "so it be well apply. Varee good wit, Mistare Oldmixon, — all against the stage, hey, Mistare Quins? — hey, Mistare Ryans? Mine Gote, and we will soon have anodare great critikes write all for se Opera."

"D—— the Opera!" exclaimed Oldmixon.

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"Good again!" said Fleetwood.

"*Mais, avec* submission, it is not GOOD to encourage se poor old gentlemans, mine learned friend Mistare Denni, to abuse that good man Mistare Alexander Popes, who is at se moment making se friendship vif se beau monde all for to relieve him in the times of need."

"He! he!—what he!" exclaimed Oldmixon, pale with rage.

"Mine goode sare, you may stare, and glare, and stamp se floorse. *Mais*, I tell you, yes!—he—he—Mistare Popes!"

"D—— *Mistare Popes!*" said Oldmixon, imitating the Count, with a sneer.

"Vif all my heartes, d—— Mistare Popes, if it be your *plaisir*," said Heidegger, accompanying the compliment with a very fine bow; adding, with a contemptuous air, "*mais*, he has dam *you* already to everlasting fame in se Dunciade, hey, Mistare Oldmixon! Vot, I have you on the hips, hey, Mistare *Critikes?* Yes, yes, he make se rod—se moral rod, and whip all se profane, all se dunce, all se scribbler. O mine Gote, vot a poet is he!"

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"He! he! the scoundrel!" exclaimed Oldmixon, still more enraged to hear this from a foreigner. "He! the malicious, crooked abortion! — Not begotten, but spawned — picked out from the toad-breeds under the walls of hell by some d—— popish old beldam, and palmed upon us for a genius! A poet, good Lord! the pigmy! Ha — ha — ha! a toadling out of his element here upon earth! verily a poisonous toad, gasping for breath like one just freed by a quarry-man from a block of stone — the asthmatic reptile! A thing never intended for earth, by heaven! but smuggled hither by his first cousin the old serpent, who first brought sin into this miserable world!"

"Bravo! capital!" said Quin, clapping his hands; "a most magnificent impromptu! Where did you pick it up, hey?"

"A fine thought, 'pon my conscience!" said Colley Cibber. "What! run into a cheesemonger's — borrow scrap of paper — pen — ink — down with it whilst it was fresh — and run with it between your teeth piping hot to the *devil*."

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"Where did I find it?" said Oldmixon, with a contemptuous sneer, "why in the purlieus of *Drury Lane*, where the renowned laureate picks up his odes."

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CHAPTER XXII.

AT CHISWICK.

"How much to be envied was that enlightened nobleman," said the Doctor, alluding to Lord Burlington, as we descended the steps of that fine villa we had that morning been permitted to view. "His table was constantly spread to the greatest men of the age. Yes, his Lordship, in addition to high birth and splendid fortune, was blessed with great natural parts, and a cultivated taste. What rare felicity to be surrounded with such worthies as Pope and Swift, Mead and Arbuthnot, Gibbs and Kent, and others in their respective professions equally famed! To love music as he did; to be able to patronize such a man as Handel,—yea, to have him an inmate in his family for three successive years. Fancy a domestic concert, in which his Lordship took his part, with Handel

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at the harpsichord, with Arbuthnot joining in the harmony, and Pope sipping his coffee by the fire-side, waited upon by Lady Burlington and the sylphs of her coterie.

" These were not mere music parties: no, Sirs; so I have heard Mister Horatio Walpole say, but conversaziones, where the ladies mixed with the gentlemen, and where you met some of the greatest beauties, with cultivated wits, — ladies who could converse with ease and spirit with men like these; none of your chattering *blue-stocking* egotists, but feminine and modest withal, such as your well-bred, true-born English gentlewoman ever must be.

" Pray, do you recollect a sketch in oil by our old friend Hogarth, of a music-party in one of the apartments in this villa. It was done from a hint given him by Kent, whilst Hogarth was busied about his Analysis of Beauty; and that reminds me, that these two enthusiasts determined, whilst sitting over the bottle in grave discourse at this very inn, that they should be buried in Chiswick church-yard; and entered into a mutual agreement that the survivor should follow the other, and see the engagement ful-

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filled. These worthy cronies, if I recollect rightly, had a falling out about the painted staircase at Kensington. It was, to be sure, a most absurd design, and Hogarth made a caricature of it, which he never intended to publish, but which gave the ingenious architect offence, so they separated whilst living, and consequently were not united in the grave. Hogarth, however, attended his funeral, and survived him fifteen or sixteen years, — and might as many more, perhaps," added the Doctor, after a long pause, " but for that malicious wit, Master Churchill. Ah, Sirs!" shaking his head, " I remember him well, and saw him once, for all his effrontery, fairly driven into a corner. Yes, and it was at the *Turk's Head.* It was by our gay old friend Caleb, too. Churchill had just been quoting some of the bitterest lines from his poem of *Famine,* to the sore discomfiture of a worthy ancient Scotch gentleman, who had been placed in old Somerset House by King George the Second. He was a relation of Mr. Allan Ramsay's. The satirist had laid great stress upon the lines alluding to the Ramsays, father and son, when Caleb smartly ob-

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served, 'they might both be Scotch adventurers; but neither the father prostituted his pen, nor the son his pencil, to party feeling; and it would be well that all sticklers for liberty could say as much for themselves,' looking Churchill significantly in the face. Now, Sir, old Mr. Cadell, the bookseller, observed, when the next day Whiteford called in at his shop, 'I wonder you escaped in a whole skin.'— 'Why, Mister Cadell,' replied Master Caleb, 'the clerical bear was muzzled; he happened to be sober, as good luck would have it, so he said nothing. Had he been drunk, he would have knocked me down.' Caleb, however, was a fellow of spirit, and would stand his ground."

"Ah," said the Counsellor, "I can vouch for that. I well remember a conversation between Master Caleb and this Parson Bruin, about the right of every Briton to a stall in the metropolitan market, in which Foote took a part, and they beat Churchill at his own weapon — wit.

"Sam Foote always laughed at those who

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maintained that the influx of strangers to the metropolis was an evil. 'D—n it, man,' he used to say to Churchill, neither for whom nor any one else did he care a button, 'why, because you were born within the sound of Bow bell, do you suppose every fellow that walks into Cockney-shire with dust on his shoes, is to have your leg of mutton fist thrust in his honest face?' — Churchill was a cockney.

"One morning at the Bedford, Foote accosted him with — 'Have you heard the news, Charles?' — 'No.' Charles was asleep in the corner of one of the boxes when he awoke him with the question. 'What news, Sam?' — 'Why, well worth *your* hearing.' — 'Let us have it then.'—'Why, I'm not sure that it will be any particular advantage to you, Charles.' —'Never mind that, I expect nothing.'

"'Nay, but if every man had his deserts, my Charley!'

"'Then you, perchance, might get a kicking, my Sammy! But what is the news?'

"'None, that I know of at present, Charles.'

"'Then why did you wake me, you wooden-

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legged ass, with your fool's braying about news! news!'

" ' Nay now, I thought it an act of charity to rouse genius, sleeping here, stale drunk at broad noon. Fie! fie! Charles, where do you expect to go?'

" ' To the devil, for what I care!'

" ' But there is no need to be in a hurry about it, my Charley — all in good time. Besides, there's the man of the people, Mister *Vox Populi*, squinting Jack, he is not ready yet. And would you go so long a journey this hot weather without him? Besides, there is a sight to be seen from Hyde Park Corner.'

" ' Hey! what!' exclaimed the drunken satirist, rubbing his eyes, and yawning. ' What sight?'

" ' Only another flight of Cornish choughs on the road to Lunnun — *Hurra! hurra! dear God!* we shall all be eaten up.' Foote, as you know, was a Cornish man, and this was a provincial exclamation.

" ' Let them come and be curst with famine; I hope the devil will be keeper of the shambles.'

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" ' And a new colony of bare-breech'd Scottish loons coming down Highgate,' said Foote.

" ' Then were I a king, as I hope for salvation, I'd cut down all the scrubbing-posts, and send them back again at the point of the bayonet!'

" ' So much for Wilkes and liberty!' exclaimed Foote.

" Was it not odd enough, Docthor," proceeded the Counsellor, " that the great Sam Johnson should sometimes argue against the increase of the town? One like him, who loved the town — one who saw every thing so wisely with reference to cause and effect. ' Sir,' said the sage moralist, ' to go on thus, adding street to street, and square to square, is to invite the hungry North to eat up the South.' This, perhaps, was intended as a sort of *double entendre*, alluding to the growth of the town in that cardinal point.

" ' Why, learned Doctor,' said Foote — I believe they were dining at Tom Davies's — ' you have been feasting on Scottish salmon.'

" ' What then, Sir?'

" ' And English lobster-sauce.'

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" ' Well, Sir!'

" ' And the two things are better for each other. Now suppose the English fish, who carries all his bones outside, being a very odd fish, was to lay hold of the Scotch fish, who carries his bones in his skin ———'

" ' What then, Sir?' said Johnson, impatiently.

" ' What then, Doctor,' said Foote, not at all abashed — ' why, Sir, the poor devil of a salmon would be so clapper-clawed, that we might eat the sauce alone.'

" Doctor Johnson smiled, and answered, ' Nay, Sir, if Scottish salmon come here, they must expect to be clapper-clawed. Sir, the town is growing — has already grown, too big;' and putting a large piece of salmon into his mouth, added, ' and if we go on thus, ere long there will be so great an influx of mouths, that the markets will be stormed by famine.'

" ' But, Sir,' said Foote, ' surely, Sir, you are an admirer of these vast improvements — you who read men so deeply — We shall have a greater field for our speculations.'

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" ' *Our* speculations !' said Johnson, smiling at Foote's presumption.

" ' Yes, learned Doctor, *ours*.'

" ' The metropolis has already grown too vast — it is too much distended, Sir.'

" ' I hope it will not burst,' said Foote.

" Here the Doctor got a little angry — waxed warm — perceiving that the company were inclined to smile with Foote; when raising his voice, ' Sir, the town has multiplied too rapidly — the town is over-charged with population — and there is an end of it.'

" ' No, Sir, it is not ended yet, I believe,' said Foote, ' or the Lord have mercy on the builders !'

" ' Then it is time it was, Sir,' said Johnson, in an angry tone. ' What do you know about it ?'

" ' Know,' replied Foote; ' why, Doctor, I wish it were built of *India-rubber* — I'd pull it and stretch it, I'd stretch it and pull it, till it was populous as Pekin, and mighty as Moscow !'

" And what did the learned Doctor say to this ?" enquired my old friend the Cantab.

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" Say," replied the Counsellor — " why, Docthor, he said nothing, but throwing himself back in his chair, he laughed as heartily as my lord mayor at a Joe Miller jest."

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CHAPTER XXIII.

NOTHING TO EAT.

"VERILY I cannot get this mighty street out of my head," said the Doctor. "And then there is the new park — what do you call it? Mary-le-bone — no, the Regent's Park : it seems to be an elegant, well-planned place, methinks, and will have a fine effect, no doubt, with its villas and what not, when the shrubs and trees have shot up a little. But I shall not live to see it, and I care not; for I remember those fields in their natural, rural garb, covered with herds of kine, when you might stretch across from old Willan's farm there a-top of Portland Street, right away without impediment to Saint John's Wood, where I have gathered black-berries when a boy — which pretty place, I am sorry to see, these brick-and-mortar gentry have trenched upon. Why, Ephraim, you

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metropolitans will have half a day's journey, if you proceed at this rate, ere you can get a mouthful of fresh air. Where the houses are to find inhabitants, and when inhabited, where so many mouths are to find meat, must be found out by those who come after. Every age must provide for itself, and I hope a blessing will attend that which is to come. But for my part, I have long thought the head was growing too big for the body. Ah! this is a mighty speculative age! I thought the town was big enough before; but — but perhaps I am wrong, for us old greybeards, particularly we who idle our lives away remote from this great city, are apt to cherish narrow notions, '*Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti.*'"

"Why, Docthor, 'tis best to leave the rising generation to itself. The world, I am afraid, would not be much better governed by us cautious old fellows: for, for every wrinkle we have a prejudice. Let them build away, if it keeps them out of mischief, as friend Caleb was wont to say. *Discipulus est prioris posterior dies.* Experience will be more wholesome, and better relished, than our advice.

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"Ha—ha—ha!—I am just thinking of a worthy soul in his way—a man, Sirs, having as many of the tarts and cheesecakes of this life, as honest Sancho has it, as any easy fellow I ever knew. Yes, and he was a great man—one who thought as you think about population and these matters, worthy Docthor; a man of weight—of four-and-twenty stone at least—a *sleeping-partner* in a bank. Verily a *sleeper*, who stood and snored, as Caleb averred, whilst deliberating with his fishmonger which of the two turbots he would take, the last time he dined with him at his hotel. Yes, poor Mitchell—though, God knows, he was rich enough, and, as the gossips say, had neither chick nor child withal to whom to leave his wealth.

"Now your sonnetteering poets and polemic authors—your sanguine schemists and visionary projectors—your thinking worthies who live by anticipation—such may be forgiven, if on rainy days they become a little hypochondriacal touching to-morrow's mutton. But for your fellows who never knew a greater misery than whether to take burgundy or claret, or whether the haunch were better carved this way or that, to

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be querulous about how the many mouths are to be fed, is rather out of the course of human consistency. Yet amongst these fatlings shall you hear the loudest and most clamorous bleatings of 'NOTHING TO EAT!'

"Well, Sirs, Master Caleb was on his way up the hill in the Adelphi, to his post* at the Society of Arts, and who should he stumble upon at the corner of James Street, just turning round from Rowlandson's, but Master Mitchell, the quondam banker, of old Hodsoll's house. He had, as usual, been foraging among the multitudinous sketches of that original artist, and held a port-folio under his arm; and as he was preparing to step into his chariot, Caleb accosted him — 'Well, worthy Sir, what more choice bits — more graphic whimsies, to add to the collection at Enfield, hey? Well, how fares it with our old friend Rolly?' (a familiar term by which the artist is known to his ancient cronies.)

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* Caleb Whiteford was Vice-President of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce.

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" ' Why yes, Mister Caleb Whiteford, I go collecting on, though I begin to think I have enough already, for I have some hundreds of his spirited works; but somehow there is a sort of fascination in these matters, and — heigh — ha — ho — hoo,' (gaping,) ' I never go up — up — Bless the man, why will he live so high? — it kills me to climb his stairs,' holding his ponderous sides. ' I never go up, Mister Caleb, but I find something new, and am tempted to pull my purse-strings. His invention, his humour, his — his oddity is exhaustless.'

" ' Yes,' said Whiteford, ' Master Rolly is never at a loss for a subject, and I should not be surprised if he is taking a bird's eye view of you and I at this moment, and marking us down for game. But it is not his drawings alone; why he says he has etched as much copper as would sheath a first-rate man-of-war; and I should think he is not far from the mark in his assertion.'

" ' Yes,' replied the banker, ' he ought to be rich, for his genius is certainly the most exhaustless, the most — the most — No, Mister

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Caleb, there is no end to him: he manufactures his humorous ware with such unceasing vigour, that I know not what to compare his prolific fancy to, unless—unless it be to this increasing population,' turning round, as he held the two sides of the door-way to his chariot, and looking with astonishment at the shoals of young folks who were pressing on for admittance to the Society's great rooms. It was on a day for the delivery of prize-medals.

"'Mercy on us!' said the huge man, 'did you ever see such coveys of boys and girls!—such a fine handsome race, too!—young Grecians in beauty. Ah, poor things!—Why where, in the name of wonder, will this end! Why I have been looking out of Rolly's window at them, until the stream of white frocks and straw-bonnets made my head run round. They are thick as the eleven thousand virgins crowding into Claude's picture. Hey! why! what! more yet!—more of them still!—Why where the deuce is the food to come from to fill the bellies of such an increasing population? It makes one melancholy to see such a sight. God help the pretty creatures, they will never

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find employ, I fear. One half must eat the other up! — It is impossible — quite impossible they can live.'

"'O, let them alone for that, the pretty innocents,' said honest Jack Nixon, who was just popping in at Rowlandson's as Mitchell was rolling out — 'God never sends mouths but he sends meat. What, my royal Banquo!' (a nonsensical play upon banker, used by this old member of the Beef-steak) — 'Why, my royal, is it you?' patting him familiarly on his sides — 'Why, my worthy knight of the knife and fork, is this your grace for the good things of this world? *Il faut que tout le monde vive*, as old French Harry said when he handed his plate to his rival; and live they will, pretty dears, though they may not get as large a Benjamin's mess as you and I, my royal.'

"'Ah, my Jack, and ah, my Jonny, is it you!' said the friendly banker. This was another worthy — one of the worthiest that ever trod the stage. 'Well, my Jack, and well, my Johnny, well met! — and if you two can wedge in here among all these baskets and rattle-traps, come and take a knife and fork

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down in Essex, and I will furnish you with night-caps.'

"'I am engaged at the Beef-steak,' said Nixon — 'look at my buttons *.' — 'Well, do you come then, my old friend,' addressing himself to the comedian — 'none can be more welcome. You shall have a bottle of the best, and we will gossip of old times. Rolly has promised to come down — I would have taken the rogue with me, only that he is about some new scheme for his old friend Ackermann there, and says he must complete it within an hour. You know Rolly's expedition, and so he will come down by the stage.'

"'That is the way, keep moving,' said Nixon — 'and he must mount the stage too,' pointing to the comedian — 'but not the En-, field fly, hey, Jack!' — 'No, the old steady goer, the evening drag at Drury Lane.' The comedian was to play that night.

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* John Nixon, a worthy member of the Beef-steak Club. The members wore buttons impressed with grid-irons.

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" ' What! more provision for the convent, hey?' said the rattling Nixon, peeping in at the carriage-door, where were stowed a basket of fish, and some jars of sauces from Burgess's in the Strand — ' That's your sort, keep moving —

> One leg of mutton and two fat geese,
> Beans and bacon, ducks and pease;
> In short, (my royal,) you've ev'ry thing to please the belly.

Well but, 'Squire Mitchell, joking apart, we heard your croaking soliloquy: What are you in a fright about? Eat your mutton in peace, man, and sit and nod over your *hic, hæc, hoc*, and drink a *hujus* bumper, as Dean Swift says, to this ingenious young fry. *You* may live upon your own flesh when winter comes, or the devil's in't. Stop — steady — be careful, my royal *Banquo*, we cannot spare you yet. Take you care how you step, for charity's sake, or you'll turn the carriage over, and all the turtle will be spoiled.'

" Well, Sirs," said the Counsellor, " they got him in; the lively party shook hands with

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him, wished him a pleasant ride, and away he drove for Essex.

" ' Starving population !' exclaimed the witty comedian — ' ha — ha — ha — ha ! Famine ! what a picture of famine ! — and I wonder we had not a touch at war — that's another of his calamities.' Then clasping his own sides, added, ' O, what a *belly-gerent* !'

" ' This is passing strange,' said Whiteford, watching the chariot until it got over the horizon of the Adelphi hill — ' Faith, I do not remember to have dined once *tête-à-tête* with that really excellent, good-tempered man, the Christian Leviathan, for the last ten years, but he has been brooding on the terror of increasing population, increasing streets, and consequent famine. And yet who adds a better hot supper to a good dinner, or gives you excellent burgundy with a better heart !'

" Whiteford related this to his Grace of Norfolk, after his lively manner, as soon as the room was cleared of the pretty misses in their white frocks, and the young masters, who may become old masters in due time," said the

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Counsellor; "for this Institution has witnessed some gratifying instances of what a medal of honour may effect; and the Duke laughed heartily. 'Well,' said his Grace, measuring his own bulk with great good humour, 'Master Mitchell and I, should this prediction of *famine* be verified, shall have *much* to answer for. I should like to know which of us two great men weighs the most. Famine! I dine at the Beefsteak to-day — Let me see, we are to take stock of wine, that is the business. Famine! — a good subject for your witty pen, Master Whiteford. Come, try your hand at it, and earn the gold medal.'

Would it not be amusing, gentle reader, if some one of our poking F. S. A. in a rummaging fit among the litter of antiquity, would pull out and lay aside such foreboding scraps as have from time to time appeared, touching the increase of London? How long is it since our grave fore-fathers 'gan shake their wise noddles, and first exclaim, "*The head is growing too big for the body?*"

"Mercy on us!" quoth one, "there will be

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none left to till the soil!" — "Yea," quoth another, "as the caput enlargeth, so the abdomen increaseth; and unless some wise law be made to keep good folks in their own shires, London must eat the country clean up; and the English, of all God's good creatures, would be the last contented to starve!"

Three centuries have passed, and the metropolitan *pumpkin* has been enlarging all the while — is growing bigger and bigger still, to a matter of fifty or sixty miles round — Mercy on us! Yet

> The ground is tilled,
> And bellies filled.

This would appear marvellously strange, mayhap, to the ghost of some one of our thrifty progenitors, could he *walk* at midnight, as in times of yore, and take half an hour's comfortable conversation with some tidy old *nurse*, just as she had swept up her hearth, thrown up the thrice-sifted cinders, put on a few round coals, and about to take her dish of tea. Let us fancy such a *tête-à-tête*.

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NURSE GODFREY AND THE ALDERMAN'S GHOST.

Nurse. As sure as a gun (talking to herself) there it is again! One — two — three knocks at the chamber-door. Mercy on us, who be there?

Ghost. Don't be alarmed, I am an *apparition.*

Nurse. In the name of God, what do you want here?

Ghost. Nothing particular, good woman.

Nurse. So, so — I thought you might have come for old master, but he be much better, and in a comfortable sleep.

Ghost. What part of London is this?

Nurse. Hey-day! you a *ghost,* and not know!

Ghost. I have been dead a matter of two hundred years.

Nurse. Bless my heart, where can I have laid my *eyes?* (spectacles.)

Ghost. There they be, good woman, on the Bible.

Nurse. La, so they be! — I do think I shall

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lose my nose next. Well, (putting them on,) now I can see you — Upon my word, a comely looking old gentleman!

Ghost. No remarks, good woman.

Nurse. Nay, a cat may look at a king. Pray was it you who gave three knocks at the back of master's bed this night week?

Ghost. No.

Nurse. It might be yesterday se'nnight, for time goes I know not how with me a-night, now-a-days.

Ghost. I never knock.

Nurse. What a *humph twank* (to herself). O, then I might be mistaken. Was it you, then, who dragged the chain up and down about a month ago?

Ghost. I do not drag a chain.

Nurse. I hope no offence; perhaps you *signify* by a scratch.

Ghost. I am no scratcher, but I wore a chain some years.

Nurse. I am concerned to hear you say so. What! you lived in the *Papishes* times of *bloody Mary* then?

Ghost. I wore a chain — I was an *alderman.*

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Nurse. Good Lord! Will your worship be seated? (wiping a chair with her apron.)

Ghost. Apparitions never sit.

Nurse. True, your worship, so I've heard my poor husband say! God rest his bones:

Ghost. Is your husband a spirit?

Nurse. I hope so, your worship, but he never *walks*, though he've been dead thirty-three years come Candlemas next.

Ghost. And I died on St. Barnaby.

Nurse. Only think o' that!

Barnaby bright,
The longest day and the shortest night.

Ghost. Even so.

Nurse. What! then your worship remembers what passed two hundred years agone.

Ghost. I do.

Nurse. If it would not be making too free, I would ask a question or so.

Ghost. Of what?

Nurse. First, and foremost then, can your worship tell me what were a nurse's *parquisites* attending a corpse? [The *Ghost* shook his head.] — That goes for *No*, I reckon.

Ghost. *Yes*, it means *No*.

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Nurse. I thought as much. I shrewdly suspect your worship was no *conjuror* when in the land of the living? — [The *Ghost* shook his head again.] — I believe it be so with your aldermen now-a-days. — [The *Ghost* nodded his head.] — That stands for Yes, I warrant me — Well, that be honest.

Ghost. I have asked what part of London is this?

Nurse. I ask your worship's pardon — so you did — it is *Marrybone*.

Ghost. What, has London come to this!

Nurse. Aye, and farther too — It has grown three times as big as 'twere in my memory.

Ghost. And full of souls?

Nurse. Aye, your worship — thick as three in a bed.

Ghost. What is your age?

Nurse. Mayhap your worship may guess.

Ghost. I never was much of a guesser.

Nurse. Excuse me, he — he — he! — you be the daftest apparition I ever met with. Why, I be eighty-four come *old* Lady-day.

Ghost. And I died eighty-six, and lived sixty-eight in one parish.

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Nurse. Dearee me! lud sous a day! and hardly marked with the crow's foot!

Ghost. I led an easy life.

Nurse. No doubt, your worship — trust you aldermen for that, as old master says.

Ghost. As old master says! (with a loud voice.)

Nurse. Hush! hist! or you'll wake the Commodore all in a fright, and then he'll swear like a trooper.

Ghost. And died worth ten thousand pounds.

Nurse. Rabbit me, *if I did not guess as much!*

Ghost. How should you know *how much?*

Nurse. Bless your worship, you don't take me; I meant *you would tell* what you were worth.

Ghost. How so?

Nurse. Because I've heard you cannot sit five minutes with a rich citizen but he *outs* with it.

Ghost. It was not half enough.

Nurse. Mayhap you did not know when you had enough?

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Ghost. I loved money.

Nurse. And pray may I be so bold — what brought your worship here at this time o'night?

Ghost. To ask what is the extent of London — what its population.

Nurse. And I have told you.

Ghost. You'll all be starved!

Nurse. Starved! Mercy on us! Why, your worship, I heard my grandfather say the self-same thing when I was a maid — and his father said the same before him.

Ghost. The town is too big — the head is too large for the body.

Nurse. Marry come up! — what business is that of your worship's?

Ghost. I foretold it two hundred years ago.

Nurse. I warrant me your worship's ungodly gut did not go a-begging.

Ghost. I fed well — I slept well.

Nurse. Why then, your worship, what have you to make a rout about?

Ghost. The public good.

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Nurse. I see no good, for my part, in your coming to tell us we shall all be starved.

Ghost. What is the price of a grass-fed ox?

Nurse. He — he — he! I don't know where you'll find such a thing now-a-days!

Ghost. [Whistled.] What, O! I have you there — what, oxen are extinct?

Nurse. You are out for once, your worship.

Ghost. Out, good woman?

Nurse. Yes, out! — Oxen have left off eating grass, that's all!

Ghost. What will an ox fetch?

Nurse. Why, what it can get. Fiftteen pounds* (so I hear) for one that ten years agone cost five-and-thirty. — [The *Ghost* whistled again.] — O! O! what you were one of the old *mony-polizers*, one of the old *rare-graters* one reads of, and cannot rest in your grave.

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* This manuscript was altered by the Counsellor to make it square with the autumn of eighteen hundred and twenty-two.

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Ghost. Then there's no money! — Just as I predicted!

Nurse. Laus help your simple heart! why master says the bankers be so full, they don't know what to do with it.

Ghost. What's the value of money against butchers' meat?

Nurse. Why he that has a purse can get as much as will feed a whole parish; and he that has none, must needs go without.

Ghost. That is not answering my question.

Nurse. What! your worship takes my niddle-te-noddle-ty head for a ciphering-book.

Ghost. [Looking angrily] I'll not be trifled with.

Nurse. *Highty-tighty!* don't pucker your mouth at me — Pray, where was your worship buried?

Ghost. At All Hallows, Barking, before the altar.

Nurse. Then I'd advise you to troop back again, and not come fussikin here with your idle proclamations.

Ghost. Your copper vessel will boil away.

Nurse. That is more civil spoken.

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Ghost. Your beverage will be cold.

Nurse. It is not *beverage*, it is tea. I suppose it would be a compliment to offer your worship a dish? — [The *Ghost* shook his head.] — Now I'm about it, pray, your worship, what might you pay in your time for good bohea?

Ghost. What is bohea?

Nurse. Or good souchong?

Ghost. What is souchong?

Nurse. Why tea, to be sure!

Ghost. I never tasted T.

Nurse. ——— O!

THE END.

Ap. 70.

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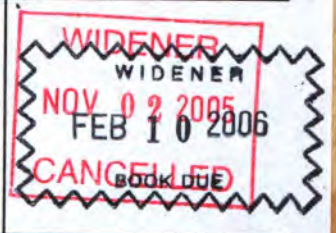

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